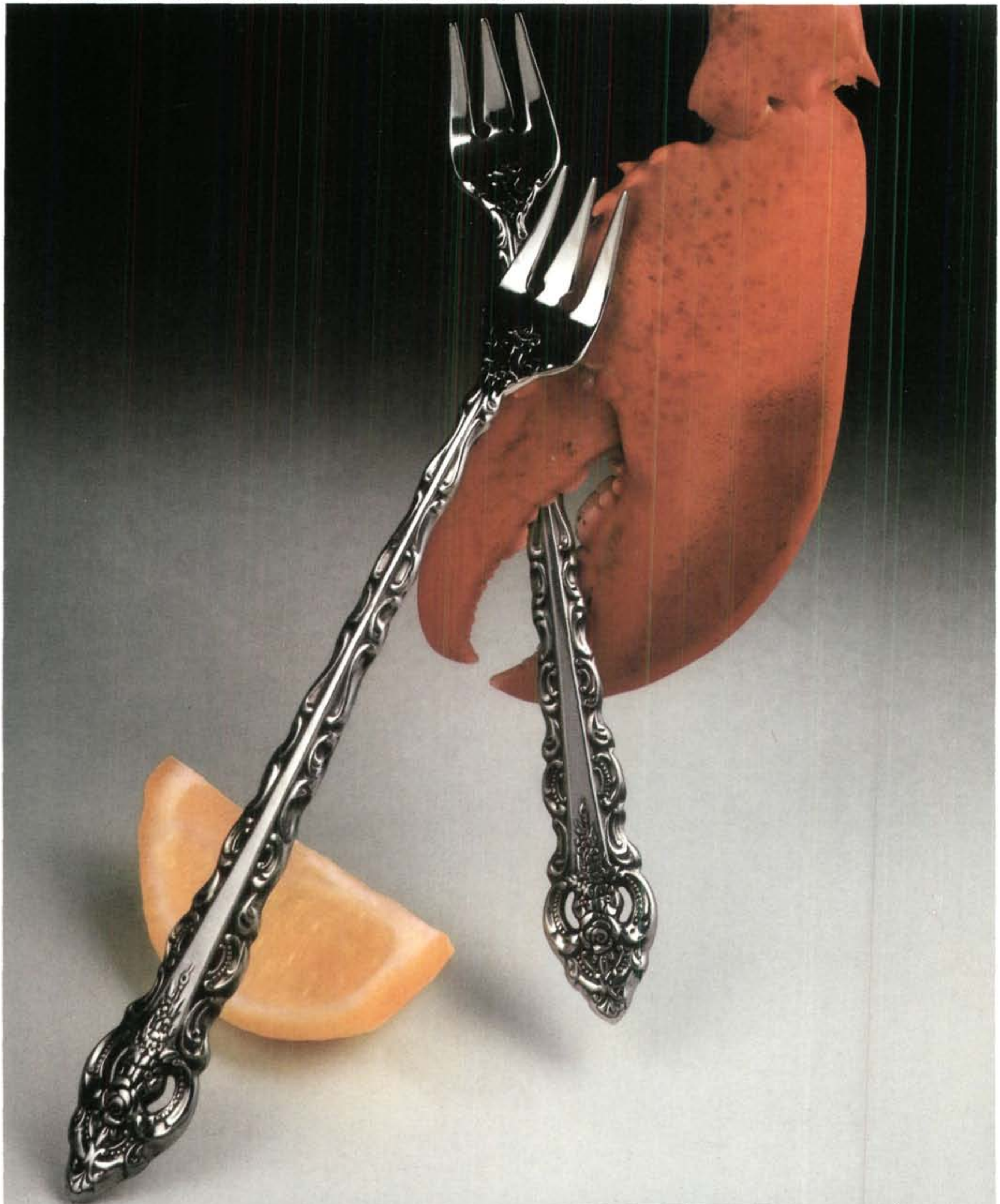
Aug. 20, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50

Elegance captured. DaVinci pattern in stainless. Complete services and open stock at fine stores.



ONEIDA

The silver cube. Our silversmiths' mark of excellence. Made in America.
For a free brochure write Oneida Silversmiths, P.O. Box 1, Oneida, New York 13421.

© 1984 Oneida Ltd.

Depend on Geoffrey Beene to design an easy-going black knit that's anything but boring.

Easy lines here: comfortable, soft, slender. (Even these dolman sleeves are slimmed down.) Everything else is exciting as autumn in New York. Above the black: a bolt of cobalt blue criss-crossed with red. And a little red sash to take off when you want to go chemisey. By Geoffrey Beene Part Two in Jasco's pure wool jersey, 260.00 for 6 to 14. Ready now in Young Designers, third floor of the store full of nice surprises.

B. Altman & Co

It's always a pleasure

Out of town, call Toll Free (800) 228-5444. In Nebraska (800) 642-8777. Diners Club, American Express® Visa® and MasterCard™ are welcome at Altman's.
361 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, White Plains, Manhasset, N.Y., Short Hills, Ridgewood/Paramus, N.J., St. Davids, Willow Grove Park, Pa.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—A revival of a play by William Inge, with Shirley Knight, Philip Bosco, and Mia Dillon. Starting Saturday, Aug. 18, Kate Hopkins will replace Miss Dillon. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. With Raul Julia, Frank Converse, and Anne Swift. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Marge Kotlisky, Alan Rosenberg, Nicholas Hormann, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"MORRIS SMITH: THE MYTH AND THE MAN" . . . . *Ian Frazier* 30
"PERFECT COMBINATIONS" . . . . *Sara E. Lewis* 34
"LATE LIGHT" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 36
"LANDSCAPE, DENSE WITH TREES" (POEM) . . . . *Ellen Bryant Voigt* 40
PROFILES (ROBERT W. WILSON AND ARNO A. PENZIAS) . . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 42
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 71
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 80
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 84
BOOKS . . . . *V. S. Pritchett* 90
BRIEFLY NOTED 92

COVER: *Heidi Goennel*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, Michael Maslin, Charles Barsotti, Charles Sauers, William Steig, Bernard Schoenbaum, James Mulligan, Dana Fradon, Charles Addams, Jack Ziegler, George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Burt Silverman, James Stevenson, Henry Martin, Joseph Mirachi, Mort Gerberg, Edward Frascino, Donald Reilly, Ed Fisher, Arnie Levin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

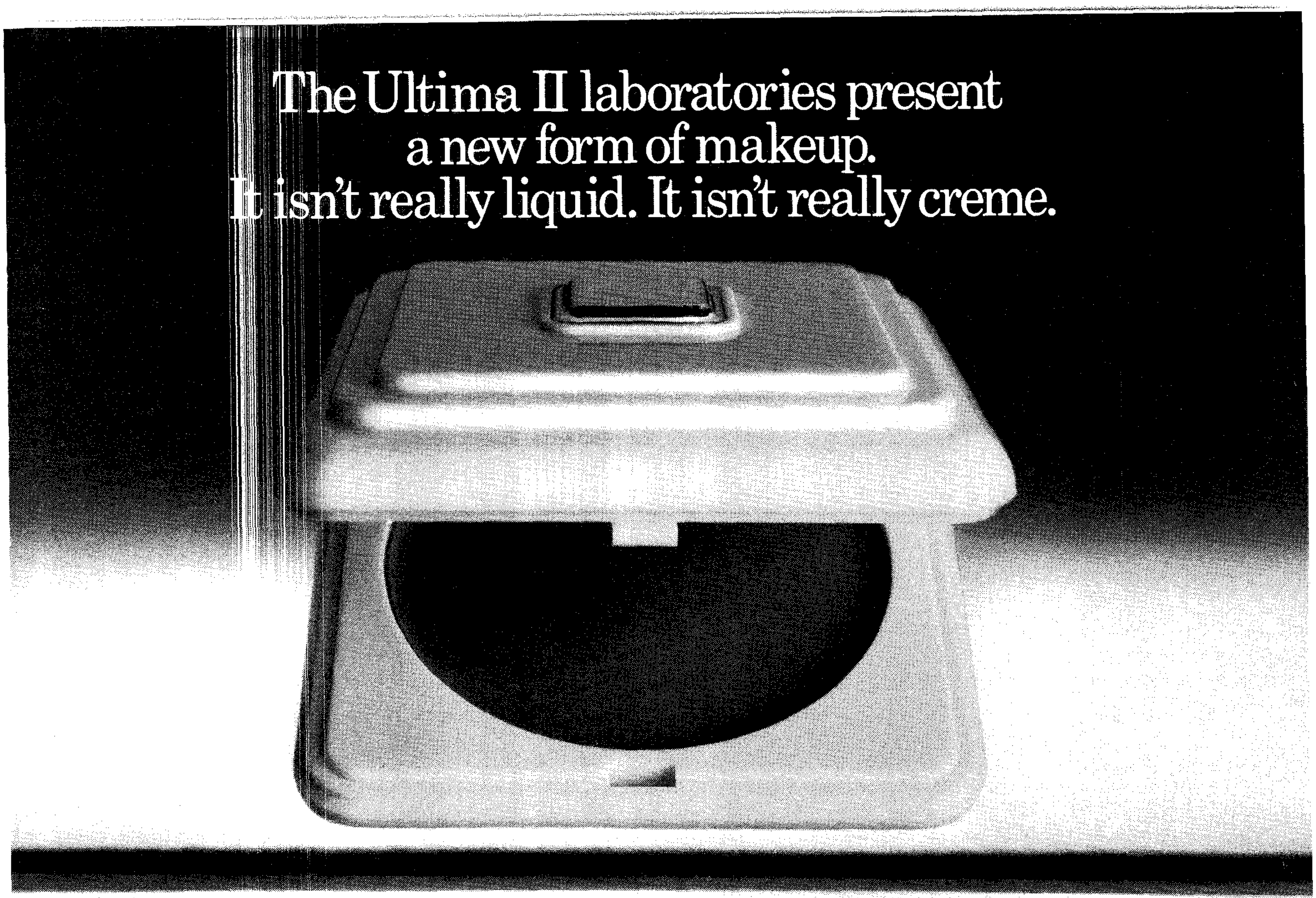
The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LX, No. 27, August 20, 1984. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1984 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

The Ultima II laboratories present a new form of makeup. It isn't really liquid. It isn't really creme.



It is really beautiful.

It is Advanced Formula Compact 'Liquid' Makeup, a makeup that is much more dynamic than its name. For it combines the most desirable attributes of a liquid with the most endearing qualities of a creme, and has some remarkable characteristics that are all its own. Infallible coverage that lets skin breathe. Exquisite texture. Environmental protection.

It is the most advanced new formulation in face makeups. It is also really beautiful; but for Advanced Formula cosmetics, that's just true to form.

NEW ADVANCED FORMULA
COMPACT 'LIQUID' MAKEUP
only from
ULTIMA II

RECEIVED
AUG 20
Ambassador College
Library

© 1984 Charles Revson, Inc.

Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork Boogie—A revised version of a comedy-with-music by Melvin Van Peebles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 5. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Keith Michell. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,112 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Aidan Quinn and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FLEA MARKET
OPEN SAT-SUN
dag dart

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Nureyev and Friends—Presenting a program that includes "Songs of a Wayfarer," "Apollo," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday, Aug. 16, through Sunday, Aug. 26. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, will belong to the **BOB CUNNINGHAM** trio, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, to drummer Tim Horner's trio. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Aug. 15, Red Heart, Bill Dixon, Ortho-Rocko, and Real Time; Thursday, Aug. 16, Dianna Jones, J. C. Chen, the B.E.D. Project, and Snap; Friday, Aug. 17, Dean Friedman, 83, the Strings of Sympathy, and Two One Two; Saturday, Aug. 18, Dean Friedman, the Shades, Museum, and Movemint Cream; Sunday, Aug. 19, Eve Moon; Monday, Aug. 20, Wonka Tonka Monday, with various bands; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23, G-Jam; Friday, Aug. 24, the Greg Trooper band, Boys with Toys, and the Backbones; and Saturday, Aug. 25, Au Touch, Faz, and the Igloos. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Bebopist and alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** leads his quintet, opposite a big band piloted by **DON SEBESKY,** through Sunday, Aug. 19; Monday, Aug. 20, will be claimed by Sudan Baronian's Taksim; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 21, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** will arrive with his quintet. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Thursday, Aug. 16, R. & B.-ist **JUNIOR WALKER** and his '84 edition of the All-Stars and pop singer Darlene Love; Friday, Aug. 17, John Hall and Soozie; Saturday, Aug. 18, silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** and conga master **DANIEL PONCÉ & JAZZBATA;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 21-22, Steve Morse, with Rod Morganstein and Jerry Peek; Thursday, Aug. 23, Blotto; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, L.A. rock singer and songwriter Warren Zevon. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** teams up with bassist **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, Aug. 18; on Sunday, Aug. 19, flutist Ali Ryerson will perform with pianist Dean Friedman; and starting Monday, Aug. 20, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RUFUS REID** will move in to play piano-bass duets. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Aug. 15, Philip D'Arrow, the Lone Cowboys, Ziti & the Zipperz, and Rockers Unlimited. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Non-designer jeans and T-shirts, and bluegrass, old-time, and Irish music predominate in this rustic corner of the city. Wednesday, Aug. 15, Matt Molloy;

Thursday, Aug. 16, mandolin master **FRANK WAKEFIELD**; Saturday, Aug. 18, the **ANDY STATMAN KLEZMER ORCHESTRA**, which plays golden oldies from the folk charts of Eastern Europe; Wednesday, Aug. 22, Sean Keane; and Saturday, Aug. 25, the Main Line Express. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Midtown's traditional-jazz outpost: Wednesdays belong to the Hot Club of 54th Street; Thursdays through Saturdays to the house sextet; and Mondays and Tuesdays Ed Polcer's band has the floor. On Sunday, Aug. 19, Joe Temperley will lead his quartet. Music from eight-thirty. On Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. **KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, sings here through Sunday, Aug. 19, and on Tuesday, Aug. 21, pianist, jazz professor, and National Public Radio star **BILLY TAYLOR** will bring in his trio. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Mostly a folk schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 15, Ferron; Thursday, Aug. 16, T-Bone Burnette; Friday, Aug. 17, **HAPPY & ARTIE TRAUM**; Saturday, Aug. 18, Frank Christian, Rory Block, and Robert Ross; Wednesday, Aug. 22, Pianosaurus and David Massengill; and Saturday, Aug. 25, the Aztec Two-Step. There are usually two shows, the first starting after eight. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space that presents music to dine to. The roster: pianist Patricia Barber through Saturday, Aug. 18; Monday, Aug. 20, singer Bazzi Gray; and Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-25, **HILTON RUIZ,** a driving bebop and Latin-tinged pianist. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Closed Sundays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays are claimed by pianist Judd Woldin's duo; Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The pianist in residence is **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who thinks with his right hand and strides with his left. Sunday and Monday, Aug. 19-20, **BEN ARONOV** will take over the piano bench. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Aug. 15, blues guitarist **ROY BUCHANAN**; Thursday, Aug. 16, folkie **RICHIE HAVENS** and the Aztec Two-Step; Sunday, Aug. 19, first-generation rockabillyist **SLEEPY LABEEF** and the Memphis Rockabillies; Monday, Aug. 20, rock singer and guitarist **DAVE MASON**; and Thursday, Aug. 23, good old honky-tonk veterans **MOE BANDY & JOE STAMPLEY.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. **SPHERE,** a close-knit quartet—tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—lovingly plays the music of Thelonious Sphere Monk and some Benny Carter tunes and some originals, too, through Sunday, Aug. 19. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 21, the Duke Ellington Society presents the Duke's Men, an octet that includes pianist **JAKI BYARD** and saxophonist **NORRIS TURNEY.** Monday, Aug. 20, **NANCY HARROW** will sing with support from guitarist **JACK WILKINS.** Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"Carol Woods Presents a Rare View of Mr. Wonderful—Sammy Davis, Jr." is the entertainment through Saturday, Aug. 18; on Tuesday, Aug. 21, singer-pianist **ROSE MURPHY** will take charge. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Aug. 15, Dawnn Lewis; Thursday, Aug. 16, Queen Yanha; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, singer **JON LUCIEN.** Music from ten until two. Dining.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Aug. 17, the Dickies; Saturday, Aug. 18, the Backbones; and Friday, Aug. 24, Crossfire Choir. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. Bob January & the Satin Swing Orchestra are on hand Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Aug. 15, Talas and Harpo; Thursday, Aug. 16, Fela Anikulapo Kuti; Friday, Aug. 17, Talk Talk; Saturday, Aug. 18, Illustrated Man; Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 21-23, **TINA TURNER**; and Saturday, Aug. 25, **ERIC BURDON.** Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Electric bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** heads up his band, Word of Mouth, through Sunday, Aug. 19; Monday, Aug. 20, will be claimed by Coolstep; on Tuesday, Aug. 21, Kankawa, a Japanese jazz outfit, will perform; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23, Future Funk will be onstage; and Friday through Sunday, Aug. 24-26, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will guide his group, **QUEST.** Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Aug. 15, **DANIEL PONCÉ**; Thursday, Aug. 16, Mikata; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, Aug. 21, Kenia & Friends; Wednesday, Aug. 22, Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees; Thursday, Aug. 23, Indigo; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** is in charge of a stirring quintet through Sunday, Aug. 19, and on Tuesday, Aug. 21, **DAVID MURRAY,** a young dynamo tenor saxophonist and bandleader, will arrive with his octet. Mondays are given over to **GIL EVANS** and his orchestra. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Music after ten.

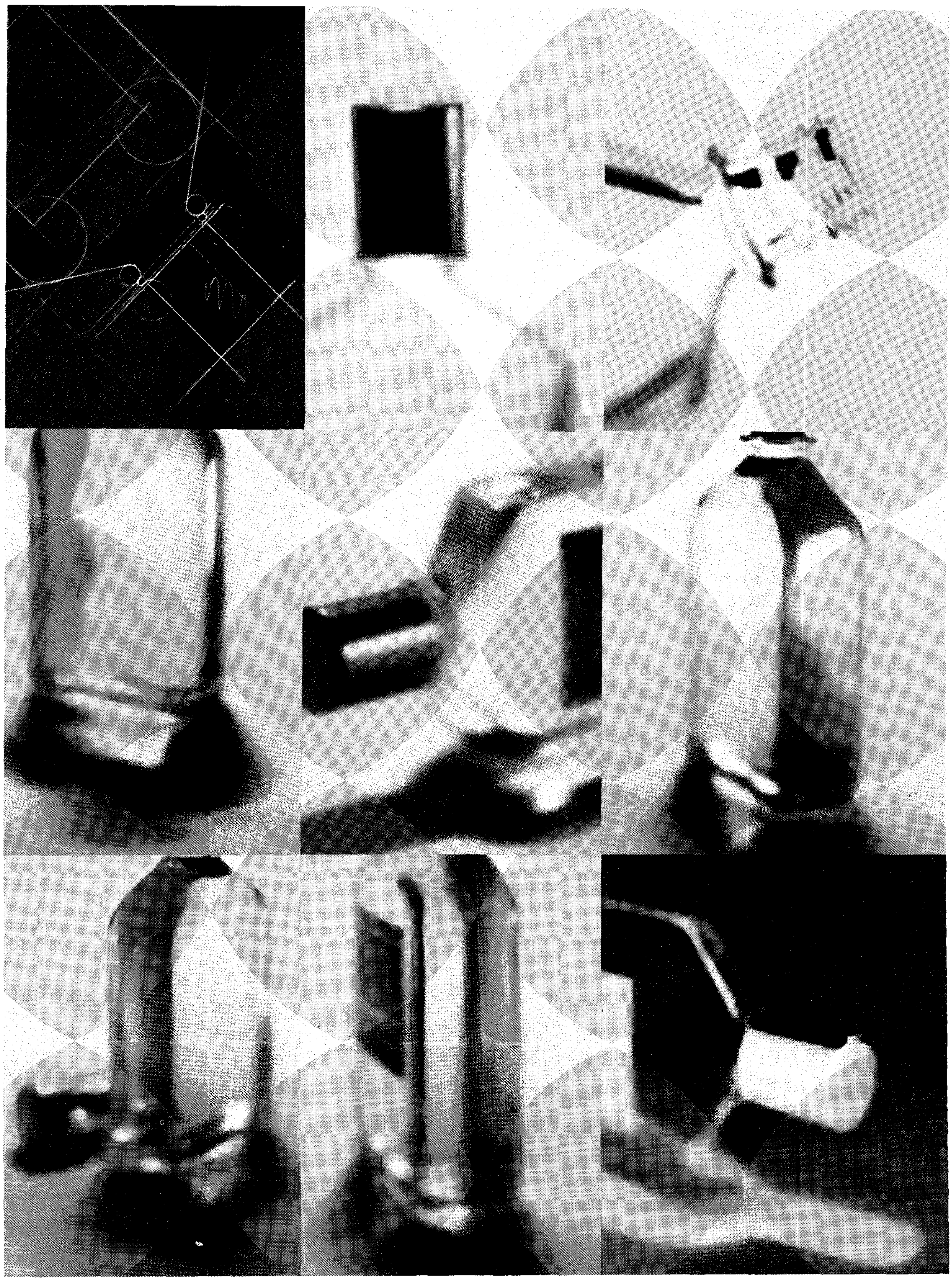
VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Aug. 20, **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA** and Pablo Canti's Conjunto Orchestra will be present along with guest jazz soloist **FRANK WESS,** on tenor sax and flute. The other nights (through Sunday, Aug. 19) belong to **TANIA MARIA,** a very fine Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist with a "no business like show business" stage presence. On Friday, Aug. 24, two exciting bands—**OLIVER LAKE'S** reggae group, **JUMP UP,** and baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT'S ENSEMBLE**—will share the stage after ten-thirty. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets every night but Monday. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Guitarist Stanley Jordan, supported by pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS** and his trio, performs through Sunday, Aug. 19; on Tuesday, Aug. 21, tenor saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS** will descend the stairs with a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

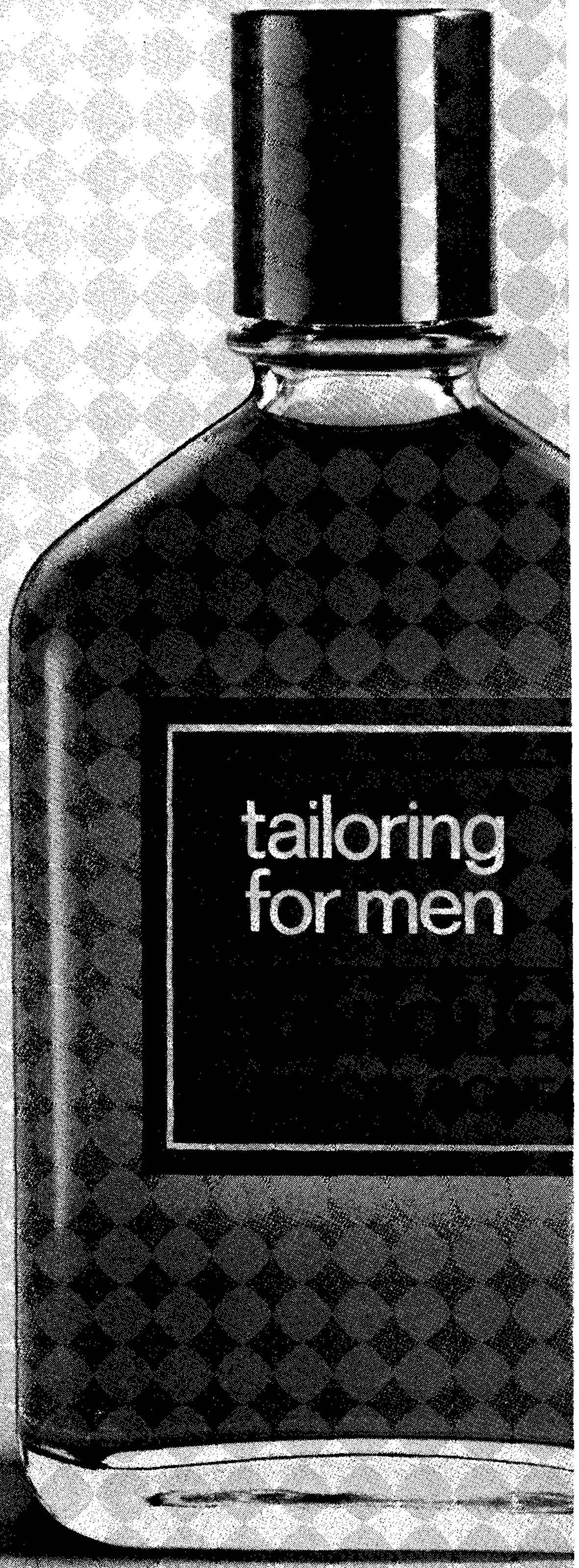
WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The musicians: Mondays through Wednesdays, Joe Ruddick and Frank Jolliffe, and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 16-19, Ted Chavis. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. The players: altoist, trumpeter, composer, and natural resource **BENNY CARTER** will be visiting the upper West Side until Saturday, Aug. 18; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 20-21, will belong to saxophonist Percy France; on Wednesday, Aug. 22, Latin-jazz great **RAY BARRETTO** will pay a visit; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25, Django's Music, a hot-jazz combo, will be present. Sundays are the property of pianist Ram Ramirez. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: pianist Mark Cohen and bassist Stafford James through Saturday, Aug. 18; pianist Armen Donelian and bassist Dean Johnson starting Tuesday,



It's here.
A fragrance for men
who aren't sure
they like wearing fragrance.
Clinique introduces
Tailoring For Men.
Pure cologne
with tonic effects.
A pleasant habit
men can count on
every day, all day.
Walk up to any
Clinique counter
and ask for a splash.
Tailoring For Men.
It's great.



Clinique Tailoring For Men in one-strength—the most "holding" one—cologne. In two sizes, 1.7 fl. oz. and 3.4 fl. oz. Sold only at Clinique counters. © 1984 Clinique Labs., Inc.

Aug. 21; and on Mondays pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Simone Gad—Glitzy environments, assemblages, and wall reliefs glorifying Hollywood and television stars of the fifties and early sixties—a life-size mannequin made up as Jayne Mansfield at her dressing table, for instance. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Golinkin (1896-1977)—Watercolors and drawings of sports, as well as lithographs entered in the Los Angeles 1932 Olympic Fine Arts Competition, which won the artist an Olympic Gold Medal. Through Aug. 30. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Closes at 3 on Fridays.)

Al Hirschfeld—More than a thousand original drawings. Through Friday, Aug. 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Carole Richard Kaufmann—Semi-abstract landscapes flecked with collaged references to China. Through Friday, Aug. 17. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Fairfield Porter and Friends—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Sundays. This show complements Porter's retrospective at the Whitney Museum.)

Art on the Beach—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, an architect, and a performer and all appropriate in concept to this acre of sand (the environmental part) tended by Creative Time. Through Sept. 16. Performances are held Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 6:30 (John Malpede on Sunday, Aug. 19, and Wednesday, Aug. 22); exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. For information, call 571-2206.)

Group Shows—At **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: What these paintings and sculptures by about twenty artists have in common is a centered image. Martha Diamond, Suzan Pitt, Troels Worsel, others. Through Friday, Aug. 17. . . . **associated american artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: Among this year's highlights in the annual Old Master print show are ten etchings by Rembrandt and engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Aug. 31. . . . **marisa del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by thirty-one artists, from Arman to Warhol. Through Friday, Aug. 24. . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figurative drawings in various mediums by more than sixty American artists of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 31. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **getler-pall-saper,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings of women, including Thomas Sully's "Mother and Child" and Carmen Cicero's "Golden Dreams." Through Aug. 31. . . . **spanierman,** 50 E. 78th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by American expatriates, including Theodore Robinson, John Singer Sargent, and Elihu Vedder. Through Sept. 17. (Closes at 3 on Fridays.) . . . **the urban center,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Models, architects' drawings, and photographs chronicling the current restoration work on the Statue of Liberty, and including the design for a double-decker hydraulic glass elevator, which will be in place when the work is completed, in 1986. Through Sept. 14. (Open Saturdays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, most of them with changing exhibitions of works by gallery members: **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **french,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **kraushaar,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **robert miller,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **alex rosenberg,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Sept. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

André Kertész—Various prints. Through Friday, Aug. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras / Walter Iooss, Jr.—Polaroid photographs (chiefly self-portraits) taken between 1969 and 1983. / Photographs of American Olympic athletes. Through Sunday, Aug. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—**pace-mac gill,** 11 E. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists Harry Callahan, Nancy Hellebrand, Richard Avedon, Jim Goldberg, and others. Through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum's entire collection of ancient Greek and Roman gold and silver plate, including cups, pitchers, bowls, vases, and a nearly complete silver table service, is now on permanent display. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through Sunday, Aug. 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Last days to catch what remains of the show called "International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Through Sunday, Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In a group of sculptures taken from the collection, twenty artists whose works date from late in the past century to the nineteen-fifties are represented by a number of pieces as well as by related works on paper; Calder, for example, is represented by fourteen works. Also Degas, González, Brancusi, others. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A second selection from the collection, this one of drawings by twentieth-century European artists, including Chagall, Klimt, and Kirchner. Through Oct. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

A
MUSICAL
Westman

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Sunday, Aug. 19. (A complementary show is at Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Egg-beater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A show of Viola Frey's giant, gaudily painted clay figures. Also, three ceramic plates, a small sculpture, and two large paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . **photography:** Contemporary color prints. Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Damask fabrics, including Arabic woven silk from the fourteenth century, white linen napkins made for Napoleon Bonaparte and Czar Nicholas II, and red silk designed for French embassies early in this century. . . . ¶ A display of tea services which pays homage to the variety of designs over the centuries, ranging from the standard appliances used, say, by readers of "Bunting's Breakfast Beverages" to unusual teapots by such contemporary designers as Matteo Thun, Arne Jacobsen, and Mario Bellini. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 setback zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neo-classical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays

Chubb People.

They can relax about the things they own.

Possessions are meant to be enjoyed. Fine homes and the belongings they contain should bring pleasure, not worry. They do, for Chubb people.

The more you have to protect, the more you need Chubb.

Since 1882, Chubb has been America's foremost insurer of art, antiques, and outstanding homes. And, while they are far from being the largest insurer, Chubb covers more jewelry than anyone else in the world.

Why Chubb? Because when you and Chubb agree to insure a rare Oriental rug or an antique mirror, you agree in advance on the value. Then, in the event of a loss, there are no unpleasant surprises.

Even for the basic contents of your home, Chubb's replacement value coverage is precisely that. There are no standard industry loopholes like "up to four times actual cash value," which often leave you with a fraction of what you expected. And, unlike most companies, Chubb pays the full replacement cost—whether or not you actually replace the items lost.

When there is a claim, Chubb's commitment to its customers is clear. Chubb's claims personnel know that their job is to settle claims, not complicate them. They have the knowledge and the authority to settle most claims within a week.

When you're insuring your home and possessions, it's good to be Chubb people.

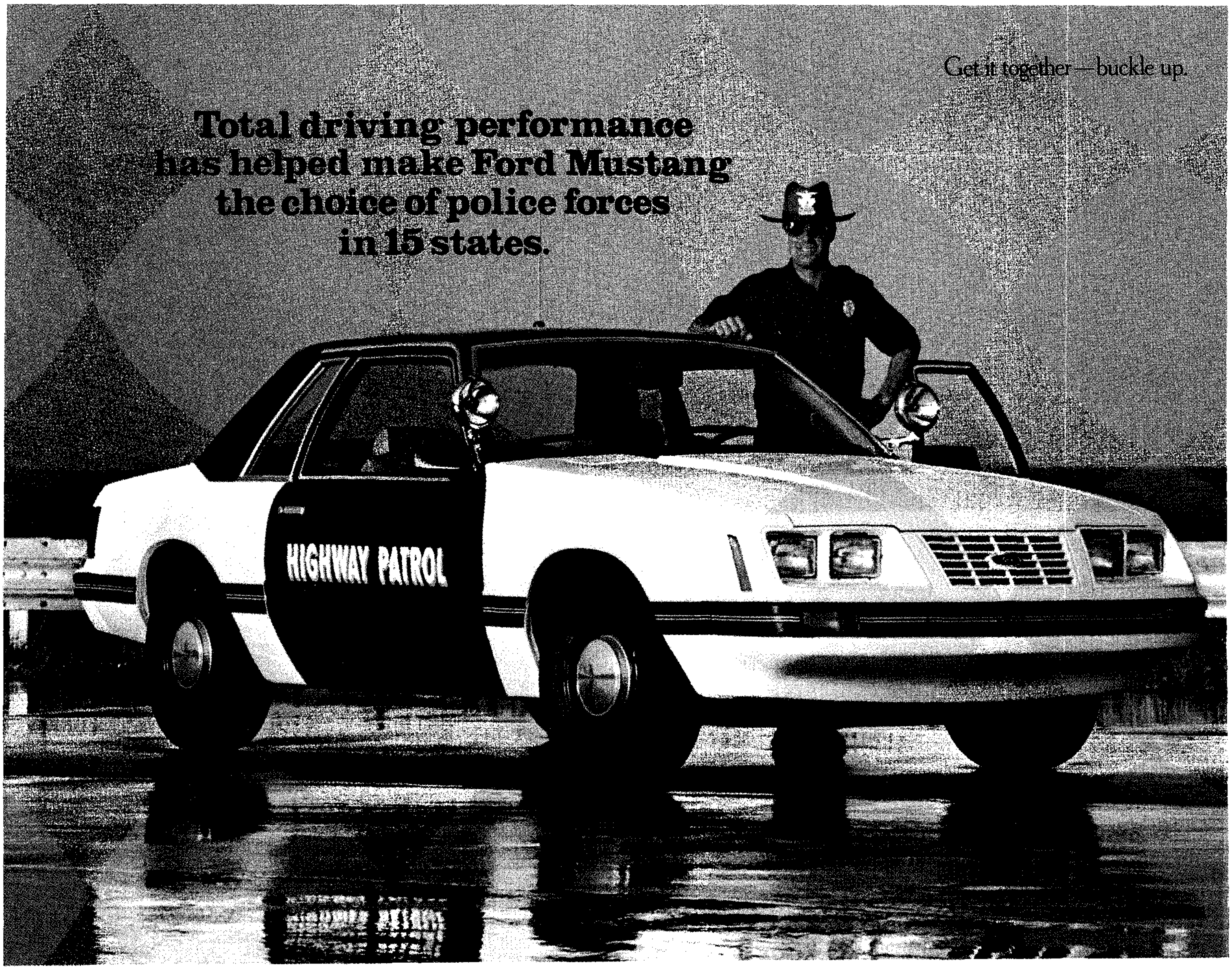
Phone Chubb at 800-922-0533 for a complimentary brochure and the name of your local independent Chubb agent or broker.

CHUBB

Insuring proud possessions since 1882.

The Chubb Group of Insurance Companies is proud to participate in "American Playhouse." Watch for it on PBS.

AN ARRESTING QUALITY.



Get it together—buckle up.

Total driving performance has helped make Ford Mustang the choice of police forces in 15 states.

With rack-and-pinion steering, heavy-duty suspension and a 5.0 liter high-output V-8 engine, our special pursuit Mustang has what it needs to bring a chase to a swift conclusion.

And the sooner a chase is over, the safer it is for everyone.

Our pursuit Mustangs—and even some of our larger cars like the Ford Crown Victoria and LTD—are enjoying increasing popularity with police forces all over America. It's just one result of our commitment to total driving performance.

Of course, there's only one sure way for you to find out how good our cars and trucks really are—and that's to see your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer. Ask about the Lifetime Service Guarantee* while you're there, but above all, go for a test drive.

You be the judge.

You're going to love the quality. Ford **Quality is Job 1.**

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY •
FORD TRUCKS • FORD TRACTORS

*Offered by participating dealers.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade: scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—Twenty wood sculptures by Martin Puryear, including painted circular works executed recently and reconstructed pieces whose original versions were lost in a fire at his studio. . . . ¶ David Ireland's environmental installation, designed as an extension of the gallery space, is in part a three-tiered structure that wraps around the gallery's columns. Both shows through Sept. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8, when there is no admission fee after 5; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has mounted an exhibit called "Censorship and Black America," illustrated by a selection of newspapers, pamphlets, books, manuscripts, and photographs. Through Oct. 15. (The center is open Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, prints, and drawings done over the past ten years by New Yorker Ray Grist, whose work reflects the influences of Cubism and Abstract Expressionism, as well as other styles. Through Sept. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Louisa Jonason, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and Adib Fazah; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Maryanne Telese, Jacque Trussel, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Susanne Marsee, William Stone, and Michael Cousins; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Elizabeth Holleque, Richard Leech, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 1: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 7: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Barry McCauley, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Pamela South, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Maria Spacagna, Alteouise DeVaughn, Brent Ellis, and Jerry Hadley; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Barry McCauley, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Stephanie Sundine, Cynthia Rose, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 15: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18: Gerard Schwarz directing the New York première of Richard Strauss's arrangement of Mozart's opera "Idomeneo" in concert form, with Karen Hunt and Alessandra Marc, sopranos; Delores Ziegler, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; John Macurdy, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 20, and Wednesday, Aug. 22: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Nancy Allen, harp; and Pamela Coburn, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 21: Mr. Rampal; Michael Tree, viola; John-Steele Ritter, piano; and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23: Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano, in an all-Mozart program. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano, and Wynton Marsalis, trumpet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor, with the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8.)

Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company—James Richman conducting the first three of five performances of Gluck's 1762 opera-ballet "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Julianne Baird and Joyce Andrews, sopranos; Drew Minter, countertenor; and the Stonewall Chorale. The production will have eighteenth-century staging and choreography, and the music will be performed on original instruments. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 26, at 3. Before the performances on Thursday and Friday, Howard Schott will give lectures on Gluck, starting at 6:45. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 7: Yo-Yo Ma, cello, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony in a Stravinsky-Rachmaninoff-Tchaikovsky program, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a Beethoven-Barber-Ravel program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Beethoven–Richard Strauss program, with Mr. Ma and Burton Fine, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and John-Steele Ritter, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 7: The Cleveland Orchestra String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 9: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting the Cleveland Orchestra in a Mendelssohn-Brahms program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting a Ruggles-Lalo-Dvořák program, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2:30: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting a Mozart-Beethoven program, with Mr. Rampal. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Youri Egorov, piano, in a Schumann-Chopin program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

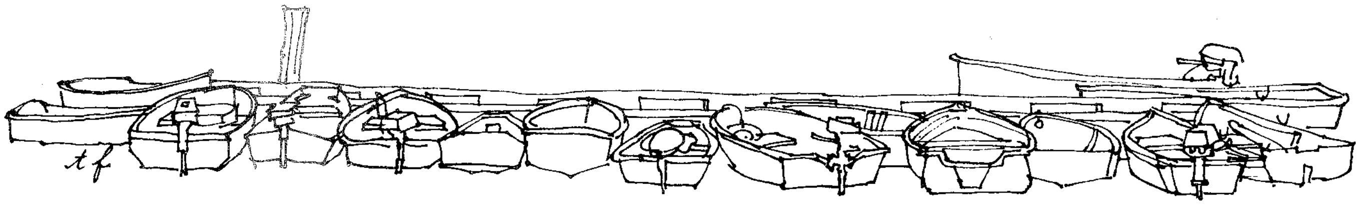
Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 25. Wednesday, Aug. 15: Franz Allers directing a program of music from Broadway shows, with Mary Shearer, soprano; John Reardon, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: Brock McElheran directing a Purcell-Mozart-Orff program, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Carroll Freeman, tenor; Julian Patrick, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Mahler program, with Yefim Bronfman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Schubert program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . [**Note:** Special concerts will be given by Paul Simon on Sunday, Aug. 19; by Huey Lewis and the News on Monday, Aug. 20; and by Julio Iglesias on Tuesday, Aug. 21.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 22: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Dvořák program, with Yuzuko Horigome, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Ravel-Stravinsky program, with Michel Beroff, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24: John Williams conducting a program mostly of his own music. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25: Robert Irving conducting, with dancers Merrill Ashley and Sean Lavery. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Ballet Hispanico of New York. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-25: Fred Strickler, David Bowen & the New Breed, Keith Terry & Lynn Simonson, and the Mark Morris Dance Group. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, Aug. 19, at 1.

Baseball—Yankees at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 1, and Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Oakland, Fri-

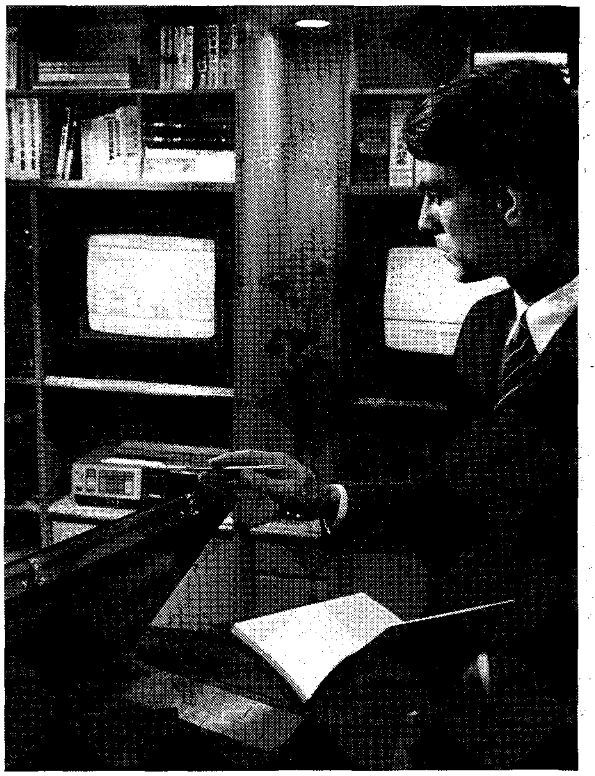


Getting business on track is a special pleasure. The Imperial's just the place.

At our Executive Service Lounge international business travelers with no time to spare find that the Imperial spares no effort to be helpful. Automated equipment, advice, reference materials, interpreters—these are just a few of the services at the hotel that set the standard for Western-style service in Japan.

For business or for pleasure, the Imperial's just the place. You're just minutes by foot from the main business district and the fashionable Ginza shopping area. You're directly opposite Hibiya Park, a jogger's delight, and the Imperial Palace grounds. You can dine at our first-class restaurants, relax in our quiet bars, shop at our dozens of fine stores.

It's all part of the Imperial concept—part of the Japanese hospitality we've nurtured for nearly a century. The Imperial Hotel. There's always been just one. Chances are it's just the one for you.



IMPERIAL HOTEL
TOKYO

New York office: (212) 692-9001, Los Angeles office: (213) 627-6214, Or telex the Imperial: 26816 IMPHO J.

day and Saturday, Aug. 17-18, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2. . . . ¶ California, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 20-22, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Friday, Aug. 24, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 25, at 7:35.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 27. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 18; the Seneca Handicap, Thursday, Aug. 23; and the Delaware Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 18, and the Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 15-18, at 7:30; thereafter, weeknights at 8. Through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, Aug. 25.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Minnesota, Sunday, Aug. 19, at 7. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Argentina Jrs., Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 7. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Nightly at 8; through Friday, Aug. 17.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-26.)

ET ALIA

Republican National Convention—Opens at the Dallas Convention Center Monday, Aug. 20, at 10 A.M., Central Time. The keynote address, by Katherine Davalos Ortega, Treasurer of the United States, will be delivered that evening.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

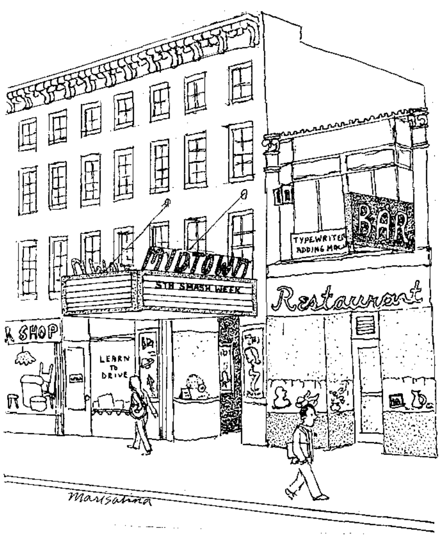
New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of H. Leivick's "The Golem," with F. Murray Abraham and Randy Quaid. The second of two plays presented this summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concert series. Wednesday, Aug. 15: Crosby, Stills & Nash. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 16-17: Huey Lewis and the News. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24: Utopia. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25-26: Frank Zappa. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Wednesday, Aug. 15, a program of contemporary chamber music at 6:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16, No Elephants Circus (for children) at 10:30 and the Greg Reynolds Dance Theatre at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, programs of bluegrass music at 12:15 and 5:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, Mini Events at noon; a tribute to Eubie Blake's music at 2:30; and Sabar Ak Ru Afrique, a dance company, at 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 21, Penny Ante Theatre (for children) at 10:30 and Dance Circle Company at 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 22, Oliver Lake and Jump Up at 12:15; Gathering Wood, a troupe of dancers and musicians, at 5; and the New Music Consort at 6:15. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Thursday, Aug. 16, "Jerusalem," a musical by Elizabeth Swados, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, a program of bluegrass music at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, the Klezmorim at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, Hispanic Day, with La Troupe Makandal, Jelon Vieira's DanceBrazil, and others at 3, and pianist Marco Rizo and singers Hilda Bracero and Orlando Penn at 8:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 21, Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion, with Olu Dara, at 8:15. (Through Monday, Sept. 3. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of Charlie Chaplin films:
Through Aug. 16: "A King in New York" (†); and three short films—"Getting Acquainted" (1914), "His Prehistoric Past" (1914), and "His Night Out" (1915).
Aug. 17-19: Three short films—"A Dog's Life" (1918), "Shoulder Arms" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).
Aug. 21-23: "A Countess from Hong Kong" (†); and two short films—"His Trysting Place" (1914) and "Caught in the Rain" (1914).
From Aug. 24: Four short films—"Sunnyside" (1919), "A Day's Pleasure" (1919), "The Idle Class" (1921), and "Pay Day" (1922).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th (473-7014)
"Purple Rain" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 16: "The Last Starfighter" (directed by Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy; and "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Aug. 17-23: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy; and "Racing with the Moon" (†).
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 16: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
From Aug. 17: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 16: "Gremlins" (†).
From Aug. 17: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 16: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
From Aug. 17: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 3: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 23: A retrospective of Richard Burton films.
From Aug. 24: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Purple Rain" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The 4th Man" (†).

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: "Gremlins" (†). From Aug. 17: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From Aug. 17: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani. From Aug. 24: "Love Streams" (John Cassavetes), with Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Under the Volcano" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Bostonians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman. From Aug. 24: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards. From Aug. 17: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Phar Lap" (Simon Wincer), with Tom Burlinson.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 16: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
From Aug. 17: "Meatballs Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 16: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
From Aug. 17: To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy. From Aug. 17: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Half a Life" (1982; directed by Romain Goupil; in French).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "La Petite Sirène" (1980; Roger Andrieux; in French), with Laura Alexis and Philippe Léotard. From Aug. 17: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Question of Silence" (Marleen Gorris; in Dutch).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard. From Aug. 17: "Secrets" (Gavin Millar).
Theatre 3: "Eréndira" (†).
Theatre 4: "Under the Volcano" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 16: "The Natural" (†).
From Aug. 17: "Under the Volcano" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Metropolis" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Aug. 23: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
From Aug. 24: "Love Between the Raindrops" (Karel Kachyna; in Czech).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "First Name: Carmen" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
Theatre 2: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 18: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin. From Aug. 19: "Life Is a Bed of Roses" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Vittorio Gassman.

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary. From Aug. 24: "In the White City" (Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer. From Aug. 24: "Old Enough" (Marisa Silver).
Theatre 2: "Strangers Kiss" (Matthew Chapman), with Peter Coyote and Victoria Tennant.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 16: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From Aug. 17: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: "The Never-Ending Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with

Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver. From Aug. 17: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard. From Aug. 17: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer. From Aug. 17: "Under the Volcano" (†).

Theatre 3: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 16: "Terms of Endearment" (†) and "Racing with the Moon" (†). Aug. 17-23: "Meatballs Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn). From Aug. 24: "Oxford Blues."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Dreamscape" (directed by Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).

Theatre 3: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Theatre 4: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Theatre 5: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

Theatre 6: "Revenge of the Nerds."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer. From Aug. 17: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 23: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. From Aug. 24: "Meatballs Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 16: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†). From Aug. 17: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy. From Aug. 17: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Aug. 16: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

From Aug. 17: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Splash" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From Aug. 17: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From Aug. 17: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Theatre 2: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Cloak and Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.

Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Aug. 15: "48 Hrs." (1982; directed by Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy; and "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.

Aug. 16: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.

Aug. 17-18: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Aug. 19-20: "Forbidden Games" (†); and "Donkey Skin" (1975; Jacques Demy; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Aug. 21: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval.

Aug. 22: "A Married Woman" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril; and "Le Bonheur" (†).

Aug. 23: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Aug. 24-25: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 23: "The Whole Shootin' Match" (1979; Eagle Pennell), with Lou Berry and Sonny Davis.

From Aug. 24: A twelve-day program of jazz films.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Aug. 16: "Harakiri" (1962; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Rebellion" (1967; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai.

Aug. 17-18: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

Aug. 19-20: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

Aug. 21: "A Woman in Flames" (1984; Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe; and "Irezumi" (1984; Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).

Aug. 22: "Basileus Quartet" (1982; Fabio Carpi; in Italian); and "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.

Aug. 23: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.

Aug. 24-25: "Madame Rosa" (†) and "Cousin, Cousine" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 16: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 17-18: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

Aug. 19-21: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Aug. 22-23: "Viva Zapata!" (†); and "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn, Alan Bates, and Irene Papas.

From Aug. 24: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Aug. 15: "Coma" (1978; Michael Crichton), with Geneviève Bujold, Michael Douglas, Elizabeth Ashley, Rip Torn, and Richard Widmark; "The Entity" (1983; Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver; and "Magic" (1978; Richard Attenborough), with Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter.

Aug. 16-18: "The Grey Fox" (1983; Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth; and "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Aug. 19-20: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

ANTIQUES
AL FABRY

Aug. 21-22: "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe; and "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

Aug. 23-25: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 16: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Aug. 17-18: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

Aug. 19: "Annie" (†) and "Oliver!" (†).

Aug. 20-21: "Wild Style" (1983; Charlie Ahearn); and "Footloose" (1984; Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer.

Aug. 22-23: "The Jazz Singer" (1980; Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier; and "Yentl" (†).

Aug. 24-25: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson; and "Tim" (1981; Michael Pate; an Australian film), with Piper Laurie and Mel Gibson.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through Aug. 16: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla; "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Aug. 17: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.

Aug. 18: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Aug. 19: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood) and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Aug. 20: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Devil's Playground" (1976); Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.

Aug. 21: "M" (†) and "The Threepenny Opera" (†).

Aug. 22: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "The Front" (†).

Aug. 23: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Aug. 24: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Aug. 25: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 15: "Julius Caesar" (1953; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Marlon Brando.

Aug. 16-18: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

Aug. 19-20: "The Shopworn Angel" (†); and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" (1947; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney and Rex Harrison.

Aug. 21-22: "Fury" (1936 †) and "No Way Out" (1950 †).

Aug. 23-25: "Guys and Dolls" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 15: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Fahrenheit 451" (1966; François Truffaut), with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner.

Aug. 16: "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott; and "This Land Is Mine" (1943; Jean Renoir), with Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton, George Sanders, and Walter Slezak.

Aug. 17-18: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a short silent film), with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself; "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal; and "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

Aug. 19: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "The Eternal Return" (1948; Jean Delannoy; in French), with Jean Marais, Madeleine Sologne, and Yvonne de Bray.

Aug. 20: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 21: "Risky Business" (†); and "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (1982; Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

Aug. 22: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "All That Jazz" (†).

Aug. 23: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1945 †) and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (†).

Aug. 24: "Fruits of Passion" (1982; in Japanese); and "Flowers and Serpents" (1974; in Japanese).

Aug. 25: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "Elevator to the Gallows" ("Frantic;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau and Maurice Ronet.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 15: "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian; and "Baby Face" (1933; Alfred E. Green), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, and George Brent.

Aug. 16: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine" (1960; George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.

Aug. 17-18: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Aug. 19: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.

Aug. 20: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Aug. 21: "Angels in the Outfield" (1951; Clarence Brown), with Paul Douglas, Janet Leigh, and Keenan Wynn; and "Damn Yankees" (1958; Stanley Donen), with Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Tab Hunter.

Aug. 22: "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, and Betsy Palmer; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

Aug. 23: "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Electra" (†).

Aug. 24-25: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn,

POLO.
AS DEFINED
BY PIMM'S.

CHUKKER. Always preceded by Pimm's, i.e., Pimm's Chukker. A refreshing beverage served at polo matches and other smart places.

REGULATION GEAR. The Pimm's Cup. A cylindrical container open at one end with a capacity of 8 fluid ounces. Restricted to the sidelines.

THROW-IN. Throw 2 oz. Pimm's over ice. Fill with soda. Add a wedge of lemon. The Chukker begins.

GOAL. To make it to the Pimm's tent and back before the next chukker begins.

SAFETY. What you've reached when you make it back without spilling a precious drop.

FIELD. Anywhere. Anytime. Nowhere is out of bounds for a Pimm's Chukker.

TIME-OUT. What you should call if you run out of Pimm's Chukker.

HOOK. What we're offering to entice you into trying Pimm's. A free set of 4 unbreakable Chukker cups. Write to Oxford Display, P.O. Box 10143, Louisville, KY 40210. Send $1 for postage and handling. Void where prohibited.

THE LIGHT
REFRESHER
FROM ENGLAND.
ONLY WINNING
TASTES AS GOOD.

67 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN U.S.
FOR SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y. © 1984

Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Aug. 16 at 2:30: A program of seven short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Lineage" (1979; directed by George Griffin), "Eureka (Geography)" (1974; Ernie Gehr; a silent film), "Shift" (1972-74; Ernie Gehr), and "Asparagus" (1974-78; Suzan Pitt). This program is not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2:30: "Fable Safe" (1971; Erik Barnouw) and "Portrait of an American Zealot" (1982; Marc and Alan Levin). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6: "Indian Summer" (1960; Jules Victor Schwerin) and "Time and Dreams" (1976; Mort Jordan). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Frida Kahlo & Tina Modotti" (1981; Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen) and "Return Journey" (1981; Ian Potts). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5: "Above Us the Earth" (1977; Karl Francis). . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Hot Stuff" (1971; Zlatko Grgic) and "Going the Distance" (1979; Paul Cowan). . . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 5: "The Owl Who Married a Goose: An Eskimo Legend" (1974; Caroline Leaf), "Animation from Cape Dorset" (1973; Solomonie Pootoogook, Timmun Alariaq, Mathew Joanasie, Itee Pootoogook, and Pitaloosie), and "You Are on Indian Land" (1969; Mort Ransen). . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2:30: "The Wonder Ring" (1955; Stan Brakhage; a silent film), "Styx" (1977; Jan Krawitz and Thomas Ott), and "Stations of the Elevated" (1980; Manfred Kirchheimer). . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6: "It Ain't City Music" (1973; Tom Davenport) and "The Shepherd of the Night Flock" (1978; George Stoney and James Brown). . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 2:30: "Indian Summer" and "Time and Dreams." . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6: "The Wetback" (1974; Danny Lyon; in Spanish, with English subtitles) and "The Abandoned Children" (1974; Danny Lyon; in Spanish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2:30: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1967; Warren Sonbert) and "Divided Loyalties" (1975-78; Warren Sonbert; a silent film). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2:30: "Above Us the Earth." . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "Farewell Etaoin Shrdlu" (1980; David Loeb Weiss; in Gaelic and English, with English subtitles) and "The Shepherds of Berneray" (1981; Jack Shea; in Gaelic and English, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Black Five" (1968; Paul Barnes) and "Loving Memory" (1969; Tony Scott). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 5: "Angel in the House" (1979; Jane Jackson) and "The Life Story of Baal" (1978; Edward Bennett). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

New York Film Festival Retrospective—A series of forty-five international films originally shown during the second ten years of the Festival (1973-82). Aug. 15 at 6:15: "Roseland" (1977; James Ivory), with Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, and Geraldine Chaplin. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:30: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6:15: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:30: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6:15: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, Mary Steenburgen, and Pamela Reed. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 8:15: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:15: "Without Anesthesia" (1978; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Angela Winkler. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 7: "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 9:30: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German). . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2: "Say Amen, Somebody" (1982; George T. Nierenberg), a documentary on gospel music. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 4: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 7:30: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 9:30: "Eating Raoul" (1982; Paul Bartel), with Bartel and Mary Woronov. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6:15: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 8:15: "Short Eyes" (1977; Robert M. Young), with Bruce Davison and José Perez. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6:15: "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 8:30: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French), with Pierre Blaise. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6:15: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 8:30: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6:15: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1983; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:15: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" ("The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6:15: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; in Russian). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 9: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 11:30: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973; Jean Eustache; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 3:30: "Best Boy" (1980; Ira Wohl), with Philly Wohl. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 9: "The American Friend" (1977; Wim Wenders), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz (1979)—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of other lively dancers. (Thalia; Aug. 22.)

Annie (1982)—As the soused, man-hungry Miss Hannigan, the head of the New York City orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is both hag and trollop, and her inflections spin around and make her the butt of her own sarcasm; she's gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman: they belt in unison. And when they dance it's showy leaping about, and the editing breaks it up, making it more hectic. When Annie, who is invited to the mansion of the billionaire Daddy Warbucks, arrives, his household staff dances, and the cutting is so choppy that the pump-and-tumble dancing—arms like pistons, and stamping feet—turns into commotion. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney (with a shaved head) gives a smooth, amused performance and models his manner of speech on Huston's awesome velvet growl. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. The script is by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse and lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 19.)

Le Bonheur (1966)—A young Parisian cabinetmaker loves his wife and loves his mistress. He thinks this should make everyone very happy, but he is wrong. A strange and beautiful picture, written and directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Aug. 22.)

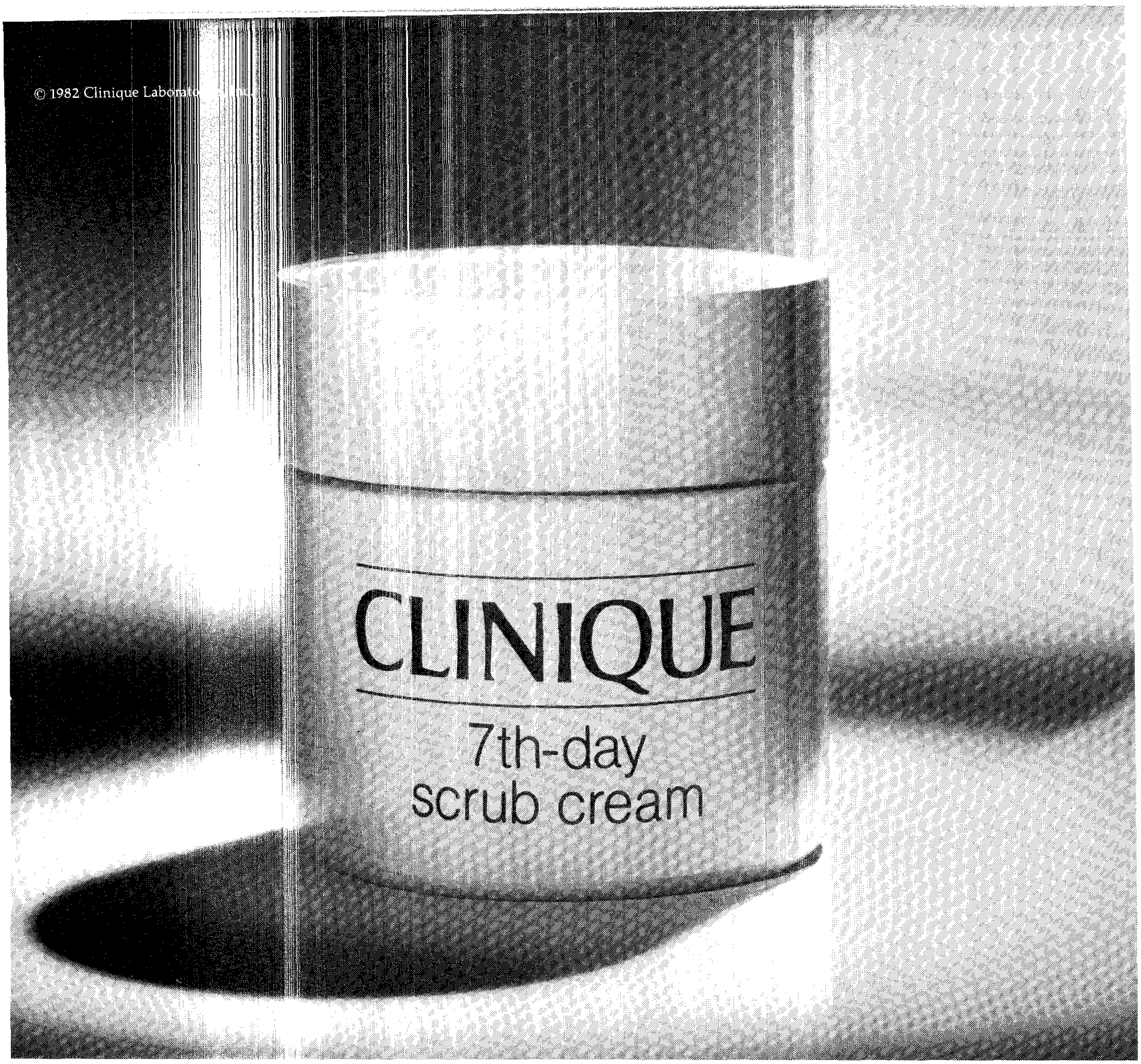
The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War, among the abolitionists who are now turning their energies to the emancipation of women. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As the tall, distinguished-looking, and intelligent young Mississippian Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who takes Verena into her fine house on Charles Street and grooms her to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. Her voice shaking with emotion, Redgrave gives this woman who is "unmarried by every implication of her being" mythological size. James's story is, of course, a tug-of-war between Ransom and Olive, who are both drawn to Verena. With some fine performers: Jessica Tandy as Miss Birdseye, Linda Hunt as Dr. Prance, Nancy Marchand as Mrs. Burrage (she has one remarkable scene with Olive), and Wesley Addy (who brings just enough grotesquerie to his facial contortions) in the role of Verena's father. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/6/84.) (Cinema I.)

A Countess from Hong Kong (1967)—Charlie Chaplin wrote the screenplay and directed the movie. Sometimes funny, but distressingly heavy. Marlon Brando plays an ambassador, using a neat, tight voice and spasms of silent-comedy spryness. Sophia Loren is the Countess, enjoyable for her beautiful sea-lion walk and her considerable comic powers. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 21-23.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—The success of this rhythmless, mediocre piece of moviemaking may be in part attributable to its winsome heroine (Marie-Christine Barrault, who is sexy in a fleshy, smiling-nun way), and in part to its silliness. With its wholesome carnality, this film about a big family is so pro-life that it treats sex like breakfast cereal. It features adultery without dirt—adultery as carefree nonconformity—and the way the chorus of understanding kids applauds the parents' displays of innocent, happy sensuality this could be the first Disney True Life Adventure about people. With Victor Lanoux and Marie-France Pisier, who gives the liveliest performance. Written and directed by Jean-Claude Tacchella. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24-25.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much the

© 1982 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.



De-Aging Expert.

When skin begins to show its age, that means it's slowing down.

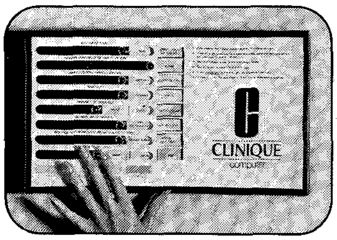
New skin layers—formed rapidly in younger skin—now take longer to surface. So the top layers stay on too long. Look dull. Old.

Dermatologists know one sure way to help reverse the look of aging is gentle manual exfoliation. Unique for this job: 7th-Day Scrub Cream from Clinique—used, not on young skin's weekly plan, but every day.

7th-Day Scrub Cream wakes up skin. Speeds off tired old top layers—encouraging skin to renew itself at a faster, younger rate. Smooths texture. Takes the edge off tiny wrinkles. Leaves a glow.

Find it—plus a free skin analysis with the Clinique Computer—wherever Clinique is sold.

7th-Day Scrub Cream gives skin a younger look. It's dependable. It's delightful. It's de-aging.



CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested
100% Fragrance Free

same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. With Jules Berry. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

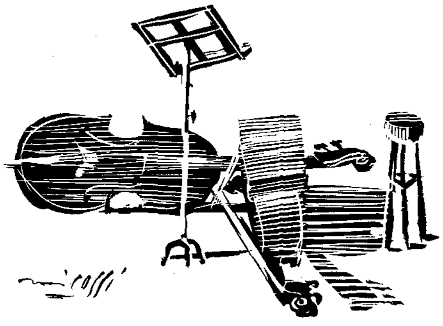
The Diary of a Chambermaid (1945)—Jean Renoir parodies historical romances in this wildly improbable divertissement. Chambermaid Paulette Goddard loves gloomy master Hurd Hatfield, but his Freudianized mama, Judith Anderson, and a whole lot of other people get in the way. The screenplay is by Burgess Meredith, from a novel by Octave Mirbeau; Meredith also contrived to find a part for himself, as a demented gent who eats his way through a rose garden. Francis Lederer, meant to be a menacing servant, is the most elegantly turned-out actor in the movie; probably he just couldn't resist looking his best. It's slightly crazy but highly entertaining. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

Electra (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his own adaptation of the Euripides tragedy in an outdoor setting, with an authentic solemn grandeur, and with the handsome young Irene Papas as his heroine. Still, in trying to show how vividly modern this classic is, he produces discomfort: we're neither quite here nor quite back there. With Aleka Catselli as Clytemnestra, Yannis Fertis as Orestes, and Manos Katrakis as the tutor. Cinematography by Walter Lassally; music by Mikis Theodorakis. In Greek. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 23.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Quad Cinema.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence, Christianity, war, and death. It is perhaps the greatest war film since "La Grande Illusion." (Neither deals with actual warfare.) On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and an eleven-year-old peasant boy become playmates; their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. Clément's method of presentation—a series of harsh contrasts between the intuitive, lyric understanding of the two children and the ludicrous comedy of the quarrelsome, ignorant peasant adults—is perhaps unfair to the adults. But it's an act of kindness to the audience: without the element of gross caricature we might dissolve in tears. This classic of the French postwar period was a commercial failure until it won the grand prize at Venice; it went on to international success. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. From the novel by François Boyer. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Aug. 19-20.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. With Zero Mostel in a major role, and Michael Murphy, Herschel Bernardi, Remak Ramsey, and the dark, solemnly woebegone Andrea Marcovicci. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Fury (1936)—When this melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man—it was Fritz Lang's first American movie—opened in London, Graham Greene said in his review that it was "the only film I know to which I have wanted to attach the epithet of 'great.'" Though Americans may rate it high, they are unlikely to go that far. Spencer Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sidney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending, which doesn't jibe with Lang's sensibility and style. But the sensibility and style are themselves hurdles. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting. Joseph L. Mankiewicz produced; Norman Krasna did the story; Bartlett Cormack and Lang did the screenplay. With Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot, Frank Albertson, and Walter Abel. Cinematography by Joseph Ruttenberg. (Regency; Aug. 21-22.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch-Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Manhattan; through Aug. 16.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical, which Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows took from Damon Runyon's stories about lovable lowlifes, with a score by Frank Loesser. The director-scenarist Joseph L. Mankiewicz seems to have fallen in love with Damon Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, into going to Havana with him. Sinatra sings pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is extended and rather tedious. The Broadway version is legendary; the movie provides no clue as to why. With Vivian Blaine, Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets. (Regency; Aug. 23-25.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the saddest (and worst) movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 16.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase—actually, on the two converging chases of the police and the underworld. The structure is so mechanical it's almost pulpy, and the film reaches for other easy effects—it's similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. But there's nothing facile about Lorre: trapped by the underworld, he screams, "I can't help myself!" Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz Lang's cameras in the daytime he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. With Gustaf Gründgens and Otto Wernicke; cinematography by Fritz Arno Wagner; script by Thea von Harbou and others. (The tune Lorre whistles is the theme from Grieg's "Peer Gynt.") In German. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 21.)

Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament which may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24-25.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that attempts to follow Lang's original specifications, and with a modern pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (Festival; through Aug. 16.)

No Way Out (1950)—Sidney Poitier is superb as a young black doctor in a sometimes overly melodramatic but basically excellent study of prejudice. Strong stuff throughout, with Richard Widmark turning in a good performance as an especially virulent champion of race hatred. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Regency; Aug. 21-22.)

Oliver! (1968)—On the stage, "Oliver!" was an undistinguished musical that people took their children to, dutifully; it was an English variant of Broadway Americana. The movie transforms the material; it's not only a musical entertainment but an imaginative version of the novel as a lyrical, macabre fable. The tone is set in the opening sequence, in the children's workhouse, when Oliver's "Please, sir, I want some more" leads into a choreographed children's riot. The stylization seems to put quotation marks around everything Dickensian, in a way that makes you more aware of the qualities of Dickens' art. It's as if the movie set out to be a tribute to Dickens and a comment on his melodramatic art as well as to tell the story of Oliver Twist. The songs (by Lionel Bart) provide the distancing that enables us to appreciate Dickens' pathos intellectually, and the director, Carol Reed, gives a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship; he doesn't urge us to tears—he leaves us our pride. Typically, the best moment is a quiet one. Oliver (Mark Lester), who has been listening to "Who Will Buy?," the lovely early-morning song of the tradespeople in Bloomsbury, walks along singing a few bars to himself, and it is probably the most delicately beautiful reprise in movie-musical history. The score isn't great, but it's certainly well sung. With Ron Moody as Fagin; Harry Secombe as Mr. Bumble; Shani Wallis as Nancy; Oliver Reed, who finds the right outlet for his peculiar talents as Bill Sikes; and Jack Wild as the Artful Dodger. The musical sequences were choreographed by Onna White; the cinematography is by Oswald Morris; the set designs are by John Box; the screenplay is by Vernon Harris. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 19.)

MAURICE FREED

Pauline at the Beach (1982)—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with exquisite control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit has nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. (She and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Film Forum; starting Aug. 17.)

Purple Rain—With Prince, directed by Albert Magnoli. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Century Art, Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 17-23.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings that could be anything and could turn into something else overnight is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. This low-budget fantasy gives you the feeling that you've gone past alienation into the land of detachment—a punkers' wasteland where you never know where you are, and nobody cares to make things work, and everybody you see is part of the lunatic fringe. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. He has underhand ways of being funny, and the jokes don't often jump out at you—sometimes they barely peep out at all, because of the film's ramshackle ineptness. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter as the acidhead philosopher, Vonetta McGee as Marlene, and Fox Harris as a lobotomized scientist (who drives a 1964 Chevy Malibu, with a metallic gold paint job). Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Risky Business (1983)—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous softcore porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is over-deliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Thalia; Aug. 21.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Shopworn Angel (1938)—The material is shopworn, too; it's another version of Dana Burnet's play (based on his 1918 *SatEvePost* story "Private Pettigrew's Girl"), which had been filmed in 1919 with Ethel Clayton and in 1929 with Nancy Carroll (who was lovely in it) and Gary Cooper. Margaret Sullavan manages to be poetically believable in the outdated role of the cynical, chain-smoking Broadway actress who is so touched by the adoration of an innocent soldier (James Stewart) that she marries him before he goes off to war. There are too many shots of Stewart, in doughboy uniform, looking yearningly at her, and her character reformation pulls the movie down, but Sullavan and Stewart always had a special rapport—a tenderness that seemed to allow for her hard edges and conflicts. (She always played the more complex role in their pictures together.) Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz for M-G-M, and directed by H. C. Potter, who creates the right sort of romantic atmosphere. The young Waldo Salt did the subtle screenplay—tart yet plaintive. With Walter Pidgeon as the rich man who has been "keeping" the actress, and Hattie McDaniel, Sam Levene, Alan Curtis, and Nat Pendleton. Margaret Sullavan's songs were dubbed by Mary Martin. (Regency; Aug. 19-20.)

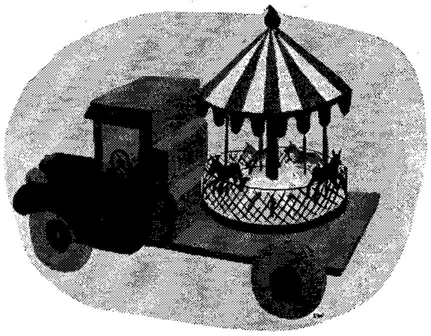
Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Embassy.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 16.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht–Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 21.)

Under the Volcano—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Festival, and Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 17.)



Viva Zapata! (1952)—Before the rifles of that infamous concealed regiment get poor Zapata (Marlon Brando), John Steinbeck's script has thoroughly done him in. Land and liberty, the simple slogans of the Mexican civil wars of 1911-19, are transformed into the American liberal clichés of 1952 and phrased in that slurpy imitation of simplicity and grandeur which some high-school English teachers and TV producers call "poetry." The virtues of the production are in Elia Kazan's headlong direction: some of the scenes have startling immediacy; the fighting is first-rate; even the phony folklore holds one's interest. And the actors are fun to watch: there's the magnetic young Brando (age twenty-seven) impersonating a great revolutionary leader—an illiterate young titan, a peasant and a thinker (and, in the time-worn actor-peasant tradition, he screws up his face when he has to think). And there are Anthony Quinn (his performance took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor) as Zapata's older brother; Jean Peters as Josefa; Joseph Wiseman, acting like some sinister mixture of Judas Iscariot and a junkie, as Fernando the journalist; Alan Reed as Pancho Villa; Lou Gilbert as Pablo; Margo as Soldadera; Harold Gordon as Madero; Frank Silvera as Huerta; and Mildred Dunnock, Abner Biberman, Philip Van Zandt, Henry Silva, and Arnold Moss. The film includes Steinbeck's folly: the famous, supposedly terribly touching wedding-night scene in which Zapata asks Josefa to teach him to read. Cinematography by Joe MacDonald. (Cinema Village; Aug. 22-23.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it has a distinctive and surprising spirit. It's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. There's a running theme in Singer: human beings keep trying to flirt with God, hoping that someday a line of communication can be established, but sex always gets in the way. Dressed as a boy, Yentl is no longer resentful of male privileges, and for the first time she feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The director keeps her balance; her vision is sustained until the end (which is a misstep), and as the yeshiva boy she's a wonderful, giddy little shrimp. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction, and as the director she does graceful tricks with the songs. She also brings out the other performers' most appealing qualities; the cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 22-23.)

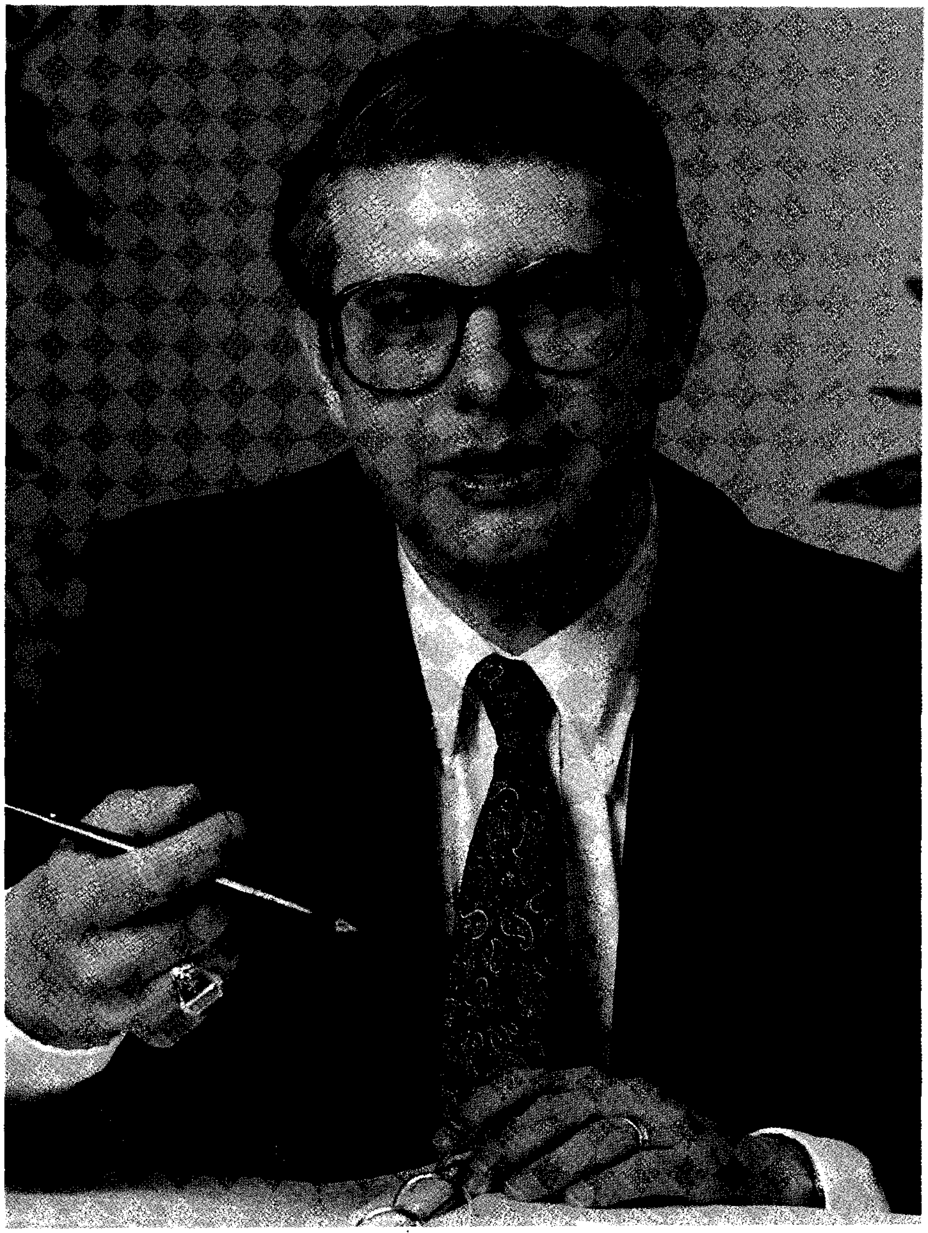
PURE WOOL. PURE PENDLETON.®

KNOCKABOUTS®

For country weekends: the glorious colors and textures of our exclusive pure virgin wool separates. Beautifully priced, at approximately: (left) jacket, $135.00; skirt, $60.00; Country Sophisticates® shirt, $38.00 and cotton sweater, $56.00. (center) cape, $160.00; trouser, $85.00; sweater, $60.00; Country Sophisticates® shirt, $38.00. (right) blanket coat, $160.00; skirt, $68.00; Country Sophisticates® shirt, $38.00; crew, $46.00. At fine stores. Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, OR 97207. Welcome to our world.

® PURE VIRGIN WOOL

WHAT SHOULD YOU
WORKING "PARTNERSHIP"



"At Container Corporation of America, an HP computer network helps us respond to customers faster, and saves us $600,000 a year.

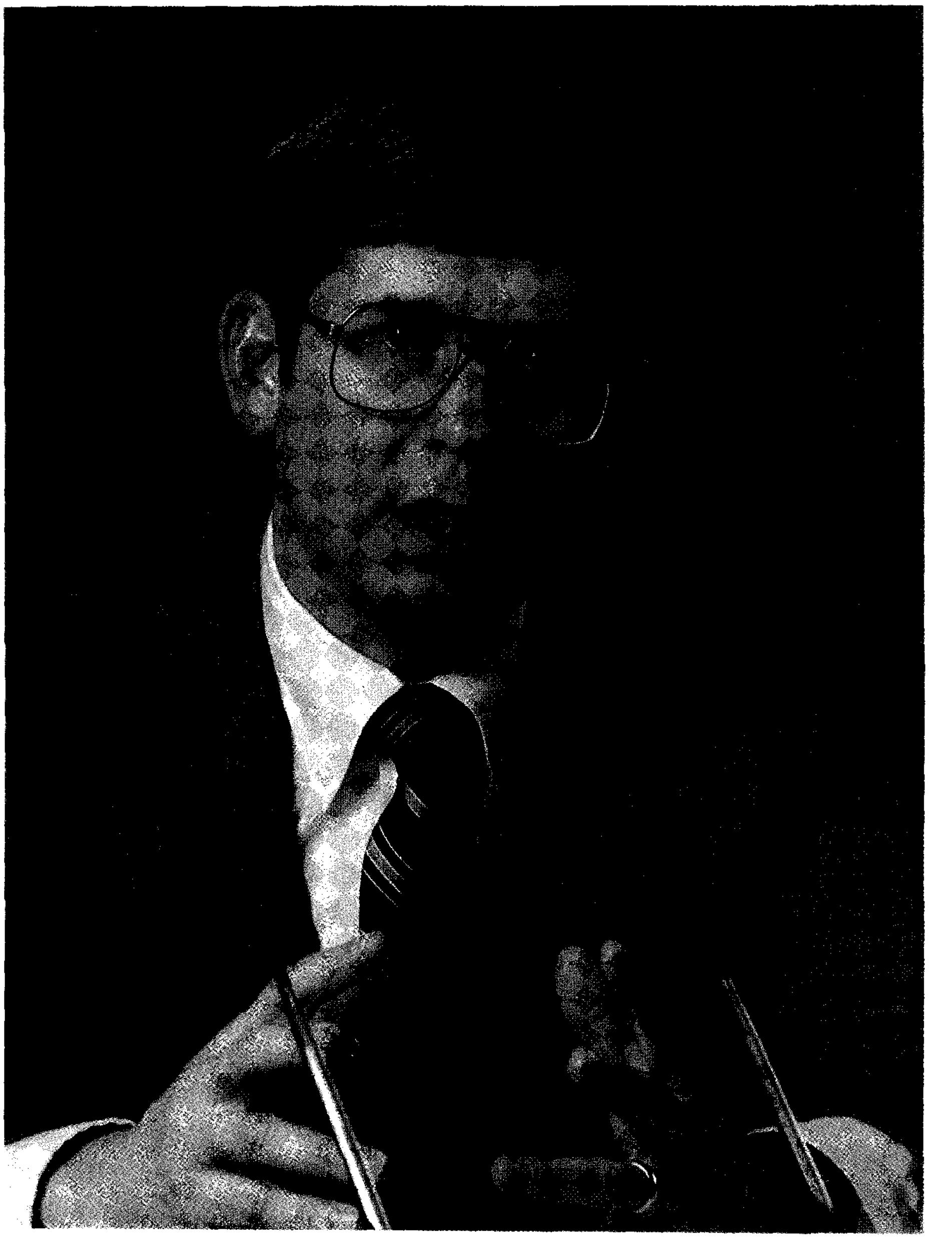
"It used to take us two days to estimate the cost of a job for a customer. With the HP network we can come up with an accurate figure in minutes. We now have the information we need to provide better quality packaging."

Container Corporation of America is one of the nation's leading paperboard packaging manufacturers. The company has a network of 47 HP 3000 computers operating in 78 manufacturing plants.

At company headquarters in Chicago, Jeff Norkin, Vice President, says, "Using HP's Productivity Tools, our staff developed a wood costing and payables system in half the time it took to develop a similar system in the past. The flexibility of the HP 3000 network enables us to design and implement additional systems as we need them, without costly conversions.

"We've seen that we can count on HP's technical expertise to provide solutions to new challenges as they arise. Based on our success with HP systems, we plan to expand our network with 10 additional HP 3000s."

EXPECT FROM A
WITH HEWLETT-PACKARD?



"At Fairview Hospital, an HP CareNet system facilitates critical care and saves $54,000 a year in monitoring costs.

"Because the HP computer-based system delivers extremely accurate vital sign data, we no longer have to repeat procedures or revert to manual methods. On-line monitoring eliminates the need for outside hemodynamic monitoring services, so our staff accesses critical data immediately."

At Fairview Hospital in Minneapolis, Bill Maxwell, Hospital Administrator, says: "HP offered us a total solution to intensive care monitoring—a means to deliver cost-effective quality care. HP CareNet gives us control over our monitoring strategy. And we can continuously monitor all patients from any location in the network.

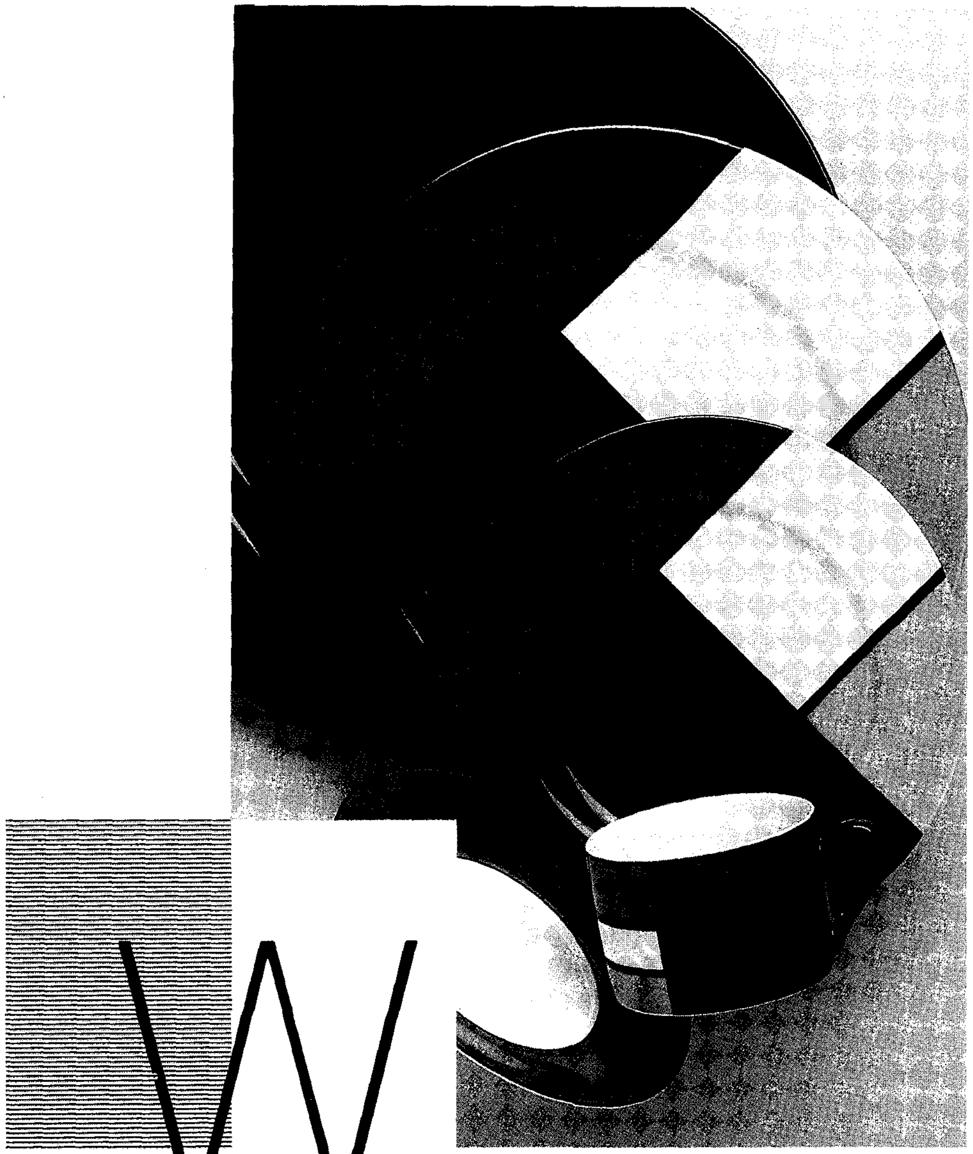
"The flexibility of HP hardware will enable us to expand our network threefold without significantly increasing our hardware costs. And through HP's upgrade program, we can put tomorrow's technology on today's system without increasing our capital investment.

"Our HP system is maintaining close to 100% uptime. The reliability of our HP network and HP's support team has convinced us to equip another Fairview intensive care unit with an HP CareNet system."

Results with assurance.

HEWLETT
PACKARD

0002407A



What makes
Neiman-Marcus
Neiman-Marcus?
A continuing series.

We're expanding our exclusive casual dinnerware collection. This year we started with one pattern.

That's because we're so picky. We don't put Neiman-Marcus on just anything that comes along. And plenty came along.

We first started shopping the gift shows. New York, Florence, Paris, Frankfort. Nothing was Neiman-Marcus, even though we looked at over one-hundred different patterns. Undaunted, we flew on to Milan. The gift show there was in full swing. And our luck took a swing, too.

We walked into the showroom of Emilio Bergamin of Taitû, and, after looking at fifty patterns that could have been N-M exclusives, we selected ours. It was just a sketch, but oh, what a special one. Yellow, royal blue, rust, green and grey, in a pattern inspired by the great Dutch artist Piet Mondrian. We said, "We'll take it." Signed, sealed and now a Neiman-Marcus exclusive, the pattern achieved another distinction. After we had selected it as ours alone, it won the coveted dinnerware design award at the Incontri Venezia Design Show in Venice.

At home in The Galleries at Neiman-Marcus now, its name is Venezia. It is made of porcelain, with the bright colors underglazed to hinder any dishwasher from chipping them, and to mix and match with other dinnerware you might already have. A four-piece place setting is 50.00. It's shown here with a black service plate.

Considering the lengths we went to to bring it to you, we can say (with tongue firmly in cheek), it's not easy to become a fashion plate at N-M.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas Fort Worth Houston Bal Harbour Fort Lauderdale Atlanta Washington, D.C. Westchester Boston
Chicago St. Louis Las Vegas Beverly Hills Newport Beach San Diego San Francisco

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PROBABLY we are not going to New Iberia, Louisiana, for the forty-third Louisiana Sugar Cane Festival, the last weekend of September, but we are looking at the brochure (entitled "Hi Sugar!") that a friend in New Orleans sent us, and are imagining all the events we'll miss, beginning on Friday the twenty-eighth ("Farmer's Day—All Day in City of New Iberia—Dress Farmer Attire") and including the "Blessing of the 1984 Sugar Cane Crop and Harvest Season in the Fields," the High Sugar Cane Yield Awards Luncheon, the coronation of Queen Sugar XLIII, who reigns over the festival with King Sucrose XLIII, and the "Queen's Parade of the Sugar Producing Parishes of Louisiana," with the Queen and her Sugar Lumps riding a float down Main Street. "Keep America Sweet," the brochure says.

Knowing our friend, we figure that we are supposed to be amused at this, and maybe we were at first, but then, seeing all the people whom the Festival will honor at luncheons and a dinner and a reception—the high-yield farmers, the parish Sugar Queens, former Sugar Kings and their wives, and the wife of King Sucrose XLIII—we wondered why New York, where people regularly whoop it up for national origin, has so few celebrations of livelihood. Making a living is the best reason for celebration we can think of, and yet not only does our own industry, the unsigned-paragraph trade, have no annual festival to throw bouquets at itself but we ourself have actually *looked at our feet* when someone asked "What do you do?" and we have *stuck our hands in our pockets* and said "*Oh, we do a lot of different things*" or "*It's kind of hard to explain*," as if we were a thief. A New Iberia canegrower wouldn't hang his head—he would look a person straight in the eye and say, "I raise sugar. Here's my card. You ever come to Louisiana, be sure to stop in, and I'll show you how it's done." He knows that sugarcane is nothing to sneeze at. It has its own festival. We envy that sort of pride. So we are already looking forward to the first Copy Carnival, on September 28th, a Friday (All Day in City of New York—Dress Casual Attire), and imagining all the events we'll attend, including the Blessing of the Photocopiers and the coronation of Queen Anonymity, and the Sunday Night Deadline Dance and, especially, the big Prose Parade down Fifth Avenue.

A fine autumn day in busy midtown, the smell of burning pretzels in the air, and as we trudge east on Forty-fourth, slightly slumped from months of bending over the crop, the sight of crowds behind police barricades and of television crews and the strains of journal music put a spring in our step, we run a comb through our hair, we begin to walk tall: our day of days, come at last. The honor guard of editors swings by, carrying ceremonial carbines and Old Glory (with a few stars and stripes deleted), and the Newsstand Band, playing the "Washington Post" march, followed by crack typing-drill squads, their Underwoods draped with fresh ribbons. Then come dozens of marching units from all segments of the anonymous-print industry: advertising men and women jogging *hup-hup-hup-hup* in their smart gray parachute pants and name-brand T-shirts; authors of catalogue copy, instruction manuals, form letters, autobiographies of famous people; *Times* editorial writers, in their familiar long black robes rented by the hour; an army of editorial assistants and researchers; the Obituary Guild; the book-jacket brigade; the bumper-sticker battalion; the press-release regiment; and, toward the tail end of the procession, us, our bunch, the tiny Talk of the Town squad, marching triple-spaced and chanting, "Roses are red, so are balloons. We write the gray stuff around the cartoons!"

Silly, perhaps, but what's one day of silliness in behalf of your liveli-

hood? And why should we try to justify *it to persons outside the industry? Let* them *be* amused, we don't care. Without the anonymous author, this country would be a poorer place. Great men would be speechless. Simple directions such as "Stop," "Stir slowly over low heat," "No Parking," and "Use only as directed" would lose their authority if they carried bylines. Great editorials would seem less majestic, more like a long honk from a guy with a good ear for the King James. Advertising would choke on all those royalty payments. We could go on and on, but just take our word for it, Sugar. You need copy to Keep America Sweet.

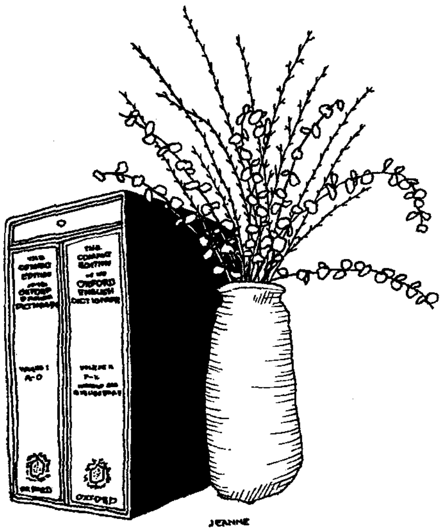
• •

Flying

WE have received the following letter from a woman who has been flying high for a couple of years and seems about to come down to earth:

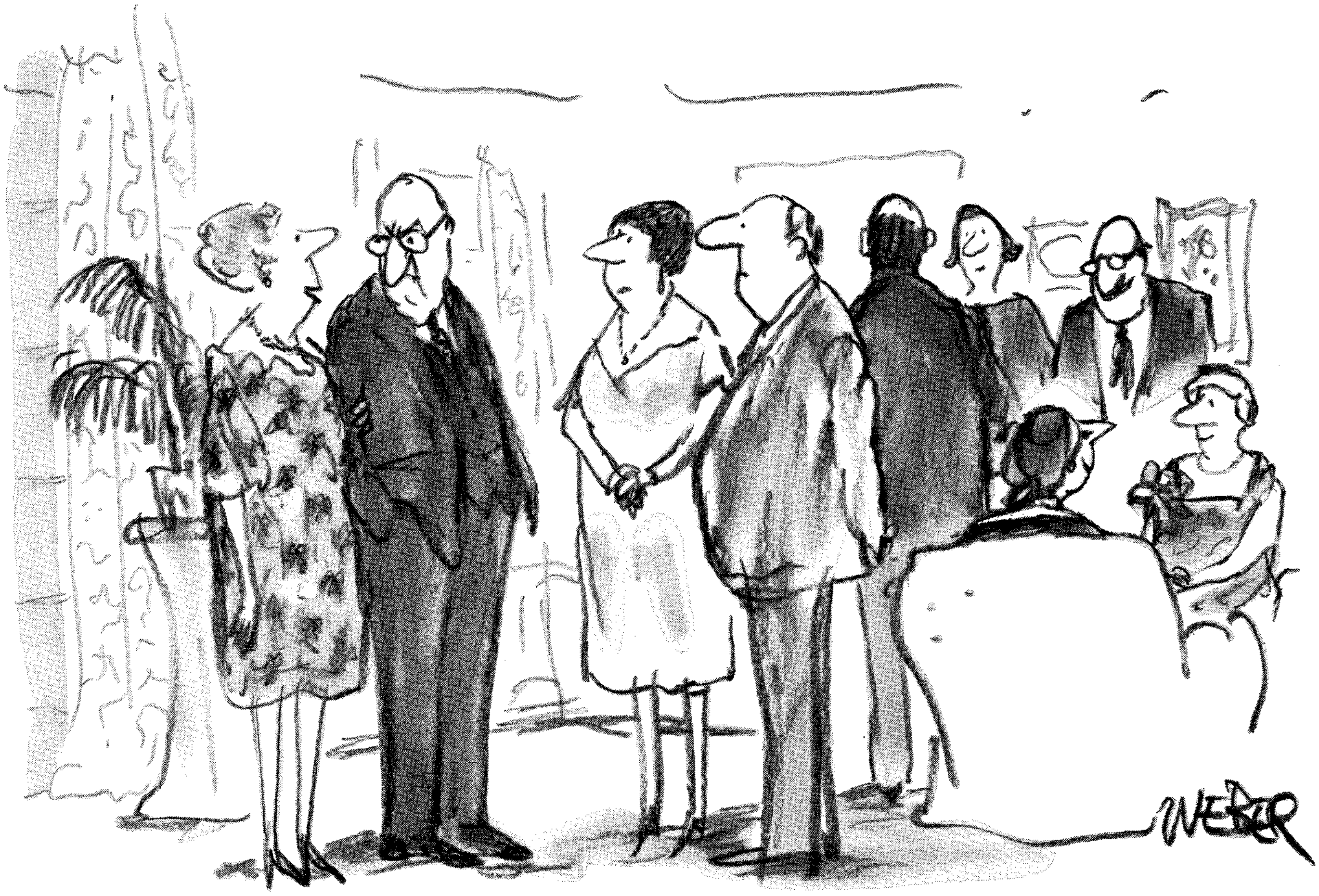
Nearly forty years ago, I started flying—more often than anybody else I know—when I married a man whose business required him to visit branch operations all over North America, South America, Europe, *and Australia*, and whose *modus itinerandi* was to get me to go along at my personal expense. I always made my flying arrangements quickly and casually, without thinking about anything beyond pleasing my husband. The flying life began with our honeymoon, in 1946, when my husband linked that occasion to a business visit to Rio de Janeiro—4,787 miles from LaGuardia. Even in those primitive days, flying was merely a matter of getting to our destination: six hours to Miami; then two hours to Camagüey, Cuba; then five hours to Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic; then one and a half hours to San Juan, Puerto Rico; then two hours to St. Johns, Antigua; then three hours to Port of Spain, Trinidad; then three and a half hours to Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana; then five hours to Belém, Brazil; then five hours to Barreiros, Brazil; then five and a half hours to Rio. And there we were. Actually, it was more fun than the nine-hour-and-twenty-minute non-stop flight of today, and, somehow, simpler. Between having babies (four), I flew with my husband to Los Angeles or to Vancouver or to Rome or to Tel Aviv or to London (thirty-six round trips before our first child went off to college), and always with only one purpose in mind—to get there and come back. I flew on DC-2s, DC-3s, DC-4s, DC-6s, DC-7s, DC-8s, and DC-10s. I flew on Constellations, Electras, and Lodestars. I flew on Boeing 747s and on the Concorde. I favored one airline over another with only one quick consideration: Which flight would fit in most conveniently with our plans?

On October 13, 1982, my flying life changed profoundly, and perhaps forevermore, when I received a letter from Pan American World Airways offering me "The Riches of WorldPass" as a "tangible" way of thanking me for flying on their airline. The offer was irresistible. If I flew with Pan Am anywhere in the United States or worldwide, it said, all I had to do at check-in was turn in a "WorldPass" coupon, and Pan Am would "take care of the rest." Then just by sitting in the plane I would be "accumulating WorldPass mileage" and earning "exciting travel awards." For only ten thousand "WorldPass" miles (two round trips between New York and San Francisco, for example, or one round trip between New York and Tokyo), I would be rewarded with a First Class round-trip flight anywhere in the United States for the price of a Cabin Class round-trip ticket. For only twenty thousand "WorldPass" miles, I would be rewarded with a similar flight of my choice in Clipper or Cabin Class with a companion. I was instantly subverted. I had been in the midst of planning to accompany my husband on a business trip to Australia. I had gone to Australia with him several times before, and always with Qantas, a wonderful airline. We had been looking forward to the Qantas way of doing things: we were piped aboard, into a spotless cabin, to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda" and such; wrapped in soft blue wool blankets; provided with a happy-looking, athletic-looking crew to take care of us; fed fresh Australian seafood and fresh Australian fruits; and given plenty of chilled and scented terry-cloth towels. The last return flight had taken about eleven hours, but it had felt to us like a luxury cruise.



I was now caught up in an entirely new way of life—one that went beyond flying for the purpose of getting somewhere. Up to this point, I had never won any prize, large or small—never a raffle prize, never a bingo-game prize, and never the lottery. I was a straight-A student at school and at college, but I had never won an academic prize. Even in tennis, a game in which I always keep my eye on the ball and think of myself as a menace at net, I had never won even the smallest tournament. So the effect of Pan Am's offer on me was powerful. I now pressed my husband to abandon Qantas in favor of Pan Am. I was sick of hearing "Waltzing Matilda" anyway, I told him—it was a corny song. We flew with Pan Am. From the beginning to the end of the trip, I was preoccupied with accumulating mileages and counting them—14,130 miles to Auckland, New Zealand (9,420 flying miles plus my 4,710 bonus miles). I grieved over the lack of any mileage award for the 1,345 miles from Auckland to Sydney—a route that Pan Am didn't fly on the day we wanted to make the flight—and, later, all the side trips to Perth, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Melbourne became a "waste" to me, because Pan Am didn't fly those routes at all. The main pleasure I derived from the trip was being able to count up the mileage awards I accumulated on the way home: 11,434 miles (7,623 flying miles plus 3,811 bonus miles) from Sydney to Los Angeles, and 3,712 miles (2,475 flying plus 1,237 bonus) back to New York. Now I was getting *something* by flying, instead of merely getting *somewhere*.

When I reached home, I was worn out, but I was immediately reënergized by finding a package from Pan Am telling me that I could now accumulate mileage in ways other than by flying—by staying at Inter-Continental or Sheraton hotels, by renting a Hertz



"Earl is my severest critic."

• •

car, by cruising on the Sagafjord or the Vistafjord, by shipping a package under seventy pounds by Pan Am Clipper Package Service. What's more, Pan Am told me, if I accumulated twenty thousand miles in the next ten months I would be given a bonus of ten thousand additional miles.

About this time, I began hearing from and about other airlines that were making head-spinning offers of prizes. Eastern Airlines wrote to me with tempting descriptions of "free Ionosphere Club membership"—that meant being able to use a clubroom to wait for planes in—if I started accumulating Eastern Frequent Traveler Bonus Program mileage. Eastern also would credit me with a thousand miles if I rented a car from Hertz. And Eastern told me I'd get a special bonus of ten thousand miles for every round-trip flight through Kansas City. If I wanted to go to St. Louis, for example, I would be ten thousand miles richer if I went by way of Kansas City, and I wouldn't even have to leave Kansas City International Airport. I remembered an old college friend from St. Louis, called her up, and made a plan to visit her. I went on to accumulate additional Eastern mileage. One of our daughters lives, with her husband and two children, in Washington, D.C. I used to visit them once every few months. Now I started dropping in on them, after a shuttle flight, every second week or so, for a one- or two-hour visit, which was almost entirely taken up with mileage talk. I asked this daughter whether she might be interested in taking a cruise with me on the Sagafjord. The fifteen-day cruise would cost $6,190 per person, but it would give me an award of five hundred bonus miles per night. No go. Not worth it. We also discussed the Frequent Flight Bonus Program of TWA. A friend from Cincinnati had flown into town and, over dinner, told my husband and me that he had just been awarded a "TWA Upgrade Certificate," which entitled him to a fifty-per-cent discount on the price of a domestic round-trip Coach ticket, or he could choose to get "upgraded" to Ambassador Class or First Class for the price of a Coach ticket. He also told us that any five TWA flights in the United States would earn him a *free* round-trip ticket in the United States in the same class. The very next day, I learned from another friend that TWA would bestow credit on me for almost any mileage flown on Eastern.

In the next few months, I found myself drawn more and more deeply into the intricacies of the free offers. I started keeping files on the descriptions and details of free trips, bonuses, and other awards. When American Airlines wrote to me with an invitation to join its "AAdvantage" program, I leaped at it. Merely by joining, I would get three thousand miles, plus two thousand miles if I started using my membership card within six weeks. When I had lunches and dinners with friends, all we now seemed to talk about was who was getting what free in the way of travel. I took a trip to Paris. On my return, I had nothing to tell my grandchildren about except the mileage I was accumulating. I had a message from Pan Am one day saying, "Congratulations! You have earned a 30,000 mile WorldPass award." That meant I could take a companion along free on any trip in the United States if I paid First Class fare for myself. Or else if I flew to "select destinations" in Asia, Africa, South America, or the South Pacific I could fly Clipper Class for the price of Cabin Class. After studying the facts and figures for about a week, I decided to stay put, build up my Pan Am mileage, and fly somewhere that wouldn't cost *anything*. Also, I could take advantage of the "When the Leaves Fall Bonus": if I had twenty thousand miles in my "WorldPass" account by August 31, 1983, and deferred taking an award until September, I would earn a ten-thousand-mile bonus. When I went to Rome with my husband in the summer of 1983, we flew Pan Am in order to protect my thirty-thousand-mile investment. To Rome and back, and all it meant to me was that now I had enough mileage to get something absolutely free: two Cabin Class tickets anywhere in the United States. Where? If it was going to be free, it had to be free all the way. In the past, I had never asked for free room and board, even at the home of a friend or a relative. I had been a believer in "There are no free lunches." But I was now a changed woman. I called up a friend with a condominium in Palm Springs and told her that my husband and I would come there on our free trip if we could get a free room. She understood, and offered us the room.

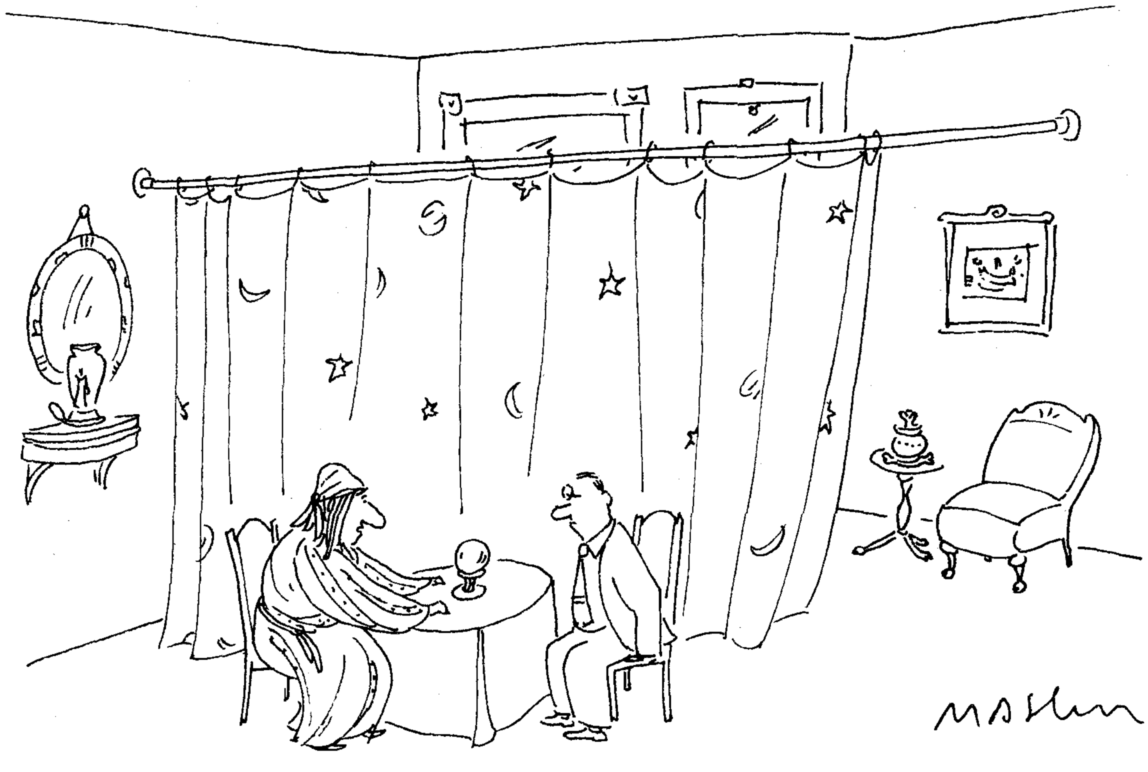
Last April, I suddenly discovered that I had only sixty days left to dispose of my awards based on my accumulation of a hundred thousand miles. My options included two Free First Class round-trip tickets to Paris, London, Rome, Zurich, Istanbul, Tokyo, Shanghai, Hong Kong, or Taipei, among many others. I was determined to get the most expensive prize, worth more than eight thousand dollars—Taipei.

"Tai*pei*?" my husband said. "Are you crazy? The big prize for me is to stay home."

I was frantic. I couldn't get anybody I knew to go anywhere with me. I had to spend the award, no matter what. So I decided to spend half of it by going to London by myself for a week or so. I came home feeling that I had really accomplished something. I had gone alone to the Chelsea Flower Show, and I had looked at rhododendrons in Kew Gardens. I had gone alone to see "Benefactors," a play about public housing. I had gone alone to an exhibition of Redouté botanical prints at Fortnum & Mason. Every time I started feeling lonely, I had reminded myself that I'd got myself there without charge.

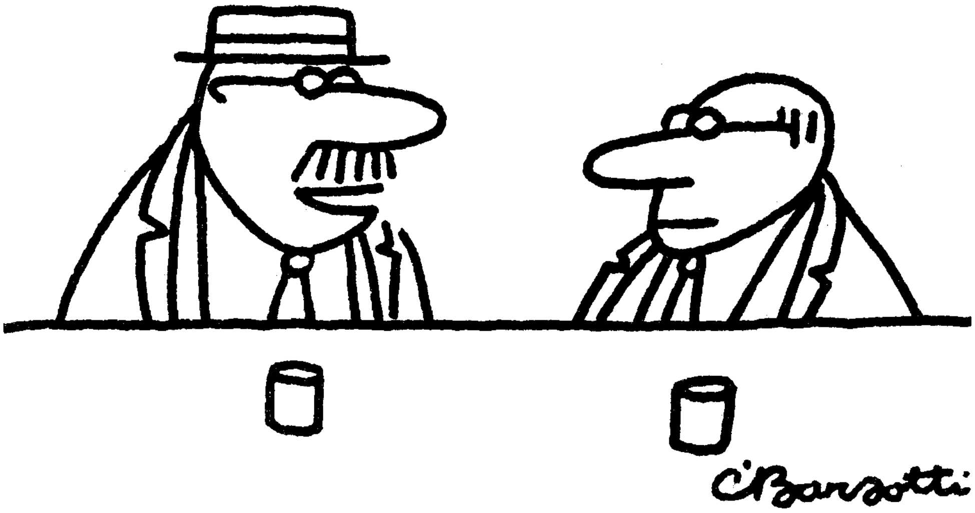
My file folders on my mileage accounts with the various airlines now fill an entire drawer in a filing cabinet. My Pan Am folder is pressuring me: I can probably carry only thirty thousand miles over to 1985, but I still had to spend fifty thousand miles in awards by the end of June. TWA alerts me to my Frequent Flight Bonus Award of ten thousand miles and tells me that *it* will permit me to request a ten-thousand-mile award in the name of a family member, legal dependent, or other relative. Pan Am's awards cannot be transferred to family members, legal dependents, or other relatives. But I will have to get up to fifty thousand miles with TWA in order to win one free TWA First Class round-trip ticket plus a First Class upgrade for the price of a Coach ticket for a travelling companion to any TWA domestic or international destination. I'm setting aside the weekend to study that situation and figure out how much I will have to spend in order to get the free ticket.

Every once in a while, I come up for air and wonder how I went wrong. So many things in my life have been turned upside down. Until the fall of 1982, I had prided myself on refusing to get something for nothing, but now I crave free anything. I have never smoked, but now when I'm on Fifth Avenue and spot one of those cigarette venders handing out free samples I will cross the street or go out of my way to get one. Travel never used to tire me out, but now I am constantly in a state of exhaustion. A friend of mine told me he was trying to reach Eastern's fifty-thousand-mile-award level and was short by a thousand miles, so he went to Hertz, rented a car, drove it around the block, and returned it, thus making his award level. I immediately wanted to do the same. My husband accuses me of having become a free-mileage junkie. But I think I'm coming out of it. This morning, one of



"Like Andy Griffith, you've recently had to make a most difficult decision regarding your telephone."

my departures was delayed a day because of bad weather. It felt to me like a reprieve.



"Well, Koch is at least right about the middle class. I think we're a pretty terrific bunch."

• •

Woodstock

JUST for a weekend, the ordinary grind of daily life—the loving, the sharing—stopped, and in its place there was the ironic. On Friday, great black cumulo-ironic clouds began to build in the sky above Grossinger's Catskills resort, where a celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the Woodstock festival was under way. Soon the clouds opened and down it poured, rain acid with irony, flooding the streams, swelling the rivers, roaring down into the mighty ocean, where great swells crashed against the shore, but not with the boom of surf as we know it. It sounded more like muffled laughter. And on this sea of irony tossed representatives of many of America's major media outlets, searching for safe anchorage, some solid ground. In small doses irony is the observer's chum, expanding his outlook, but take too much and strange nightmare shapes loom up in front of you and the walls begin to shiver and bark.

Where to find the authentic? In the Saturday-afternoon tie-dyeing party, perhaps. The Rit Dye company hopes very much that the sixties will return. The sixties were when, according to a brochure, "psychedelic," "in," "groovy," "unisex," "happening," "turn-on," and "far-out" were the words on every tongue, and "plain leotards blossomed into exotic 'second skins,'" thanks to tie-dyeing. The company sent a color consultant to Grossinger's to demonstrate, but she was only midway through the twist-dye technique when the rains came—just like Woodstock, except that at Grossinger's everyone ran for cover.

Or perhaps the authentic was in Grossinger's Terrace Room, where David Clayton-Thomas sang on Saturday night. Late of Blood, Sweat and Tears, Clayton-Thomas sang his classic "Spinning Wheel" ("What goes up must come down") at both the 1969 festival and this month's commemoration, but this time he was preceded by a comic who delivered half an hour of jokes about Puerto Ricans stealing hubcaps, the table manners of Chinese, and Frank Perdue. Also, the comic put a big pink plastic pacifier in his mouth.

Fifteen years ago, Arthur Schubert, at the age of forty-five, was working in the garage at one of the resorts in the area; he signed on as supervisor of security for the festival. Anne Feldman was bringing up her daughters not many miles from the festival site. This year, Arthur Schubert and Anne Feldman were giving tours of Yasgur's Farm, twelve miles from Grossinger's, in the town of Bethel (not Woodstock), to anyone who was interested. We were. At the very least, their memories were about a real thing—about roads and traffic jams and state troopers. And they were nice people.

"Young people were sleeping in that graveyard right there," Mr. Schubert said as we drove past a cemetery. "People were sleeping everywhere. The hippies—and I don't use that as a derogatory term—began arriving weeks early. And I heard that three weeks after it was over one guy came out of the woods and said, 'What happened to the music?' "

Mrs. Feldman pointed out the street she lived on, and said, "We ran a hose out from our house to the road and put out some cups and as many crackers as I had in the house and a sign that said, 'Don't Use This Water in Your Car Batteries.' That's because our water is really hard. I went to pick up my daughters from swimming lessons at White Lake, and it took me four hours, because of the traffic. It was the last lesson of the season, and I didn't do much driving after that. One young man who came by asked me if I had any old onion bags, and I gave him some. Well, he sat down and unravelled them, and then he made the most beautiful purse. You couldn't do that anymore—now that the bags are plastic."

"This is the road going in to the festival site," said Mr. Schubert, who has a crewcut. "People sat out on their porches and watched the parade go by. It was the best entertainment they ever had. Up there on the plateau was the playground for the kids, and down there at the bottom of the hill was the stage. There was a striped tent behind it that was supposed to be the employee cafeteria, and they were going to have box lunches in it, but it turned into a drop-in-and-freak-out center. I mostly stayed in the information booth up on the hill, monitoring my radios and sending people out to help. The festival kids were all great. They all wanted to pitch in. I had twelve stretchers and two hundred and fifty stretcher-bearers. I was wearing cutoffs and a big Ponderosa hat—a Hoss Cartwright hat. It was great fun—even the music. I liked Joan Baez number one, and Janis Joplin number two, but I was too busy to listen much."

Mr. Schubert wants to put a monument on the field to mark the event, but some townspeople oppose the plan; they didn't like hippies then and they don't like them now. "I had my kids up there one night, and the younger one, who was twelve, she was shocked at the people swimming without their clothes," Mr. Schubert said. "She was shocked by the girls more than the boys, I think. I told her, 'Honey, you're not going to do that, and I'm not going to do that, but if they want to, so what?' "

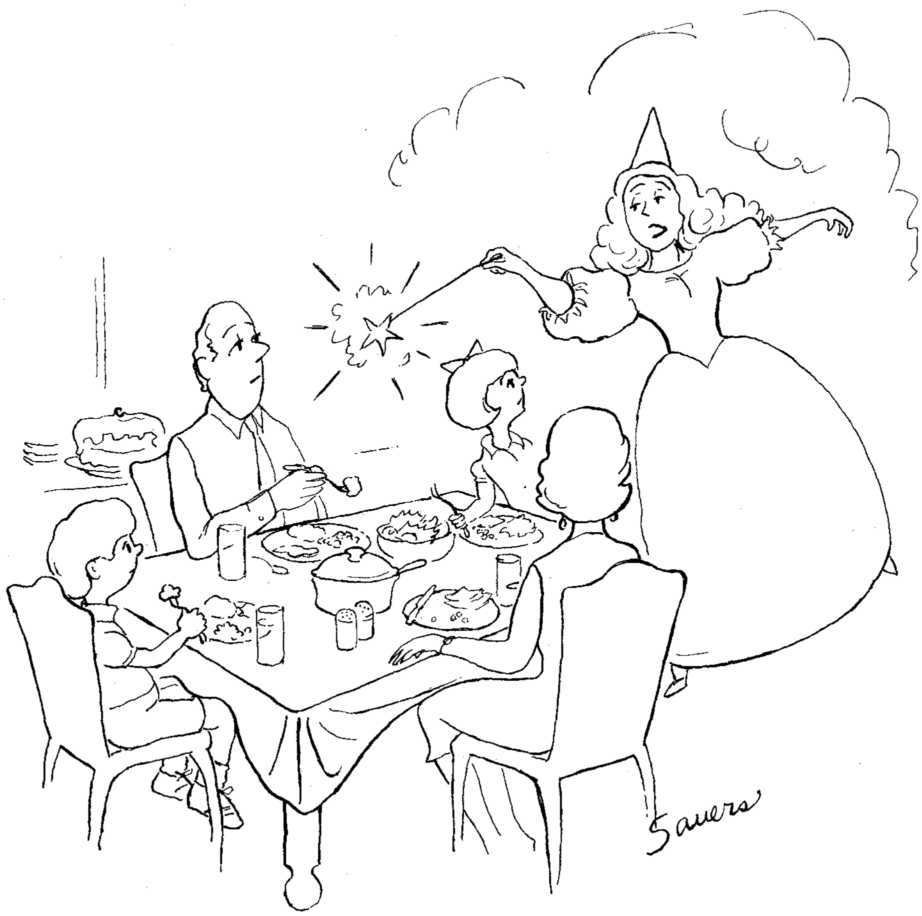
MORRIS SMITH: THE MYTH AND THE MAN

WITH a graceful tug, Dr. Morris Smith opens the venetian blinds. Light glints on his facetted forehead, on his metal-rimmed glasses, on the silvery medical instruments in the pocket of his white lab coat. Beyond his office door, he knows, is a waiting room filled with patients who all too soon will begin their ceaseless round of demands upon him. This will be the only time he has to himself for the rest of the day.

Just for a moment, Dr. Smith relaxes. He unbuttons his coat, turns on the coffee machine, leans back in his chair. Frequently charming and gregarious, Dr. Smith is nonetheless the kind of man who prefers the company of his own thoughts. He will always seem a bit alone no matter where he is, whether at a crowded cocktail party or in a darkened laboratory long after his colleagues have gone home. His mind, trained since youth in a discipline few men master, has developed the habit of solitude. At an age when most men are barely ankle-deep in the waters of their chosen careers, Dr. Smith has attained to such a position of eminence in his field that a quick glance at the degrees listed after his name in a medical directory does not begin to tell the story. More than merely a professional, more, even, than a highly skilled specialist, Dr. Smith is also a teacher, a counsellor, a healer, a bearer of the greatest hopes and darkest fears that dwell deep inside us all.

With a sudden gesture, like a man awaking from a reverie, Dr. Smith tosses off the last of his coffee. From a desk drawer he takes a tall stack of patient files. He searches the stack for a moment, finds the file he wants, and bends over it at his desk with a concentration that seems to shut out the rest of the world. Another workday has begun for Dr. Morris Smith, practicing clinical sexologist.

MY own acquaintance with Dr. Smith dates from over a year ago, when I heard about his pioneering treatise on harem pants. A lifelong fascination with the human sciences prompted me to call him and request an interview. He readily agreed (asking only that I change all identifying names, in the interest of his patients' privacy; "Morris Smith" is, of course, a pseudonym). A few days later, we met in the parking garage of the major urban hospital where he practices. As he led me into an elevator and down a series of corridors toward the building's new fifty-million-dollar sexology wing, I asked him what it was like to live inside the mythic image that surrounds his profession.



"Everything that was bad for you is now good for you."

"It can be difficult, certainly," Dr. Smith said. "People see the sexologist as a man set apart, because of the godlike power he wields. But you must remember that there are many different kinds of sexologists. There are child sexologists, and adolescent sexologists, and sexogerontologists (sexologists who treat the elderly); some sexologists have large private practices, others operate mobile clinics in rural areas, and still others choose not to practice at all but, rather, devote their lives to a study of the vast literature of sexology."

An orderly wheeling a patient on a stretcher hurries across our path, and Dr. Smith stops short. Overhead, the hospital's public-address system urges its ceaseless petitions: *"Paging Dr. J. . . . Dr. J, please report to Surgery at once. . . . Dr. Severinsen. . . . Dr. Severinsen, report to Emergency. . . . Doc Severinsen to Emergency. . . . Dr. No. . . . Dr. No, please call your office. . . ."* Nurses, internes, and hospital staff fill the halls with their purposeful bustle.

"So, you see, it's awfully hard to generalize about the profession as a whole," Dr. Smith continues. "The best you can do is to say that all sexologists are human beings, and I think it's important not only for the public but also for the sexologists themselves to try and keep that in mind. We're people, too. We put our pants on one leg at a time—and, of course, I should add that some of the greatest sexologists in history have been women."

A white-coated colleague waves a greeting as he passes, and Dr. Smith stops to introduce us. Then they begin to chat. I can pick out only the words "Spanish fly," "beautician," and "tilt-cup brassiere" before the conversation becomes too technical to follow.

HOURS spent in office consultation with patients are what provide Dr. Smith with the raw data so important to his research and product-testing. He devotes four afternoons a week to these sessions, which he conducts in an atmosphere that is friendly, relaxed, and informal. Today, I will be observing him at work, and he takes a moment to brief me on his first patient. “This is a case which has so far resisted diagnosis,” he says. “According to her history, her name is Andi, she’s nineteen and a half years old, she’s a Libra, she enjoys sketching, skiing, and sailing, she loves making love in the out-of-doors next to a babbling brook or on a windswept beach, she also loves to wear frilly underthings that her man can rip in bed, she can’t stand smog, red meat, L.A. traffic, or pushy people, her favorite foreign movie is ‘Das Boot,’ and she hopes someday for a career herself in movies. Her waist, hip, and bust readings are all better than normal for a girl her age, and to the untrained eye she would appear to be a picture of perfect sexual health. But in our previous sessions I have become convinced that something is deeply wrong—what, I don’t know yet. Oh, one other note: Andi is basically a shy girl, but the camera turns her on. Unfortunately, I don’t happen to have a camera with me today, so she’s apt to be a bit withdrawn.”

Chez Eux

• •

Dr. Smith’s prediction proves accurate. The patient responds only with monosyllables to his inquiries, until, late in the session, she says that he doesn’t understand, that she’s “not like other girls.” Encouraged by this breakthrough, Dr. Smith pursues the point: How, exactly, is she different? “Well, you see . . .” she begins. A hot flush of shame colors her cheeks. “I’ve never . . . I’ve never been even slightly attracted to a man with a good sense of humor. In fact, that kind of man repels me!”

Dr. Smith’s face betrays no shock at this disclosure. I think, How much he must have seen over the years! In a soothing voice, he assures the patient that a dysfunction like hers, although rare, is not beyond treatment. She leaves his office with a lighter step.

He wastes no time on self-congratulation. Instead, I am surprised to see a sudden, uncharacteristic frown cloud his features. “My next patient is in for some rather bad news, I’m afraid,” he says, reading the question in my eyes. “It doesn’t matter how many sessions like this I go through, I never quite seem to get used to them.” He sighs, shakes his head, and then presses the button on his intercom.

The patient, Mr. G, is a nondescript man wearing glasses and crêpe-soled shoes. Sweat beads his forehead, and his right hand toys with the paperweight on the desk as he and Dr. Smith exchange small talk. Finally, there comes a pause, and Mr. G fixes Dr. Smith with an intense stare. “O.K., Doc, give it to me straight,” he says. “How much longer have I got?”

Unblinking, Dr. Smith returns his gaze. “Without oral sex?” he says. “Possibly six months, possibly a year.”

Another pause. Mr. G swallows hard, takes a deep breath, and then expels it slowly. “Well . . .” he says, “I guess knowing is better than not knowing. Right, Doc?”

When Mr. G rises to leave, Dr. Smith is struck with a thought. Reaching into a drawer, he finds a lingerie catalogue from a department-store chain. “Mr. G, I want you to take this with you,” he says. “If the pain becomes too severe, come back and I’ll give you something stronger.”

Outside the office windows, the spring sun shines down on the hospital courtyard, which is blooming with trees and shrubs in new leaf. Dr. Smith walks to a window and opens it. “Sometimes you can do so little,” he says. “It’s hard . . .” His voice trails off. Distant sounds—the twittering of birds, the high-pitched whine of a surgical saw, faint shouts of “Not that leg, you idiot!”—drift across the courtyard on the balmy air. The room begins to fill with the fragrance of new-mown grass and dogwood petals, and Dr. Smith breathes deeply. When he turns from the window, it is with the expression of a man whose peace of mind has been restored.

MARITAL counselling brings out the full spectrum of Dr. Smith’s skills, and today his final appointment is with a couple who seem particularly troubled. The man, John, is in his mid-thirties, and wears a gray Glen-plaid suit. The woman, Barbara, is younger, dressed in a brown skirt and an orange smock. They are hardly in the door before the woman begins to protest that she must talk to Dr. Smith right away. Deftly, Dr. Smith takes control of the session: both partners will first tell their stories without interruption, he instructs, and then there will be time for discussion and evaluation. Again Barbara protests; she is silenced by an admonitory finger. “John, please begin,” Dr. Smith says.

John’s Story: “When Barbara and I met at a gallery opening in ’71, it was a case of instant chemical attraction. We talked, we had a few glasses of wine, and then we took a taxi to my midtown apartment for a night of uninhibited lovemaking. The next morning, we exchanged phone numbers, but, frankly, I never expected to see her again. I was very surprised and pleased several days later when I picked up the phone and heard her voice. This time, we met at her place for an encore, which, if anything, outdid our début. We began to see each other regularly; after a few months, we moved in together, and in ’74 we were married. Lawful domesticity did nothing to dampen our ardor—in fact, our performance in bed, like fine wine, only improved with age. Recently, however, there has been a change. Barbara has become cold and distant. Sometimes she ignores me for weeks, even months, at a time. She has a way of looking right through me that chills my blood. Perhaps the amount of time we both devote to our jobs is to blame; perhaps I am shutting her out of my life, just as she is shutting me out of hers, in a way that I can’t see. All I know for sure is that I miss the magic we used to share, and I want, desperately, to get it back again.”

Dr. Smith looks up from his notepad. “Now Barbara,” he says.

Barbara’s Story: “Doctor, I have never seen this man before in my life. I haven’t the faintest idea who he is, or why he has been bothering me all day. Not only are we not married, I don’t even know the guy. The only way he knows my name is he read it off my name tag. You must recognize me, Doctor. I’m a waitress at the steak-and-ale place across the street. I haven’t been able to get a thing done with him always following me around, trying to talk to me. He said he was a patient of yours. Would you tell this man, whoever he is, that I’m not his wife, I’m not his friend, I’ve never met him, I have no desire to meet him, and will he please just leave me the hell alone!”

For a moment, Dr. Smith stares off into the distance, the tips of his fingers touching. Then he says, “I’ve often thought that marriage is rather like a tent. It provides us with warmth and shelter, and yet the only reason it stands at all is the many forces—the poles and ropes and stakes—which pull it in different directions. When these forces are out of balance, when one partner’s push overpowers the other partner’s pull, or vice versa, that’s when the tent of marriage begins to collapse.”

“Doctor, I am not married to him or anybody else!” Barbara says, holding up her left hand. “See? No ring!”

“Yes, Barbara, so you’ve stated. According to you, you are not married; according to John, you and he have been married for ten years. Isn’t it reasonable to assume that the truth must lie somewhere in between?”

“No! It isn’t! Are you out of your mind? This man has been harassing me!”

“Oh, Barbara, Barbara,” John says.

In a rage, she turns on him. “Listen, if you come within fifty feet of me again, I’m calling the police! Understand? My God, you are all insane!” She leaves the office at a run, slamming the door behind her.

We sit in silence for perhaps half a minute. “Go to her, John. Find her. Talk to her,” Dr. Smith says softly.

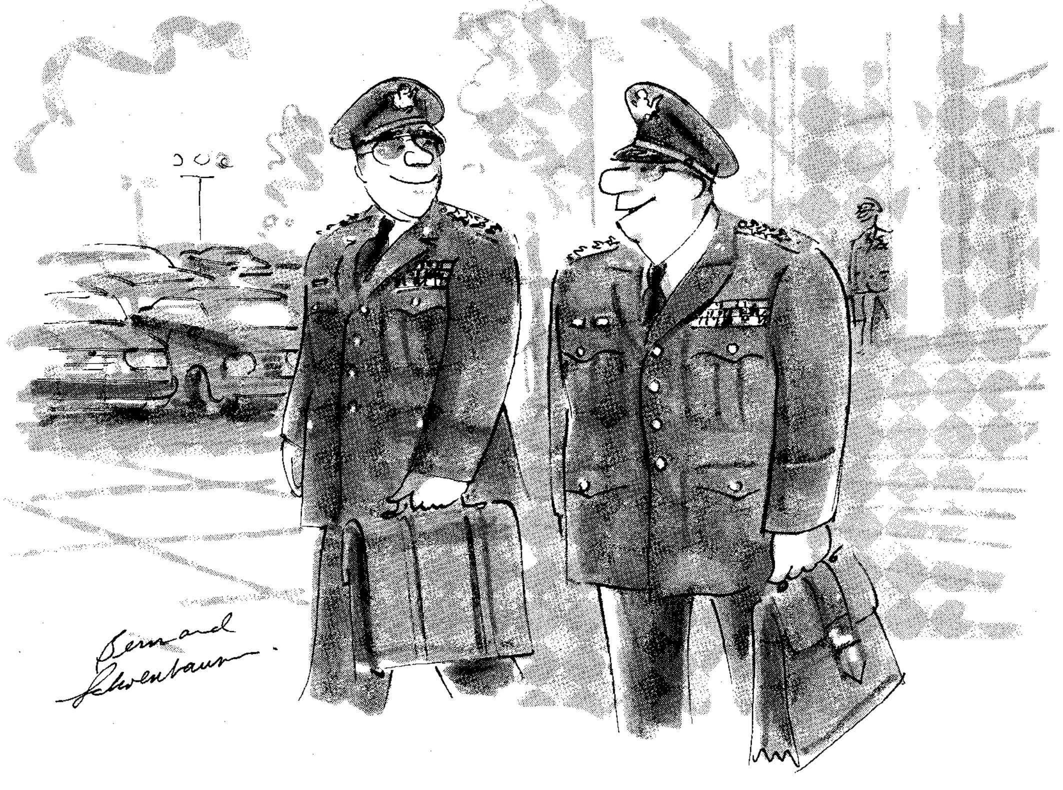
“WHEN I married Morris, I didn’t just marry a man, I married a career,” Mrs. Smith says, passing me the silver gravy boat. I am sitting at the family’s dinner table in their comfortable split-level home. Across the table sit the Smiths’ two sons, aged nine and thirteen, and on my right is the Smiths’ attractive sixteen-year-old daughter.

“If it weren’t for you, I’d still be working in my parents’ shop in Times Square,” Dr. Smith says, smiling back at his wife over the candlelight.

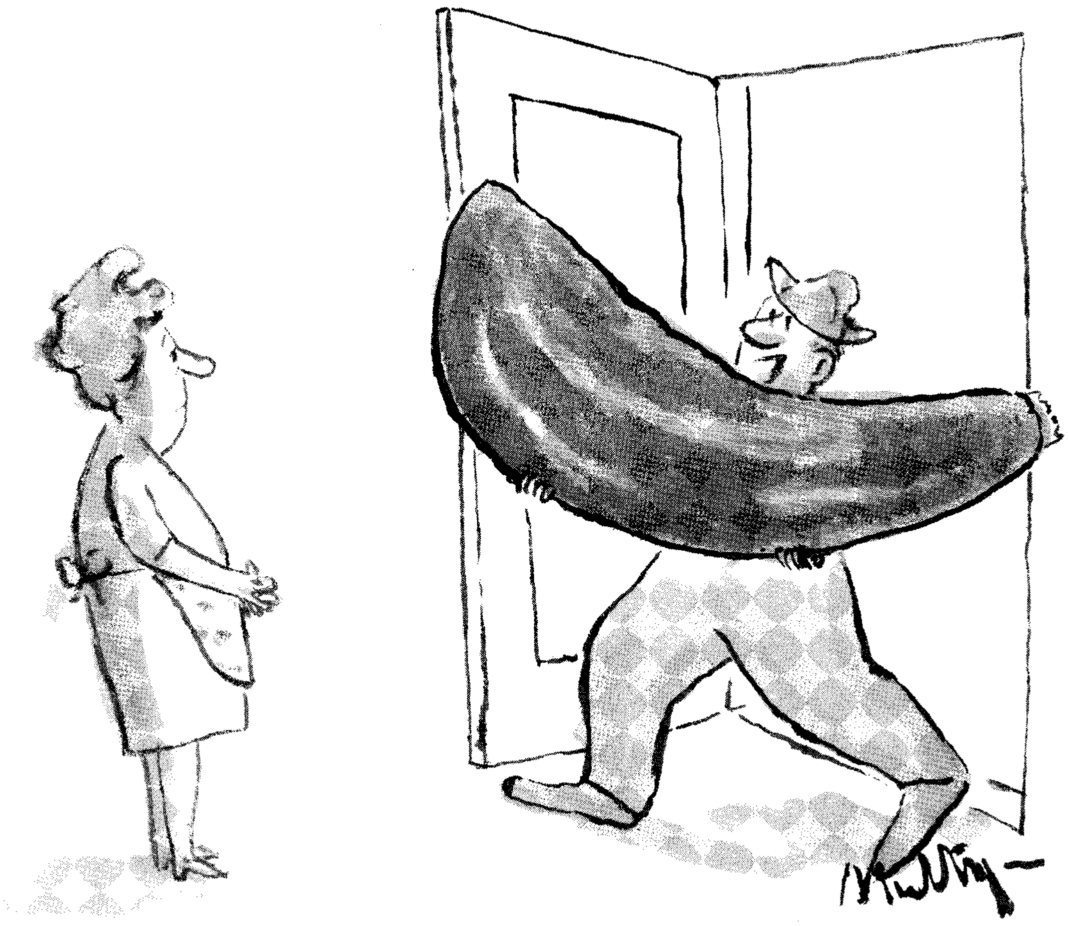
Hesitantly, with an affecting shyness, Dr. Smith has allowed me greater and greater glimpses of the private man, glimpses that confirm what I had long suspected: his success has never lacked for support from a remarkable and understanding family.

“He’s a pretty great dad, really,” says the younger son.

“Yeah, he always brings us neat stuff from



“Don’t spend it all in one place!”



"The zucchini's in!"

his office. Anatomically correct dolls and stuff," the older one puts in.

"He's not an old bluenose with hidebound views of sexual morality, like some of my boyfriends' dads," the daughter adds.

Embarrassed by this praise, Dr. Smith smiles down at the slice of roast on his plate.

"When your husband is in a demanding, high-risk job, you learn to love him when you can," Mrs. Smith says. "And you learn how to let go. If he didn't live for that big, shiny clinic of his, he wouldn't be Morris, and if he weren't Morris I guess I wouldn't love him."

"It's been hard for you, I know," Dr. Smith murmurs.

"Every time he walks in that door, I say a little prayer. And every time he walks out I pray that he'll walk back in again. Every time that phone rings, I think it's the hospital calling to tell me that something's happened to Morris, that something's gone wrong with one of his experiments, that Morris has been—" Her brave smile has begun to tremble around the edges.

"Now, dear, you know I take every precaution."

"I know, but when I think of that colleague of yours in Sweden, that horrible accident with the vibrating chair . . ." She blinks at the tears as her voice catches.

"Really, dear, you mustn't—"

"Isn't this silly of me," she says, brushing at her eyes with her napkin. "Oh, I'll be all right in a minute."

Suddenly the beeper Dr. Smith wears at his belt makes an insistent noise. The family takes no notice as he excuses himself and heads for the telephone; over the years, such interruptions have become as much a part of their mealtimes as the clink of sterling on china. When Dr. Smith returns, he is no longer the relaxed father enjoying a quiet evening at home. "That was the Governor's personal bodyguard," he says in a voice flat with urgency. "The Governor has become . . ."

"Impotent?" Mrs. Smith asks, going white under her tan.

"That's the preliminary indication."

"Oh, my God!"

"They're sending a chopper in ten minutes to fly me to the capital," Dr. Smith says.

"Quickly, children," Mrs. Smith says. "Take flashlights and stand out on the lawn, so they can see where to land."

The next few minutes pass like speeded-up film as Mrs. Smith packs a lunch for her husband, finds him a warm sweater, helps him with his raincoat. The sound of rotor blades can be heard descending from above.

"Good luck, Morris," Mrs. Smith calls after him, holding up two sets of crossed fingers.

Halfway through the door, he turns and comes back to her. "You know something? You're pretty wonderful yourself," he says, giving her a quick kiss.

Dr. Smith runs across the lawn, bathed in landing lights, to the open helicopter door. One hand holds his hat on his head against the downwash; the other hand clutches an emergency kit of arousal aids. He pulls the door shut, the noise of the engine rises, and then the machine swings up into the night sky.

"Good luck, Daddy! We love you!" the children cry.

Transfixed, we all follow the lights until they vanish over the tree line on their mission of hope. Darkness and quiet return; on the lawn, the flattened blades of grass unbend. For the loved ones Dr. Smith must leave behind, the hardest part—the waiting—has begun.

—Ian Frazier

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Headline of an adv. for Rolex watches in The New Yorker*]

Franco Zeffirelli Prefers the Timeless Classics. Including the Watch He Wears.

PERFECT COMBINATIONS

THE night Luke met Denise, she slept in his bed. Not that it was love at first sight or anything; there just weren't enough beds. Paul, one of Luke's roommates, and Denise work at the Third Rail, a rock club in the East Village, where Denise had put a sign on the bulletin board saying she was desperate to find a place to stay, even if it was only temporary. Paul offered her Luke's room, since Luke was away for three months. He and Rick, another roommate, were on tour with a band called Blue Baby.

It was four in the morning when Luke and Rick got back from the road. Denise was drinking tea in the kitchen. When she told them the problem—that she'd been staying in Luke's room for the past couple of months, and now she didn't have a bed—Rick said, "Good luck, you two. I hope you have a restful night."

When they got into bed that night, Denise said to Luke, "So what's it like being a roadie?" Luke knew she was asking because she was nervous, trying to make it seem as if they were strangers who just happened to be sitting next to each other on an airplane, instead of strangers in bed together.

"It's exhausting," Luke said, mostly to put her at ease, to let her know for sure that he just wanted to sleep. "What's it like being a waitress?"

"About the same," she said.

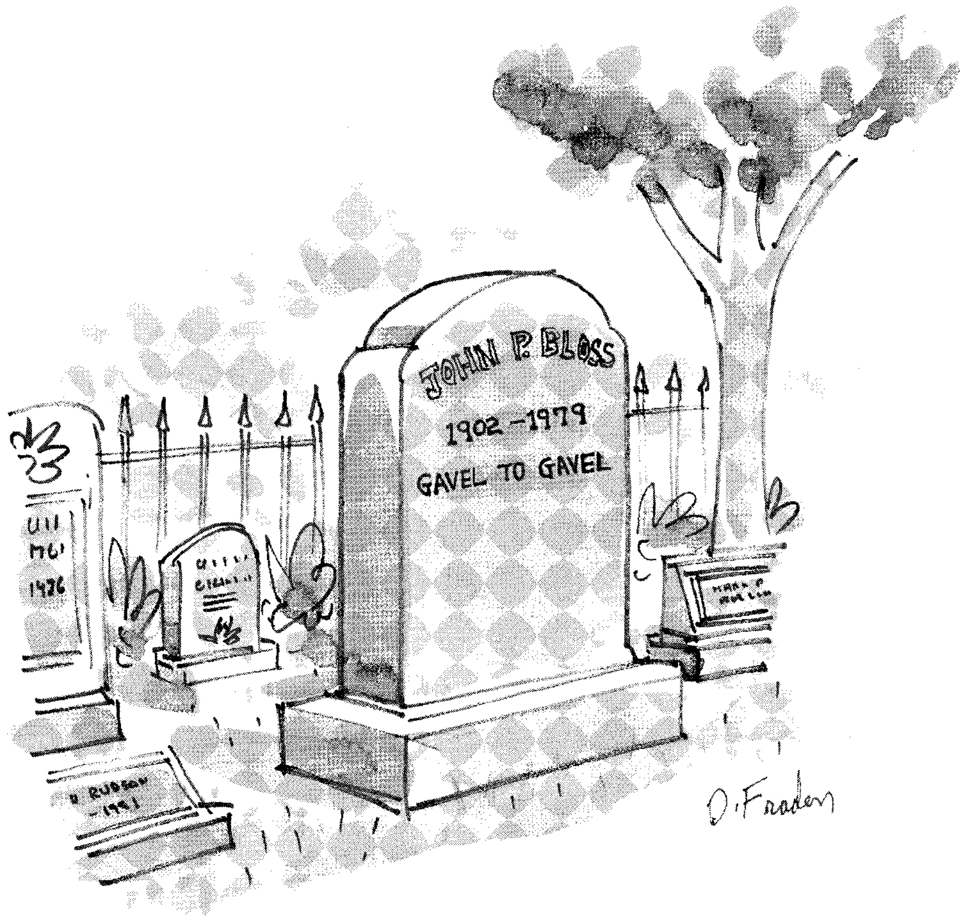
They went to sleep being very careful not to touch.

Now Luke and Denise sleep together every night on purpose, and Luke wants to marry her. That first night, she had been pregnant, though she hadn't known it. By the time she found out, they'd been lovers for three weeks. When he asked her (only once) who the guy was, she said, "Just a guy I used to know at home who was in town for a while. Just no one." She said she would pay Luke back the money for the abortion, but he hoped she wouldn't. The abortion was two months ago.

If she ever asked him, he'd tell her he decided he wanted to marry her because of the way she looked right after the abortion. Her blond bangs were sticking to her forehead, and she'd put one sock on inside out. Her lips had been so pale, with little flakes of peeling skin. When she came into the room where all the husbands, mothers, boyfriends, and girlfriends were, she steadied herself on the doorframe. She looked as though she'd just woken up—she had, of course. At the time, he hadn't said anything about marriage. He'd just held her hand and said, "You O.K.?" every once in a while. When a matronly Puerto Rican woman gave the lecture about how the women were supposed to take care of themselves afterward, Luke tried to memorize the instructions—showers only, no baths; no strenuous exercise for the rest of the day; no sex for at least two weeks; and so on. They handed out the instructions on a Xeroxed sheet, which he looked over to be sure he hadn't missed anything, then folded and put in his coat pocket.

Before the abortion, they'd made love a lot. (It was Denise who made the first move after they'd slept tensely side by side three nights in a row.) What turns Luke on most about Denise is her smell. Even when she gets home from the Third Rail, he can smell her through the cigarette and French-fry smell that's stuck to her clothes and hair; after her bath, it's still there, too. Now when Luke catches a whiff of her, he has to force himself not to think about sex. Since the abortion, Denise doesn't want to make love. Whenever he starts to kiss her, she turns her head away and says something like "God, Luke, can't you even leave me alone for a minute? I'm losing my identity here." Sometimes when he's just trying to be friendly, affectionate, she pulls back and says, "Cut it out."

The first time she did that was the night the two weeks of no sex were supposed to be over. He'd just assumed they'd both want to make love, but Denise said no, she wanted to wait a little longer. A few more days, she said—just to be sure. After that, he waited for her to bring up the subject. When she didn't, he started trying to figure out ways to seduce her. One time, he bought some bubble bath and suggested they get in it together, but right away she said, "Luke, this isn't going to make me want to make love." He said that wasn't what he had in mind; he just thought it would be nice, that's all. Finally, she said O.K., but she wasn't into it. She acted like it was just a normal bath, washing herself with her pink washcloth, pretending he wasn't even there. After he got out,

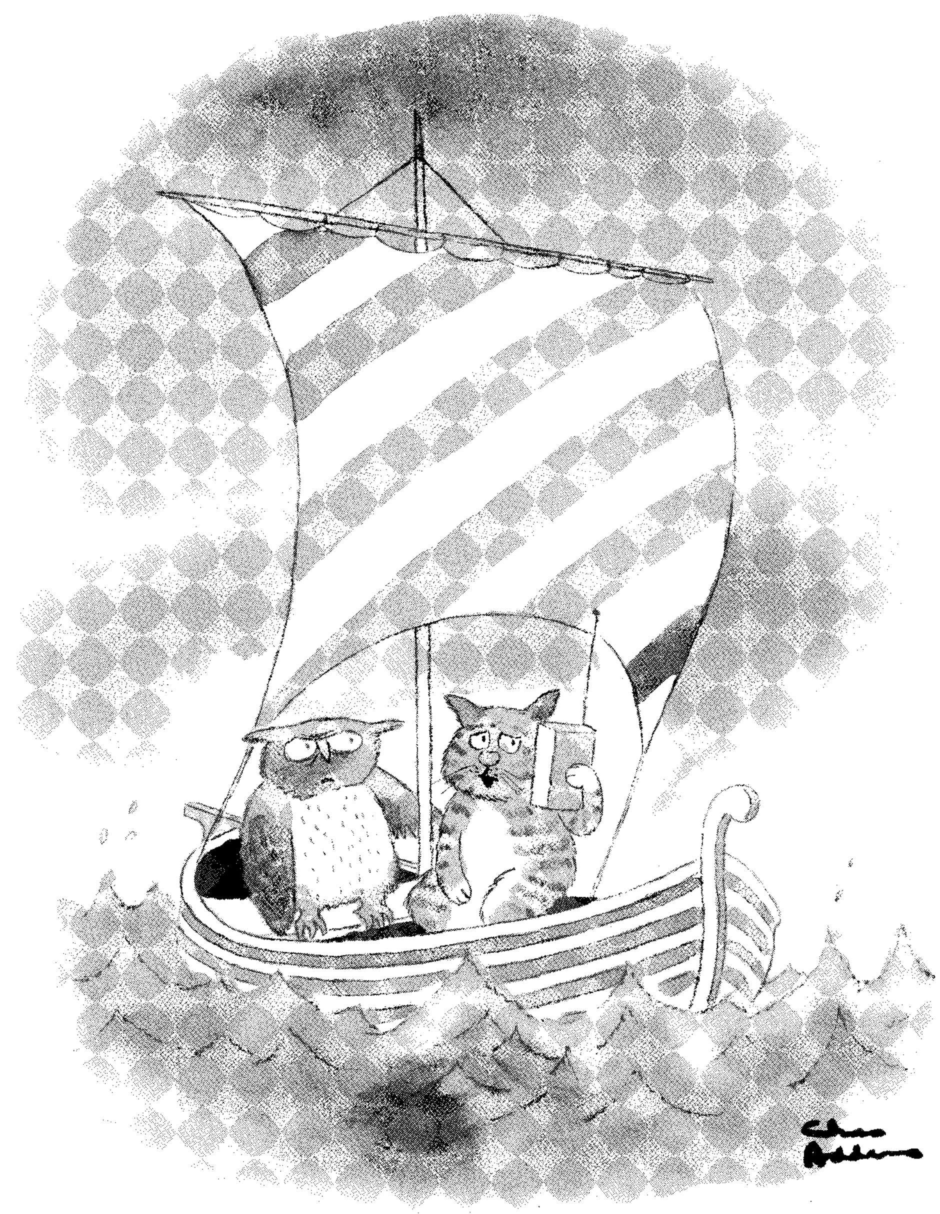


she turned on the shower for a minute to get the bubbles off.

He thought maybe it was the way he looked. At work, she was surrounded by rock stars all night, after all. So he figured that maybe he just didn't look cool enough. One afternoon, he checked himself out in the mirror for a long time. The biggest problem that he could do anything about was his hair: it was too long. Everyone had short hair now. Luke asked Rick where to get a good haircut. But after he'd gotten it, the new haircut didn't look as cool as he'd hoped. No matter what he did to it, he still looked like a big, lunky roadie, not a skinny, pale rock star. And it didn't make any big impression on Denise. She said, "Oh, you got one of those haircuts, too." He couldn't believe he was getting so bent up about a stupid haircut.

The last time Luke tried to kiss Denise in bed, she said, "Come on, *don't*," and turned over on her side to face the closet. She told him it wasn't him, it was her; she just didn't feel attracted to anyone right now. She said it was probably some kind of phase. The thing that Luke thought of next—just for a split second—was pushing her out of bed onto the floor, he was so mad. During the hour or so before he could get to sleep, he couldn't remember a single reason for liking her in the first place.

By the next morning, though, Luke loved her again. When Denise woke up, her makeup from the night before all smeared, and said first thing, "Do you know how to make pancakes?," she looked so cute that Luke got right out of bed and went to the kitchen to find a cookbook. There's a sucker born every minute, he thought. While he was working on breakfast, he made a new plan. He wasn't going to get mad at her anymore. He was going to respect her feelings about not having sex and just take care of her. Maybe if he was really good to her, she'd start being attracted to him again. No matter how tough it got, even if he felt like slugging her sometimes, he'd just have to be patient and keep reminding himself that he loved her. Eventually, if he could keep this up long enough, she would come around.



"A small-craft advisory is in effect."

LUKE wishes he had a car, so he could pick Denise up every night when she gets off work at the club. Sometimes he gets in a cab and goes down there to wait for her. It's fourteen dollars round-trip, not including tip, but the money isn't important to Luke. And it doesn't bother him that she says, "I can get home myself, you know—I'm not sick or crazy or anything." He knows she gets annoyed when he does these things, but the important thing is that she's safe, that she feels safe because of him.

Tonight, Luke isn't going downtown to get Denise, because he has planned to surprise her by having dinner ready when she gets home—around two-forty-five, he figures. He's making a real home-cooked meal. Denise is a vegetarian—even the sight of meat in a TV ad makes her cringe. Luke has bought a copy of "Whole Foods/Whole Health," because he'd like to start cooking for them more. The book explains about protein complementation—how certain combinations of foods from different food families balance each other, creating protein that is more whole, more useful to the body. The casserole for tonight is in the oven: chick-peas and brown rice. Luke is washing the lettuce for a salad. For dessert, he has made a pan of brownies, and there's Häagen-Dazs (coffee, Denise's favorite). That's probably too much sugar, though. He'll save the ice cream. Tomorrow, he may make something with soybeans and bulgur wheat—another perfect combination.

Denise is always starving when she

LATE LIGHT

1
Rain filled the streets
once a year, rising almost
to door and windowsills,
battering walls and roofs
until it cleaned away the mess
we'd made. My father told
me this, he told me it ran
downtown and spilled into
the river, which in turn
emptied finally into the sea.
He said this only once
while I sat on the arm
of his chair and stared out
at the banks of gray snow
melting as the March rain
streaked past. All the rest
of that day passed on
into childhood, into nothing,
or perhaps some portion hung
on in a tiny corner of thought.
Perhaps a clot of cinders
that peppered the front yard
clung to a spar of old weed
or the concrete lip of the curb
and worked its way back under
the new growth spring brought
and is a part of that yard
still. Perhaps light falling
on distant houses becomes
those houses, hunching them
down at dusk like sheep
browsing on a far hillside,
or at daybreak gilds
the roofs until they groan
under the new weight, or
after rain lifts halos
of steam from the rinsed
white aluminum siding,
and those houses and all
they contain live that day
in the sight of heaven.

2
In the blue, winking light
of the International Institute
of Social Revolution
I fell asleep one afternoon
over a book of memoirs
by a Spanish priest who'd
served his own private faith
in a long-forgotten war.
An Anarchist and a Catholic . . .
His remembrances moved
inexplicably from Castilian
to Catalan, a language I
couldn't follow. That dust,
fine and gray, peculiar
to libraries, slipped
between the glossy pages
and my sight, a slow darkness
calmed me, and I forgot
the agony of those men
I'd come to love, forgot
the battles lost and won,
forgot the final trek
over hopeless mountain roads,
defeat, surrender, the vows
to live on. I slept until
the lights came on and off.
A girl was prodding my arm,
for the place was closing.
A slender Indonesian girl
in sweater and American jeans,
her black hair falling
almost to my eyes—she told
me in perfect English
that I could come back,
and she swept up into a folder
the yellowing newspaper stories
and photos spilled out before
me on the desk, the little
chronicles of death themselves
curling and blurring
into death, and took away
the book, still unfinished,
of a man once more confused
even than I, and switched off
the light, and left me alone.

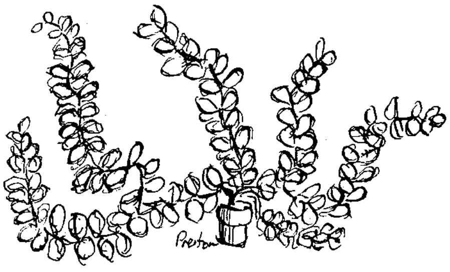
—Philip Levine

• •

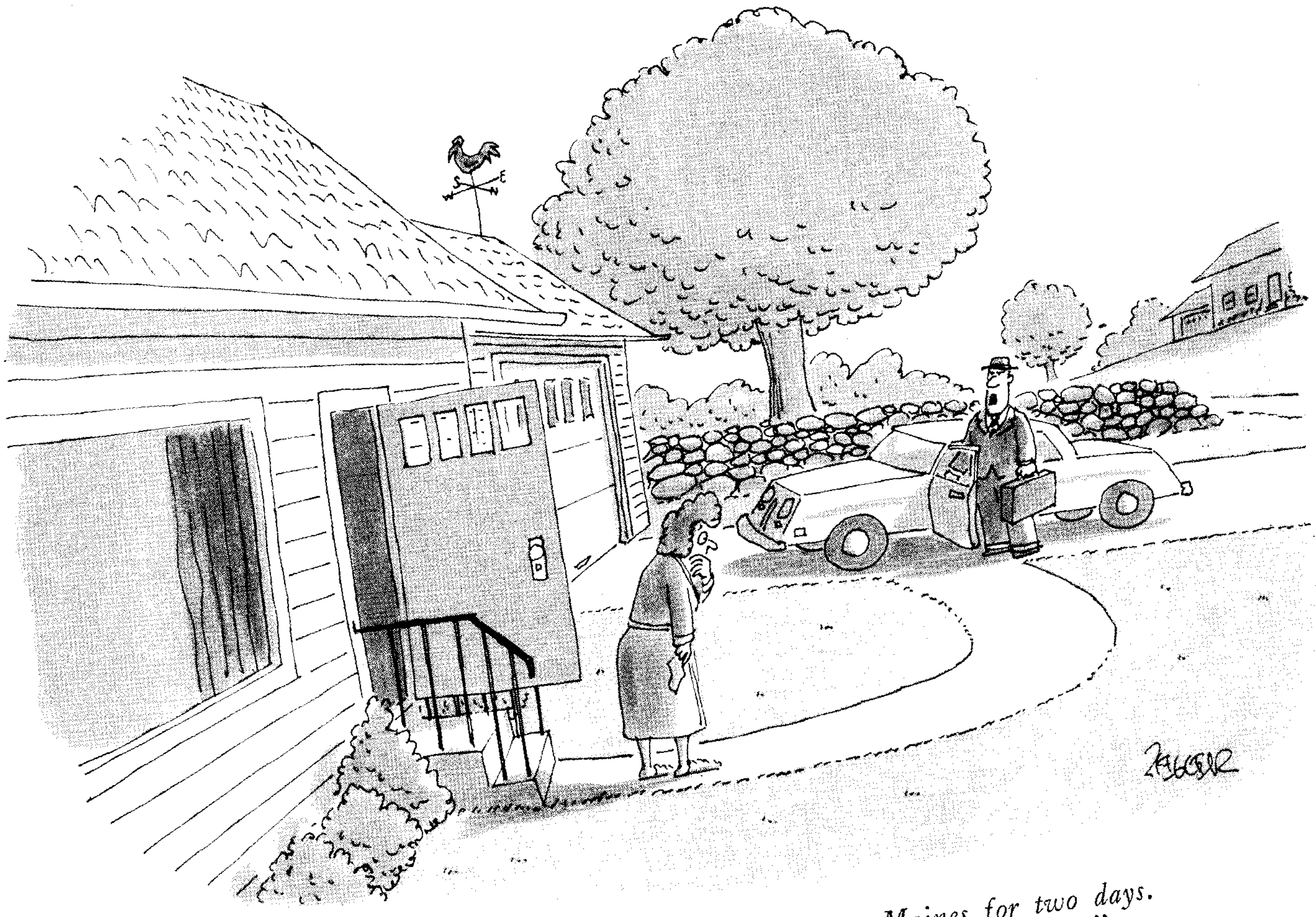
gets home. Sometimes they go to the all-night deli across the street and get apple juice, sandwiches, and ice cream to bring back to the apartment. (If it were completely up to Denise, she'd get ice cream and potato chips, and she'd smoke cigarettes before and during both courses.) They spread the food like a picnic all over his bed and watch TV.

Luke is good at taking care of people—that's how he knows he can make Denise feel O.K. about them again. His brother Henry, though he's two years older, needed a lot of looking after when they were kids. Henry is retarded. Because both their parents worked, Luke spent a lot of time making sure that Henry was all right. Henry's a good guy, and he tries hard, but he needs a lot of help. His parents would set up a routine for him, and just when Luke started to believe Henry had it down, he would do something completely off the wall. He'd do something like wander away from school, instead of taking the bus home. Luke would spend the afternoon searching for him, panicky and wondering if he should call his mom at work and tell her to come home.

When they were little kids, Henry used to really get on Luke's nerves. One time, Henry stepped on a plastic model Thunderbird that Luke had just finished building, crunching it into a billion pieces. Luke had been holding a Diet-Rite Cola bottle at the time, and he remembers swinging it up high and bringing it down on Henry's head. The bottle didn't cut him or even break, but it must have hurt like hell. Then Henry gave Luke a slap that was probably meant for his face but ended up on his ear. Luke screamed at him, "You idiot! You're driving me crazy. Can't you just act like a normal person for once in your life?" Their father had seen the whole thing. Luke thought his dad was going to kill him, but he only sent them both to their room. Later, their dad came in and said he was taking just Luke out to dinner. Luke was scared.



They went to a coffee shop downtown. After they got their food, Luke's dad gave him a big lecture. This is how it started: "I want to tell you how families work." He said that each person in a family has some things that the others don't. So everybody has to be aware of what each other person is capable of doing and fill in the gaps wherever they can. When everyone is doing their best, he said, they balance each other just right. Luke said it made him mad the way his dad expected him to be some kind of superhuman just because his brother was retarded. His dad said, "I think you know that's not what I'm asking for." Luke acted mad at his father for a while (he ordered dessert and then didn't eat it), but that was only because he felt so guilty about hitting Henry with the bottle and calling him an idiot. Actually, he sort of liked the idea of what his dad was saying. He thought about how important it was to be on guard for whoever might screw up next and then be able to step in to restore the balance. And



"For pity's sake, Myra, I'll only be in Des Moines for two days. It's not like I'm distancing myself from you permanently."

• •

that's the way Luke still thinks of families—as a group of personalities that complement each other, like beans and grains.

Luke and Denise fit together, too, but Luke thinks of them more in terms of electricity: he sees himself as the ground wire, while Denise is the hot. He's the stabilizer. Denise tends to get distracted, and sometimes she seems to be living another life inside her head. Every once in a while, she glazes over, spaces right out. He hopes it's not thinking about the abortion that takes her off like that, but whatever it is he's sure he's just the guy to bring her back.

IT'S two-forty-five now, and the casserole is almost ready. He puts the salad bowl on the table, and sits down to wait at the place he's set for himself. He hears the elevator running—great timing, he thinks—but it doesn't stop on their floor.

At three, he takes the casserole out of the oven, even though Denise isn't home yet. He sprinkles confectioners' sugar over the pan of brownies. He is trying to remember a time when she came home later than this. He stirs the salad dressing again.

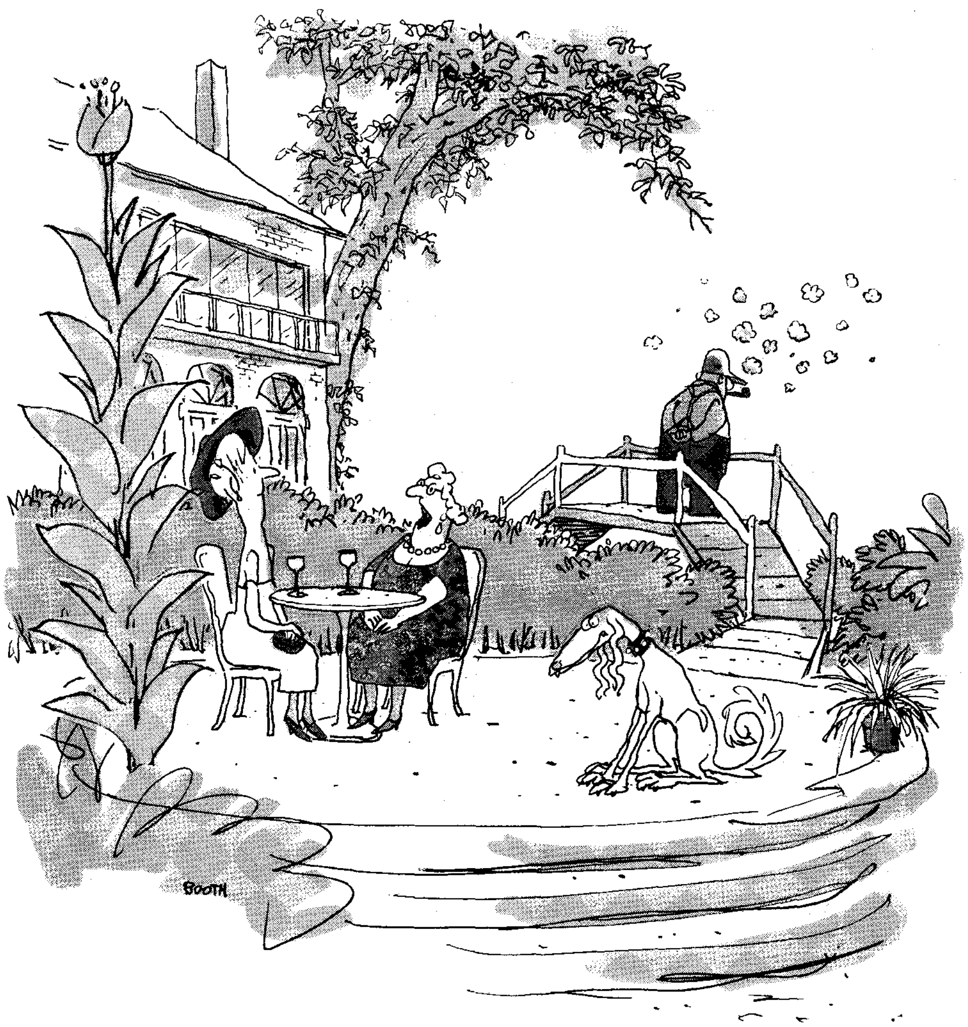
At three-fifteen, he is starting to freak out. I'll call the Third Rail, he thinks. Maybe the show is running late, or they had a waitress meeting afterward. He dials the number of the Rail, lets it ring sixteen times, then hangs up.

When Luke first met Denise, sometimes she used to take the subway home from work. Unbelievable. But Denise said that if she made under ten dollars in tips she didn't see how she could afford to take a cab all the way to the upper West Side. So Luke had given her a twenty-dollar bill to put in a special place in her wallet. He told her never to take the subway home again, and she promised. What if she'd spent the twenty and hadn't told him? He tries not to think about what could have happened. Even though Luke gave up smoking two years ago, he gets a pack of Denise's Merits from the bedside table. The first one is awful, and makes him dizzy. After that, they get better, except that every once in a while he thinks he might throw up.

What is the rational way to handle this? He goes back to their room to find Denise's address book. There are three people he knows she likes at the Rail: two waitresses, Patrice and Donna, and Will, a guy who works in the kitchen. I'll call Will last, he thinks.

Patrice doesn't answer, but he leaves a message on her answering machine. Next, he calls Donna, who was asleep. She didn't work tonight, and she hasn't seen Denise for two days. Luke thanks her anyway. He calls Will, and a woman answers. Luke says he thinks he has the wrong number. She says that's O.K. and hangs up. It wasn't Denise.

At four, it occurs to Luke that if she went to a bar or another club after work, she'd have to get home soon, because the bars are closing now. She's never done that before, but it's a possibility. He waits a few more minutes



"Schisgall is happy these days to forget about staying on top of the heap, and, as for me, I certainly am just as happy to let the heap do whatever it does without Schisgall on top of it all the time."

• •

before he starts calling the hospitals. Halfway through the list, he hangs up again. What if Denise tries to call while he's on the phone?

At four-twenty-seven, the yogurt-and-curry sauce that he poured over the casserole a couple of hours ago is curdled and dried up. There are just two possibilities: either Denise is in big trouble somewhere (and big trouble includes dead) or she is just fine, having a swell time, and hasn't thought of calling Luke. If she is dead or hurt, Luke will have to call her mother, in California. Luke talked to Charlotte Holland once when Denise was working. Mrs. Holland had made Luke promise he'd call her if Denise ever needed anything or got into any kind of trouble. She also made him promise that he wouldn't tell Denise why she'd called. If something bad has happened to Denise, he will never forgive himself. He should have picked her up tonight. Screw the casserole.

At three minutes past five, Luke is sitting in the kitchen with his elbows on the table, his face resting in his hands.

WHEN the bands don't draw well, some of the waitresses at the Third Rail are allowed to leave early. Tonight, Denise and Kate leave just after one. Kate asks if Denise would like to see her new apartment, have some tea. Denise says sure, she doesn't feel like going home yet anyway. On the way to Kate's, they buy a bag of Lidos and a bag of Mint Milanos. Denise plans to eat half of each bag before she goes home.

The apartment is tiny, and it's still pretty empty, but Denise loves it even before Kate shows her that the dumbwaiter really works. (It lets in a steady cold breeze, but Kate's going to put a curtain or something over it.) What Kate has here is total freedom. When Denise left California, she told her mother it was because she wanted to have total freedom. She remembers her mother saying, "The only true freedom comes through commitment and responsibility." That didn't diminish one bit Denise's desire to go someplace far away and start her life from scratch.

Kate and Denise are both actresses. Kate wants to get into soaps. She could; she's pretty enough. Denise wants to steer clear of television acting altogether, because that's what her mother used to do. She plans to audition for stock companies in New England. She's already worked on a couple of monologues.

Denise has spoken to her mother only twice since she got to New York: once to say that she got here and once to say where she was staying. She gave her mother the phone number of her place on the condition that Charlotte would never call her unless it was an emergency. Charlotte has written Denise thirty-three letters (the last two are still unopened on top of one of Luke's speakers), and Denise hasn't written her mother any.

Denise is careful not to talk about her mother, because it's a whole scene that she's glad to have left in California. What Denise doesn't want to talk about is that Charlotte is famous. Or was. In L.A., when people find out who Denise's mother is, they say, "You mean 'Cindi'? How could she be old enough to have a daughter your age?" Everyone remembers Charlotte as the teen-ager she played for five years in a television series. Denise was born the year after Charlotte got out of her contract, and six months after she got out of her marriage to Robert Holland, the show's producer-director. After the divorce, Charlotte moved back to her parents' house in Santa Paula, and she's still there. Denise and Charlotte lived on the money from the "Cindi" series (shown in reruns here and in twenty-two foreign countries). Every few years, Charlotte sues her ex-husband for more money.

When Denise thinks about being at home, what comes to mind are her mother's and grandmother's voices asking her eighty times a day, "Where are you going, honey?" "What are you doing?" "Is that all you're wearing?" She told them a million times they were choking her with concern. By the time Denise got to high school, she didn't even have to say that. She'd just grab her throat with both hands, bug her eyes out, let her tongue droop out of her mouth on one side, and make gagging sounds. "O.K., O.K.," her mother would say. "Just do what you want. I'll pretend I don't know you."

Her mother's mission in life, since Denise was born, has been to prevent her from becoming an actress. Charlotte has always made a big point of telling Denise how many different careers there are in the world. Pouring wine at dinner, she would say, "You could be a vintner. California wineries are now considered to be among the best." When Denise made a pair of men's pajamas into pedal pushers and wore them to school, her mother wrote to the Fashion Institute of Technology and Parsons for catalogues. Charlotte's favorite, though, was dental hygiene. "You could get a job anywhere," she insisted, "and you'd be working with people, helping people."

In her own way, though, Charlotte could be pretty cool. When Denise was flunking eleventh grade because she'd cut too many classes, her mom didn't yell at her or anything. Twice, she stayed up all night to help Denise study for tests. When kids started wearing fifties clothes to school, Charlotte gave Denise all her old Cindi stuff. There was a circle skirt with a telephone on it that was better than anything from the local thrift shops.

After high school and a few months of college, Denise spent some time in Los Angeles. From the very beginning, acting was the only career Denise thought about. She'd always seen herself walking onto a stage, turning into someone else, with hundreds of people gazing up at her, wanting her to take control of their feelings. In L.A., she got one Life Savers commercial, but for some reason it was never shown. Then, to get to where the theatre scene was better, to get away from her mother, and for some other reasons, she went to New York.

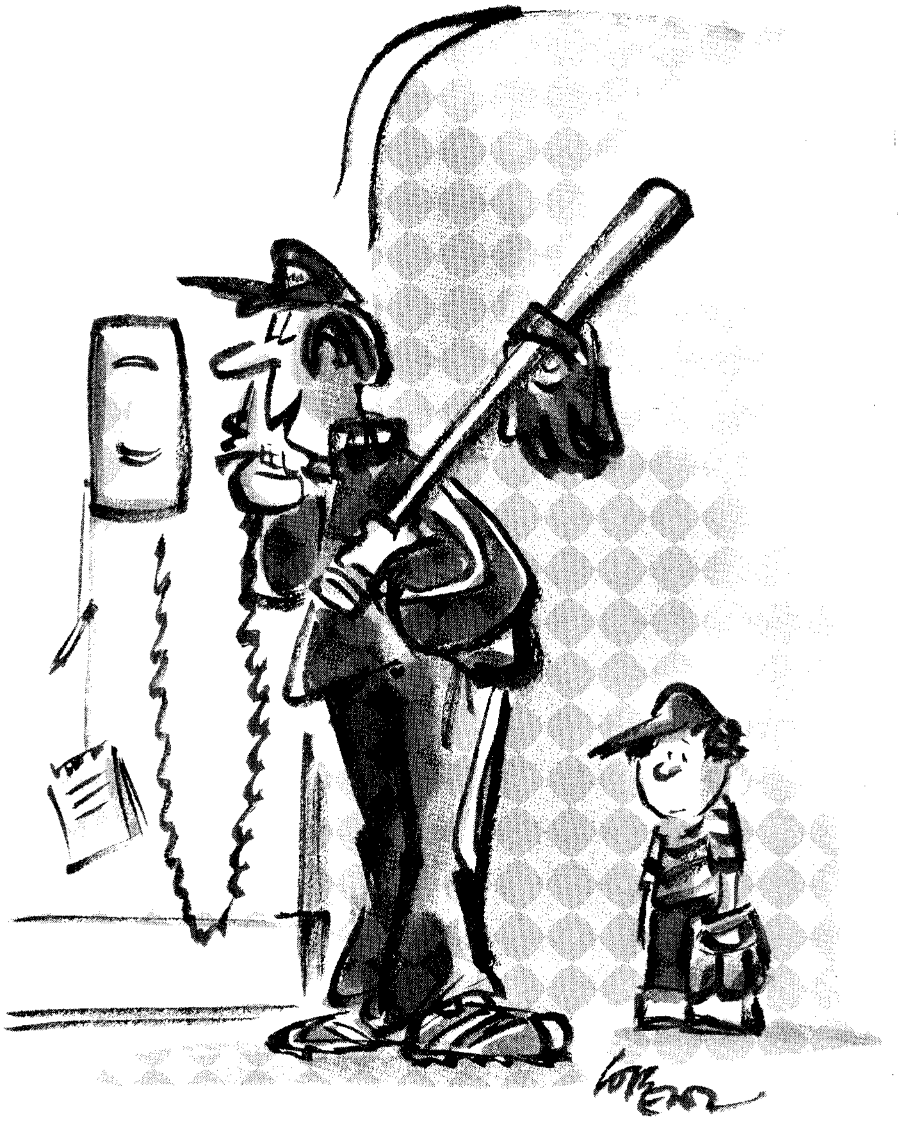
One of the other reasons Denise went to New York was that she was trying to forget about Juan. Denise has loved him for two years. She met him at a comedy club in L.A., where she was a waitress and Juan did a standup act every Monday night. They went out together for only seven weeks, and even then it was on and off. Juan always has a lot of girlfriends. It has taken almost all her concentration to reach the point where she doesn't think of Juan every single minute. In the beginning, she just wanted to go back, tell him that she loved him, and wait for him to love her. She used to walk along the streets in tears, she was so depressed. One time she went into a church and pretended to be praying so she could lower her face into her hands and cry. Things got a little better when she found a job and moved to Luke's apartment. At least she had some people to talk to. The only person in New York who knows about Juan is Kate. When Denise was in really bad shape, she and Kate used to talk about him all the time. They still do sometimes, but not as much.

Denise gets up from the floor to throw away the empty cookie bags. They have been watching a Mary Tyler Moore rerun. In the kitchen, above Kate's bathtub, Denise notices a jar of henna. "Hey," she says, holding it up, "want to do our hair?"

"Isn't Luke expecting you?" says Kate.

"It's after three," says Denise. "He's probably asleep by now." Kate shrugs and gets up to put more water in the kettle.

Denise talks less about Juan now, not because she thinks about him less but because she's already told Kate everything she knows about him and everything she feels. Of course, just when Denise had thought she was getting over him, Juan showed up. Right away, she thought maybe he'd come because he couldn't stand being without her. He hadn't; some producer had seen his act and asked him to audition. He stayed only two nights, and Denise spent the second night with him in his



"I'll call you back, Phil. I'm just going out to spend some quality time with my son."

hotel. After he left, she felt great for a while—almost high. She kept going over every little thing he'd said and done in the ten and a half hours they were together. Then, when she didn't hear from him, she felt worse than ever. For two days, she called in sick and stayed in bed listening to records on Luke's headphones.

A few weeks later, she met Luke. That was nice, until she found out she was pregnant. It almost seemed as though Juan had some kind of power to keep her from ever feeling O.K. again. She doesn't know how she would have handled getting an abortion if Luke hadn't been around. But since then it has been really irritating the way he's so nice to her when she is such a mess.

In a lot of ways, Luke is like a male version of her mother. If she gets up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, he wakes up and says, "Denise? You O.K.? Sure?" She could tell almost as soon as she met him that he'd ask her to stay in the apartment and that what kept him from asking her right away was that he was afraid of scaring her off. When she was pregnant, she knew he was aching to know who the guy was, did she love him—all that stuff. To tell the truth, the sex wasn't that great with Juan. Even so, she's had some very hot dreams about him in the last two months.

Luke has been even nicer to her lately, and that makes it worse. She knows it's mean, but she can't stand the way he's always there, willing to do anything for her, no matter how selfish or extreme the request. Once, very late at night, she said, "I wish I had some really great chocolate," and Luke got out of bed, dressed, and went out. The whole time he was getting ready, Denise was saying, "No, Luke, I didn't mean it. Don't go. I was kidding." Luke was laughing, pulling up his pants, singing, "Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets." He brought back a total of twenty-four ounces of chocolate—six different brands. God knows where he went to get it, how much he must have spent. Does he think that doing this stuff is going to make her attracted to him again? Because it isn't working. Luke tries hard not to pressure her about sex, but then she sees that he's trying not to pressure her, and that feels like pressure. Sometimes when he kisses her hello or goodbye, she almost expects him to say, "See? I'm kissing you in a completely nonsexual way. Let's make love."

LANDSCAPE, DENSE WITH TREES

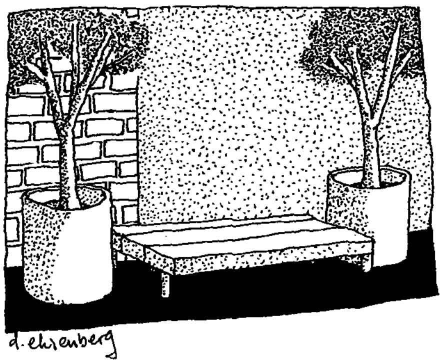
When you move away, you see how much depends
on the pace of the days, how much
depended on the haze we waded through
each summer—visible heat, wavy and discursive
as the lazy track of the snake in the dusty road;
and on the habit in town of porches thatched in vines,
and, in the country, long dense promenades, the way
we sacrificed the yards to shade.
It was partly the heat that made my father
plant so many trees: two maples marking the site
for the house, two elms on either side when it was done,
mimosa by the fence and, as it failed, fast-growing chestnuts,
loblolly pines, and dogwood, redbud, ornamental crab.
On the farm, everything else he grew
something could eat, but this
would be a permanent mark of his industry,
a glade established in the open field. Or so it seemed.
Looking back at the empty house from across the hill,
I see how well the house is camouflaged, see how
that porous fence of saplings, their later
scrim of foliage, thickened around it,
and he still had chinked and mortared, planting more.
Last August, although he'd lost all tolerance for heat,
he backed the truck in at the family grave
and stood in the truckbed all afternoon, pruning
the landmark oak, repairing recent damage by a wind;
then he came home and hung a swing in one
of the horse chestnuts for my visit.
The heat was a hand at his throat,
a fist to his weak heart. But it made a triumph
of the cooler air inside, in the bedroom,
in the maple bedstead where he slept,
in the brick house nearly swamped by leaves.

—Ellen Bryant Voigt

• •

Denise's hair hasn't come out very well. Kate's looks pretty good, though. The henna is really for dark hair, not blond, so Denise is now a redhead. She left it on twice as long as the directions said. It's very late, and Denise has to get home. She made just enough money tonight so that she doesn't have to use Luke's twenty.

UPTOWN, when she sees a thin line of light under the apartment door, Denise feels her stomach tighten. She finds Luke sitting in the kitchen looking exhausted and upset. His eyes are red and his hair is greasy. "What happened?" he says.



"How come you're up so late? It's after five."

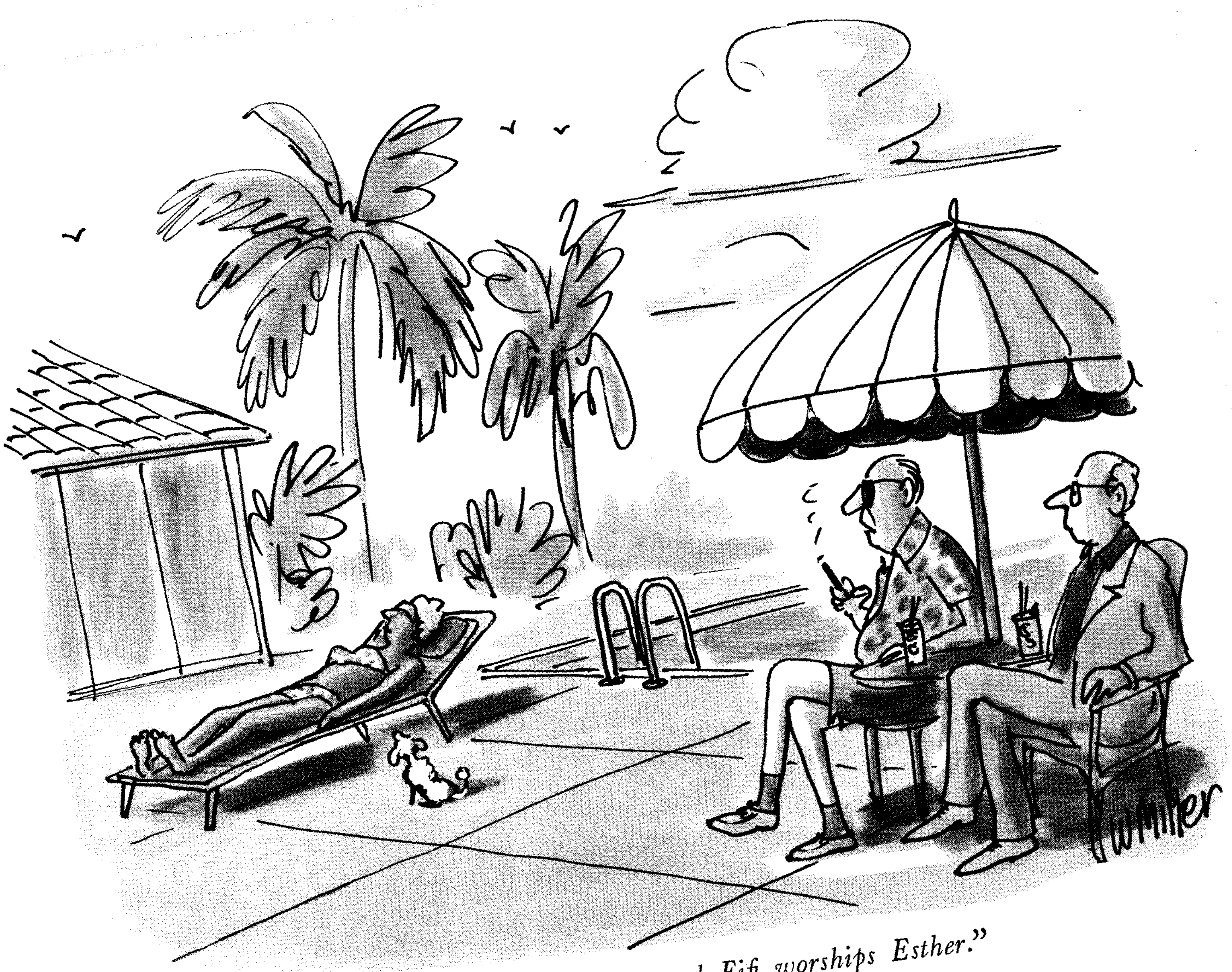
"Jesus. Where were you, Denise?" He is getting mad. He's standing up now, staring at her, waiting. "Well?" he yells.

"I'm O.K. I went to Kate's after work—just to hang out. We put henna on our hair. See?"

"Who the hell is Kate?" he roars. "I've never even heard of Kate. I called everyone in your damn phone book. There's no Kate in here." He throws the book over her head into the hall.

"She doesn't have a phone yet," says Denise. "There wasn't anything to write down. What's all this food doing out?" Luke looks at her for a long time, not saying anything. Oh, she thinks, he made dinner for us. She is really sorry, but saying it will probably make him madder.

Luke grabs a roll of Glad Wrap off the top of the refrigerator and starts putting away the dinner. It's all cold



"Esther worships the sun, and Fifi worships Esther."

•

anyway, and the stuff doesn't look like it's going to be great reheated.

"I'm sorry, Luke," she says. She can see from the way he looks that it's not enough. "I'm sorry," she says again. He doesn't answer. Something about him is different. Is it because she's never seen him this mad before? Or is it just because he's tired? She picks up the salad bowl to help him, but Luke has the Glad Wrap, and Denise is scared to ask him for it. She puts a plate on top of the bowl and puts it in the refrigerator. "I'm sorry I ruined the dinner," she says.

Luke stops what he is doing at the sink and seems to be staring at the toaster. Denise braces herself for more yelling, but he just says, quietly, "Stop saying that, please." Then he gets a garbage bag from under the sink. He opens the refrigerator and takes out the casserole. First, he throws away the Glad Wrap that was covering it; then he turns over the dish. The casserole makes a *plop* sound as it falls into the bag. He puts the dish in the sink. Then he gets the salad bowl from the refrigerator, takes the plate off the top, and puts it in the sink. He lets go of it a little too soon, though, and the plate breaks against the casserole dish. He dumps the salad and puts the bowl in with the other dishes. He scrapes the brownies into the bag and drops the pan with a loud clatter into the sink. He is about to tie the bag when he stops and opens the freezer. He throws in the pint of Häagen-Dazs, too. Denise has to leave the room because she can't stand this. Luke puts the bag outside the front door of the apartment. Then he sits down in the kitchen again and lights another cigarette.

When Denise comes back into the room, she has on Luke's Van Halen T-shirt and her underpants. She is ready for bed. She stands at the door a minute, looking at Luke, until she realizes she's never seen him smoke before. At that moment, maybe for the first time, she really loves him. She goes to him, bends down, bracing herself on his thighs, so that they are face to face. He looks at her. She kisses him. She doesn't want to stop, but Luke pulls away.

He says, "You know something, Denise? Your timing stinks."

Denise goes back into the bedroom. She sits on the edge of the bed and brushes off the bottoms of her feet before she gets under the covers. Then she props up the pillows behind her and takes Luke's copy of *Rolling Stone* from the bedside table. She leans back and opens the magazine. She thinks, So he's a little mad right now.

—Sara E. Lewis

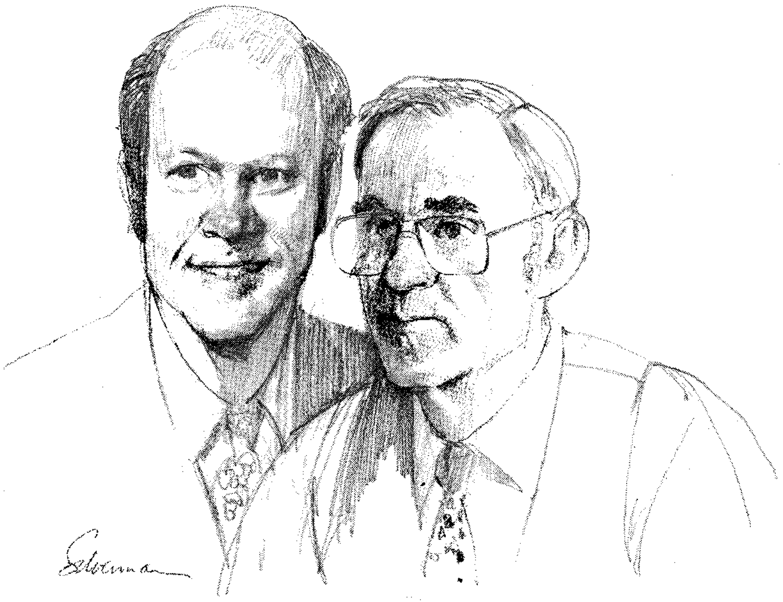
•

13 First Edition.
"Saul Bellow." Violinist Saul Bellow discusses the contradictions between being an American and an intellectual.—*TV listing in Greenwich Time.*

Go play your fiddle, Bellow.

PROFILES

THREE DEGREES ABOVE ZERO



Robert W. Wilson *Arno A. Penzias*

FOR the past several years, the Swedish Consul-General in New York City has given a dinner and reception in December for all Nobel laureates who are in the area. At the dinner a couple of years ago, Isaac Bashevis Singer, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1978, happened to be talking to Robert W. Wilson and Arno A. Penzias, who, along with the Russian physicist Pyotr L. Kapitsa, shared the 1978 Nobel Prize in Physics. Kapitsa won his prize for a lifetime of work in experimental physics, and Penzias and Wilson won theirs for their joint discovery, made in 1964 and published in 1965, of what has become known as cosmic black-body radiation. This discovery—as it is now interpreted, at least—led to the finding that on the average there are in every cubic centimetre of the universe some four hundred low-energy, microwave photons, or light quanta, that originated in a cosmic explosion twelve to fifteen billion years ago, when, according to present ideas, the universe began. Since that explosion, the so-called big bang, the universe has been expanding and cooling, and now it has an average temperature of some three degrees above zero Kelvin—the temperature of the "fossil" photons that Penzias and Wilson discovered. Singer wanted to know if it was possible to listen to these photons and so, in effect, hear the residual noise of the big bang.

As it happened, the radio antenna on which the discovery was made had just been temporarily reactivated after not having been used for radio astronomy for nearly a decade. The antenna, which looks like a large ear trumpet, is at the Crawford Hill facility of the Bell Laboratories, in Holmdel, New Jersey. When I visited there recently, Wilson, a soft-spoken forty-eight-year-old Texan with auburn hair, told me, "Singer asked me on two or three occasions, after the first time, if he could hear the hiss from the big bang. About a year ago, when we were about to take the receiver off the antenna again, I made a cassette. You can hook the receiver to an audio amplifier and listen to the signal. We did this when we were making the original experiments, in 1964, so that we could listen for radar. Radar makes an audio tone that ranges from a few hundred to a thousand or so pulses a second, and we wanted to make sure that we were not picking up radar—which would have been, for us, unwanted background noise. It turned out that on the next hill over was a radar that was associated with a Nike surface-to-air-missile base. The base would run that thing some of the time (not all the time, fortunately), and we would get their third harmonic"—that is, an overtone of their primary signal. "But they were coöperative about telling us when they were running. Anyway, I eventually made the cassette for Singer. I made a couple of copies of it, and asked our publicity people if they wanted it to hand out to people, but they didn't know what to do with it, so they sent it back to me."

I told Wilson that I would like to hear the tape. He found a copy in his office and put it into a tape recorder. It opens with a brief commentary by Wilson, describing how the recording was made, over background noise that sounds like a gentle hiss. When the commentary ends, one hears only the hiss—something like the sound of the sea. About a tenth of the noise can be attributed to photons that are as old as the universe itself; the rest is noise from the receiver used to detect the photons.

Radio astronomy is, as the name suggests, the detection and study of radio waves from astronomical sources. Like all waves, these can be characterized by wavelengths—a wavelength being the distance between two adjacent places on a wave where it is at the maximum height. A visible light wave is typically a half-millionth of a metre long. AM radio waves can be almost six hundred metres long. FM waves are about three metres, and the so-called microwaves of both radar and modern radio astronomy are usually a few centimetres. These are signals, then, that cannot be seen in any direct, optical sense. Until the advent of radio astronomy, many of the sources of these signals were completely imperceptible.

Radio astronomy has been a curiously serendipitous science; a number of its major discoveries have been made by people who were not expecting to find what they found. (One celebrated example was the discovery—made in 1967, by Jocelyn Bell and Antony Hewish, of Cambridge University—of the first pulsars, which are rapidly pulsing radio sources attributed to spinning neutron stars that are the remnants of supernova explosions.) In fact, the creation of the entire field was serendipitous. Its founder, Karl G. Jansky, came to work at Bell Labs in Holmdel in 1928, when he was twenty-two years old. Overseas shortwave-radiotelephone service had been inaugurated by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, Bell's parent company, a year or so earlier, and Jansky's job was to record and measure shortwave radio static. Shortwaves meant, in this case, wavelengths of nearly fifteen metres—many million times as long as visible light. Jansky set up a large radio antenna on a turntable that made three revolutions an hour, and this allowed him to tell which direction the static was coming from. A chart recorder made a tracing of the strength of the arriving signals, and Jansky also listened to them on a shortwave radio receiver to try to determine the character of the noise. After four years of observation, he was confident enough of his results to publish a paper in the *Proceedings of the Institute of Radio Engineers* entitled "Directional Studies of Atmospherics at High Frequencies." He reported that the noise came from three major sources. First, there was the crackling noise of nearby thunderstorms. Second, there was a noise that could be identified with distant thunderstorms. And, finally, there was a continuous hiss, which Jansky could not identify with anything. He noted that the hiss varied in intensity throughout the day, and that the maximum intensity occurred four minutes earlier each day. At the time, there was at Bell Labs a Ph.D. astronomy student from Princeton named A. M. Skellett, and he told Jansky that this variation was what would be expected if fixed stars were the source of the hiss. The wave cycle that Jansky had observed lasted twenty-three hours and fifty-six minutes—the length of what astronomers call a sidereal day, as opposed to a solar day, which is twenty-four hours long. The difference is due to the earth's orbiting the sun; if the time at which a certain star is due south is called sidereal noon, and if on a given day the star is due south at the same time as the sun, then the next day the star will be due south four minutes earlier than the sun is, since the apparent position of the sun shifts a little each day. Jansky's effect was maximized when the stars in question were due south. In 1933, Jansky published in the same journal a paper titled "Electrical Disturbances Apparently of Extraterrestrial Origin," and two years later he published a paper, again in that journal, titled "A Note on the Source of Interstellar Interference." He had been able to show that most of the noise came from the center of the Milky Way.

Although these papers constituted the very foundation of radio astronomy, they created no great stir in the astronomical community at the time of their publication; in fact, they were almost completely ignored. One reason may have been that Jansky did not publish them in an astronomical journal. More important, he presented his results in units that were unfamiliar to astronomers. This concealed the fact that the processes producing these radio waves were extremely energetic—something that might have excited the interest of astronomers. We now know that such waves are caused by highly energetic electrons that, when they get trapped in magnetic fields, spiral around the field lines and emit what is known as synchrotron radiation—one of many sources of radio waves from outer space. After Jansky, the next major work in radio astronomy was done in the early forties, by an enthusiastic radio amateur named Grote Reber, who built, in the garden of his house, in Wheaton, Illinois, a thirty-foot paraboloidal bowl antenna. (This antenna shape is now one of the most familiar shapes for radio-telescope antennas, and Reber's original antenna has been preserved, as a museum piece, at the entrance to the United States National Radio Astronomy Observatory's site at Green Bank, West Virginia, facing a reproduction of Jansky's original antenna.) Using his antenna, Reber was able to confirm Jansky's results, and to make the first radio maps of the sky—maps that show the outline of the Milky Way. He also tried to detect radio waves from the sun, but because he made his observations at a time when the sun was relatively quiescent, and was not

"I should have known we'd get simplistic answers."

CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
POWER FAILURE
JURY DUTY
FLAT TIRE
RENT INCREASE
CROP FAI
NEW MOON
RUG SHAMPOO
LUBE JOB
HAIRCUT
HIGH TIDE

emitting a detectable signal, he had bad luck. Considering that he was doing this work in his spare time, it was altogether remarkable.

During the war, Jansky's and Reber's work finally surfaced, because the cosmic hiss set a practical limit to the sensitivity of radar detectors. The distinguished British radio astronomer Sir Bernard Lovell, in his book "The Story of Jodrell Bank," describes how he came to know of it. He writes:

> Reber's work was published in an American scientific journal during the war, and his observations, together with those of Jansky, constituted almost our total knowledge of the radio waves from space when the war ended. At that time, I knew about these observations in a circuitous manner and had no conception that their further pursuit was to occupy so much of my post-war career. I remember precisely the occasion on which I first heard about the existence of this cosmic static. We were engaged in a desperate attempt to increase the sensitivity of some of our airborne radars in order to detect enemy submarines and other land targets at greater range. There were three avenues open to us: increase the transmitter power, increase the size of the aerial, or improve the sensitivity of the receiver. The first was at the limit of current techniques and, in the case of the second, we had already caused consternation amongst the aircraft designers by our demands for large aerials. The improvement of receiver sensitivity seemed the easiest and most obvious course. Alas! This easy optimism was punctured by a member of my group who respectfully informed us about the existence of cosmic static which must inevitably set a limit to the receiver sensitivity which could be realized in practice, and in due course he produced copies of the papers by Jansky and Reber.

Jansky seems to have put radio astronomy aside after his paper of 1935, and so did Bell Labs, until well after the war. During the war, Bell became heavily involved in radar research—in particular, working on the problem of transmitting and receiving centimetre-wavelength radio transmissions. In 1942, the Bell radio engineers Harald T. Friis and A. C. Beck designed what is known as the horn reflector antenna. (Friis had been Jansky's supervisor at Bell, and helped design the antenna that Jansky used.) The horn reflector antenna, a rectangular cone with a parabolic reflector at one end, has a large opening at the large end, through which microwave signals enter. It is in common use today as the microwave radio relay that carries most of this country's long-distance telephone and television signals. Penzias and Wilson made their discovery of cosmic black-body radiation with such an antenna.

The unlikely series of events that led to that discovery included the invention of the communications satellite. The idea for a communications satellite—a relay station hovering over a fixed point twenty-two thousand three hundred miles above the earth—was first suggested by the science-fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke in 1945. Clarke was a flight lieutenant in the Royal Air Force when he thought up the satellite, and he described it in a paper in the British journal *Wireless World*. The idea lay dormant for nearly a decade, until 1954, when it was revived by the noted Bell engineer and science-fiction writer John R. Pierce, in an address he delivered to a meeting of the Institute of Radio Engineers in Princeton. Pierce became the guiding force in the realization of Clarke's fantasy. He put together the technical design for the satellite, taking advantage of a National Aeronautics and Space Administration program to launch a large plastic balloon to help measure the density of the atmosphere at high altitudes. Pierce proposed bouncing radio signals off the balloon, which was known as Echo, and in 1960 this scheme proved successful in transmitting radio signals between New Jersey and California. The same year, a Bell Labs engineer named Arthur B. Crawford built a larger version of the horn reflector antenna expressly in order to receive the weak signals returning to earth from Echo. It was constructed on Crawford Hill, and four years later Penzias and Wilson used it to detect the cosmic photons.

ROBERT WILSON was born on January 10, 1936, in Houston. His father, Ralph, was a chemical engineer and worked for an oil-well-service company in Texas. "My father was managing an operation in which they looked to see what was coming up with the cuttings while a well was being drilled," Wilson recalls. "They looked for evidence that the drillers were passing through an interesting formation. When I was a kid, I used to go around with him to the oil fields, and sometimes we would go into the company machine shop on Saturday

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRIT FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86 Proof 750ml
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
Sole Distributors for the USA
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
New York N.Y.
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

The 19[illegible]
Play to [illegible]
(and [illegible])

GRAND PRIZE: 1984 Jaguar XJ-S
3 SECOND PRIZES: [illegible]
25 THIRD PRIZES: [illegible]

Here's How To [illegible]
1. ON AN OFF[illegible]
"Round-the-Wo[illegible]
2. IMPORTANT: [illegible]
For each additi[illegible] SEPARAT[illegible]
Bombay Gin Re[illegible] 68009. [illegible]
received by Sept[illegible] Washington [illegible] postage to their self-addressed
envelopes. A comp[illegible] Bombay [illegible] company [illegible]
official entry for[illegible]
3. Mail your entry [illegible] envelope no larger than [illegible] (#10 envelope) to: Bombay Gin "Play to Win" Contest, P.O. Box 4088E, Blair, NE 68009. Enter as often as you wish; each entry must be mailed SEPARATELY. Entries must be received by September [illegible] 1984.
4. Winners will be determined in a random drawing from among all entries received. In order to be eligible for a prize, the entry must be completed correctly. Drawings are under the supervision of the D. L. BLAIR CORPORATION, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All prizes will be awarded.
5. This contest is open to residents of the U.S. of legal drinking age in their state at time of entry. Employees of Carillon Importers, Ltd., its distributors, retailers, advertising and promotion agencies and the families of each ARE NOT ELIGIBLE. Contest void in OH, OK, TX and AL, and wherever prohibited by law. Limit one prize per family. No substitution of prizes permitted. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. All applicable taxes are the responsibility of the prize winners.
6. Prize winners may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, alternate winners will be selected. Any prizes returned to the sponsor or to the D. L. BLAIR CORPORATION as undeliverable will be awarded to alternate winners. Travel prizes will be subject to availability and must be completed within a year of notification.
7. For a list of prize winners, send a SEPARATE stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Bombay Gin Winners List, P.O. Box 4087W, Blair, NE 68009.

ombay Gin "Play to Win" C[illegible]
.O. Box 4088E
lair, NE 68009

AME____________________ AGE________

DDRESS____________________________

CITY____________ STATE____ ZIP________

Name two (2) "Round-the-World" Bombay Gin drinks:

1.______________________________

2.______________________________

By returning this form I certify that I am of legal drinking age in the state in which I reside.

© 1984 Carillon Importers, Ltd., New York, New York

NY

© J. G. HOOK, INC. 1984

Fall classics with a new sense of freedom, ready for the wide world. *At fine stores nationwide.*

Send for "The J. G. Hook Woman," an informative brochure.

J. G. HOOK ®

485 Seventh Avenue • New York • 10018

mornings and I would tinker around while he worked. My mother and my father both had been raised on small subsistence farms in the Dallas–Fort Worth area, but both sets of grandparents had the idea that their children should be educated—that that was the way forward—so my mother and my father both went to college. My father fixed radios around the house, and when I was very young I learned some electronics from him, and then I started reading things about electronics. By the time I was in high school, I was fixing radio sets for people, and later, when TV was around, I fixed people's television sets. I could take one and mess around with it, analyzing its misbehavior, until I found the bad part, and then I'd replace it."

Wilson was educated in the Houston public-school system. In high school, he enjoyed science and mathematics but was not an outstanding student. "I graduated a third down from the top of my class—in the sixty-seventh percentile," he says. "Then, in 1953, I went to Rice Institute, in Houston, where I started making all A's in physics and math. I am told that when I was quite young I used to go around saying that I was going to Rice Institute, where my father had gone. I actually went to Rice to become an electrical engineer, but early in my freshman year I switched to physics. I didn't like the electrical-engineering curriculum, because it dealt with power engineering and things like that, which didn't seem to me to be very forward-looking. In junior high school, there was a woodshop teacher, and I used to talk to him about electronics rather than doing wood shop. He was interested in building radios. When I went to Rice, I lived at home, only a few miles away from the campus, so I didn't go and talk with the professors much. My freshman physics professor, Harold Rorschach, who was fairly new at the time—he is still there—said later that I made quite an impression on him, although I don't remember spending much time talking to him. Since I had straight A's in all my science courses, I guess I got decent recommendations to graduate schools, and I was accepted at both the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Caltech."

When he graduated from Rice, in 1957, Wilson decided to go to the California Institute of Technology, at Pasadena, though he had no clear idea of what branch of physics he wanted to specialize in. He thought for a while that he would work in low-temperature experimental physics—the subject on which he had written his senior thesis at Rice—but at the time that laboratory at Caltech had too many students. Wilson spent the first year and a half taking basic graduate courses in physics. "I had not done what many other students do—take graduate courses as an undergraduate," he said. "When I got to Caltech, I took, for example, a quantum-mechanics course with Murray Gell-Mann"—the inventor of the particle known as the quark. "I somehow missed H. P. Robertson's course on general relativity. I have always regretted that, because it was the last chance to have taken it." Robertson, a great American cosmologist, died in 1961. The cosmology course that Wilson did take was given by Fred Hoyle, the British astrophysicist, who was then a visiting professor at Caltech. Hoyle was one of the principal architects of steady-state cosmology, which held that the universe had no beginning and was continually evolving in a steady state. Penzias and Wilson's discovery made this theory essentially untenable, by providing the decisive evidence that the present universe began at a finite time in a cosmic explosion.

The graduate school at Caltech has traditionally admitted a small number of brilliant physics students—twenty-five or so each year—and the atmosphere in the department is rather competitive. "I think I liked a certain amount of competitiveness just for its own sake," Wilson said. "I had a couple of friends there who were more theoretically inclined than I was, and I can remember a few triumphs when I beat them in quantum-mechanics tests. Partly this was because I had, I think, a better practical insight into the problems than they did. I don't think I understood the theory as well, but I was able to think of a pendulum, for example, as a real-world object and also as a quantum-mechanical object. For the first year, I lived in a place called the Athenaeum. That's the faculty club, but it has a few rooms that are rented out to students. There was a British astronomer named David Dewhirst there—he was some sort of visiting fellow—and I told him that I was looking around for a project to do at the end of my first year. It was expected that at about that time one would begin thinking in terms of a thesis field. He told me about a radio astronomer named John Bolton, who

SHOW YOUR KIDS
HOW A FOREST IS LOGGED.

Dress 'em up in old clothes and sturdy shoes, and we'll take you all "into the woods" on a comprehensive tour of one of our logging sites.

You'll discover how lumberjacks and foresters work with computer programmers and lab scientists to sustain our forests **and** their yields forever. Your kids will go "Wow!"

We offer you tours like this because we'd like you to understand that our mills and plants and logging sites serve your interests as well as ours.

And because we're proud of them.

For a list of tour locations, write Sharon Ramsey,
Boise Cascade Corporation, One Jefferson Square,
Boise, Idaho 83728.

Boise Cascade Corporation

Paper/Office Products/Packaging/Building Products/Forests

Phoebe chose to work, not because she had to, but because it gave her a place to wear her Braemar sweaters.
BRAEMAR
The sweater.

Diamond vest. Around $50. Coordinating striped skirt. Around $70. Both of pure wool.
Braemar International, 1466 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10036 (212) 354-1780.

had come to Caltech from Australia to set up a new group. Dewhirst sent me over to see John Bolton, and that, from the beginning, seemed like a good match."

In Sydney, Bolton had used a radio telescope to detect signals coming from what he identified—correctly, as it turned out—as a remnant of a supernova explosion that occurred in 1054 A.D. and produced what is known as the Crab Nebula. Bolton had in mind building *an interferometer*—in this case, two radio telescopes working jointly—in the Owens Valley, two hundred miles north of Los Angeles. "The Owens Valley is a fairly dry valley, and Los Angeles owns the water rights," Wilson told me. "The City of Los Angeles owns a lot of land out there, so Caltech was able to get a big piece of land with the assurance that there would be no development around it. It was a good place to put a radio observatory. When I got there, the heavy construction had been done, and one of the antennas was beginning to operate, although it had only the first approximation of a receiver on it. Originally, the idea had been to use the interferometer to observe the microwave radiation from interstellar hydrogen. That was a very good idea, but the trouble was that there was a slip in the development of things. To pass the time, John and I did a survey of the Milky Way. We made a picture of its radio radiation at a wavelength of thirty-one centimetres by doing a series of drift observations. We would set the antenna to the west of the Milky Way, and let the galaxy drift by in the sky as the earth rotated. This technique allowed us to separate terrestrial sources, which remained constant, from celestial ones. At thirty-one centimetres, there are two important sources of radio waves from the Milky Way. There is the synchrotron radiation, which is what Jansky had observed, and then there are thermal sources. We were able to make a radio map that matched a map made at a longer wavelength by a group in Australia. That, as it turned out, became my thesis project. Frankly, I don't think much scientifically ever came out of the thesis, although it was a very good learning experience, and I did get a chance to meet most of the world's radio astronomers, who came through Caltech to visit."

Wilson finished his thesis in the spring of 1962 and remained at Caltech for a year as a postdoctoral fellow. In 1958, after his first year at

Caltech, he married Elizabeth Sawin, who is also from Houston. In 1960, their first child, Philip, was born. They have two other children—Suzanne, who was born in 1963, and Randal, who was born in 1967. Wilson told me that, unlike most of his contemporaries, he had never had any intention of going into academic life. "From my childhood on, most of my experience has been with industrial people, not academic people," he said. "I didn't have, and still don't have, the feeling that I compare to someone like Murray Gell-Mann or Richard Feynman. I don't have that kind of theoretical insight. I had seen people get in over their heads in academic research. I get along very well with experimental things, and that is what I wanted to do. Anyway, when it came time to look for a job, the best of possibilities turned up. Bell Labs was looking for somebody to do radio astronomy. In 1962, I had talked to Warren Danielson, a Caltech graduate who was doing military research for Bell at Whippany at that time, and who was the Bell Labs recruiter assigned to Caltech's physics department. Also, Bill Jakes, from Crawford Hill, had been through. He told us about the new horn reflector. He was visiting radio-astronomy groups to try to find out what sort of work they could do with this instrument. If the Bell people were going to be doing radio research and had a large antenna, they figured they ought to do some radio astronomy, and remain in the field a little bit. The interviews were fairly informal. The recruiters would show up and just come around and talk to people. When I decided not to continue as a postdoc, I called Warren Danielson and said, 'I am interested in coming for an interview,' and he said, 'Fine, when can you come?' "

IN the spring of 1963, Wilson came to Crawford Hill, where Arno Penzias had been working for two years. "When I came into the radio-research group at Crawford Hill, it was clear that Arno and I were going to work together," Wilson told me. "I suppose we might have done separate things, but that wouldn't have made much sense. The instrument we were going to use was, obviously, the new horn reflector. The question was what sort of science we were going to do with it. We discussed that with our group leader, Rudolf Kompfner, but the decision was ours. After all, we knew more about radio astronomy

Five noteworthy reasons our guests keep coming back like a song.

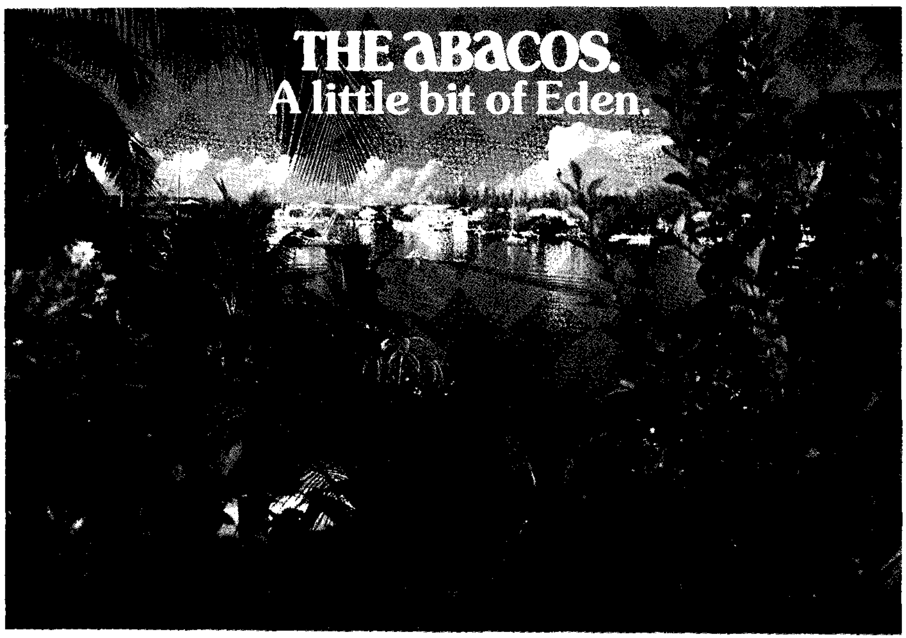
The Hotel Meridien Houston.

It's a warm French welcome big as all Texas. It's our concierge, 24-hour room service, and multilingual staff. It's Le Restaurant de France, with cuisine inspired by Paul Bocuse. It's our luxurious accommodations and flexible meeting space, equipped for small sessions and conferences of 850. Right in the heart of downtown Houston. Hotel Meridien Houston, 400 Dallas Street. Your travel agent knows. Or call 713-759-0202.

MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE

NOBODY STAYS JUST ONCE

Boston Houston Newport Beach Montreal New Orleans New York Vancouver San Francisco



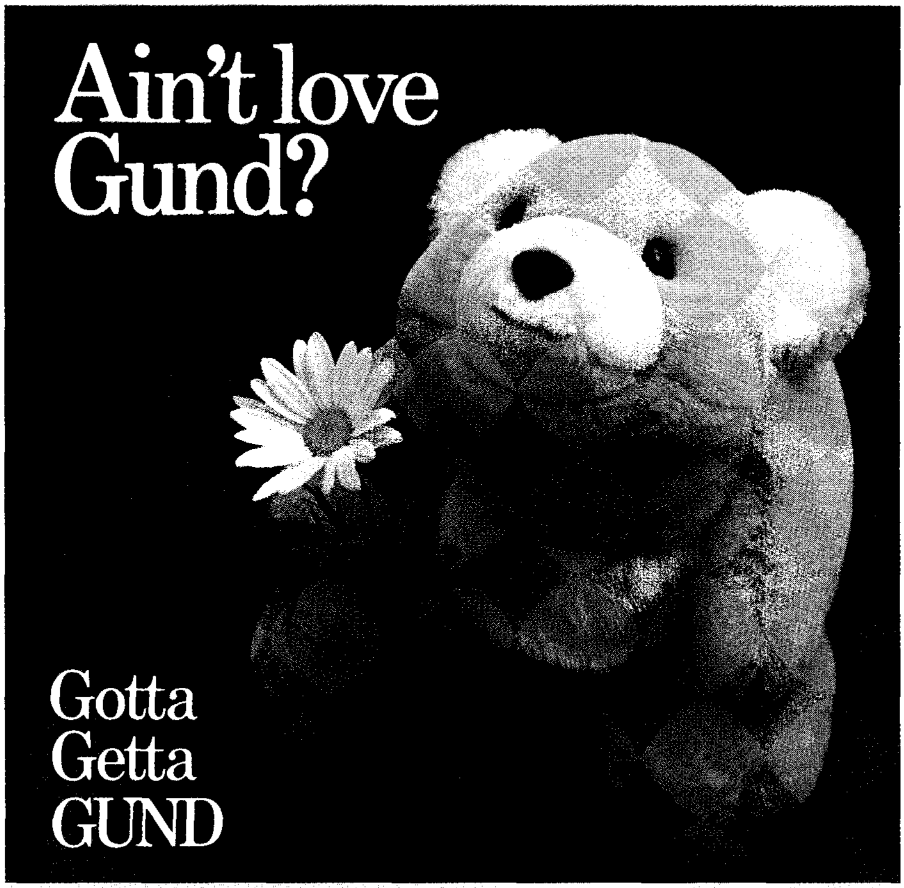
The Abacos are a garden primeval where orchids grow in profusion and wild boar roam the bush. Here the temptations are a turquoise sea, powdery beaches, isles just big enough for two, superb sailing, fishing, diving, good food, and utter tranquility. Come to The Abacos. They're easy to get to from Miami or Nassau by convenient air service.

See your travel agent for reservations, or call toll free 800-327-0787. In Dade County, Florida, 443-3821.

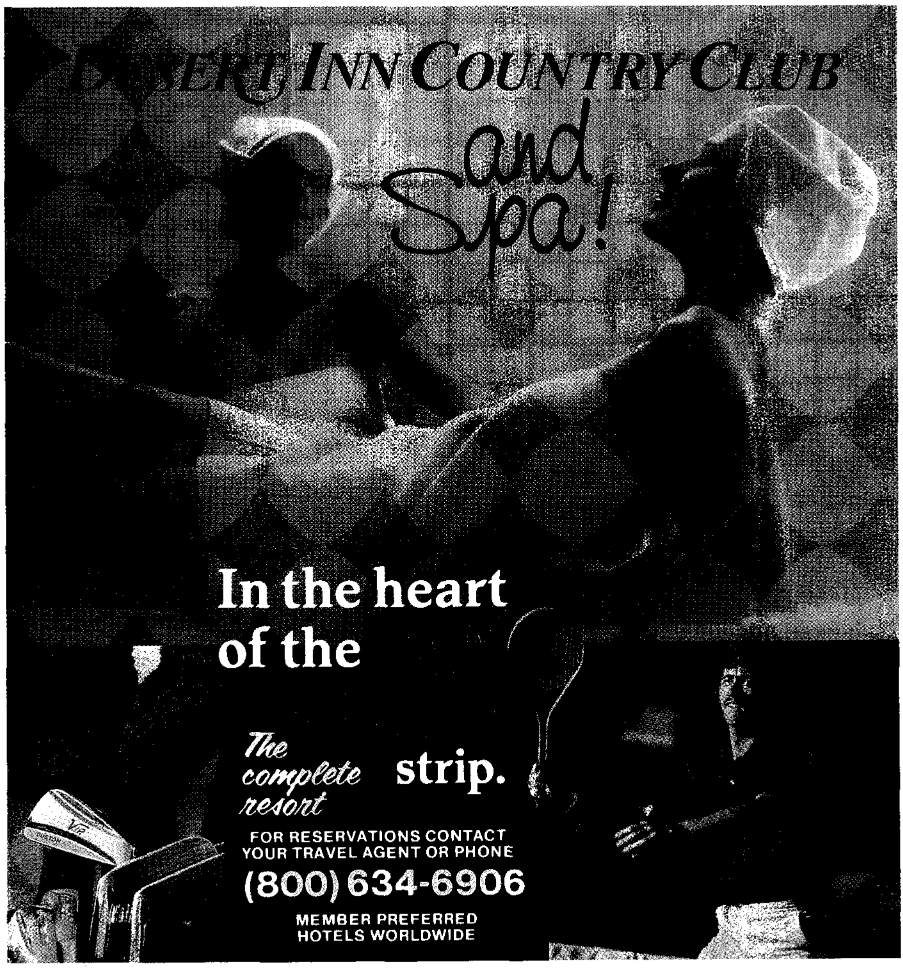
For a free brochure on The Abacos and other Family Islands, write to Bahamas, P.O. Box 523850, Miami, FL 33152.

Name
Address
City
State/Zip NY8X5

The Abacos. Some of the islands that make It Better In The Bahamas.



This little bear is Snuffles.
And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and infants' stores.
Or write Gund, Inc., Dept. N-12, 44 National Rd., Edison, New Jersey 08817.



than anyone else around. The people here had put a lot of effort into making the horn antenna for the Echo project; they felt that it had something to offer astronomy, and they wanted to see the instrument used that way. It's nice that that sort of thing happens at the Labs. Rudy had the vision to know that he wanted to have some radio astronomers around, because our discipline was close enough to satellite communications to be relevant to what others at Bell Labs were trying to do. By the way, I had taken my degree at Caltech from the physics department, not the astronomy department, although I had taken many of the graduate courses in astronomy. Caltech is pretty good about having interdisciplinary people—for example, there were geologists doing astronomy. However, I found that the interdisciplinary coöperation was even better at Bell Labs. At Caltech, our group had some discussions with electrical engineers, but in a fairly formal way. One of the things that have made Bell Labs such a good place to be is that if someone comes up with a new idea—with a new way of doing something—and you have a new application for it he is delighted to coöperate. That is encouraged. People get a lot of credit for it, so they're happy to do it."

The horn reflector antenna that had been used in conjunction with the Echo balloon had been left in place to be used with Telstar—a Bell-designed satellite that was launched in July of 1962. While Echo had been a passive reflector of signals—a kind of mirror—Telstar was the first actively powered communications satellite. It relayed both audio and video signals to Europe, and demonstrated the feasibility of long-distance communication by satellite. "The horn was available in case the Europeans did not get their earth station going, but they did," Wilson said, referring to the fact that both the English and the French succeeded in putting up functioning earth stations. "So the group was willing to let Arno and me dismantle the communications receiver and make a radio telescope out of the thing. That took us about a year."

In the summer of 1963, Penzias constructed what is known to radio astronomers as a cold load—a device that provides a precise amount of a low-level radio noise and can be used as a reference. Any object can be a source of radio noise, for all objects consist, in part, of electrons, which move around—this is known as thermal motion—and, inevitably, emit electromagnetic waves. In a container with opaque walls—what scientists call a black-body cavity—the walls will emit electromagnetic waves, or radio noise, that will be trapped in the container. Remarkably, the intensity of this noise depends not on what the walls are made of but only on their temperature; the higher the temperature, the more intense the noise. One can select a given wavelength of black-body radiation and study the intensity of the radiation at that wavelength. If one does this for all possible wavelengths, one finds a characteristic curve, which exhibits how intense the radiation is at each wavelength. It was the discovery of this curve, around the turn of the century, by the German physicist Max Planck, that led him to introduce the idea of the quantum in the first place. The curve—now called the Planck black-body spectrum—cannot be explained by classical physics, as Planck found out after trying for well over a decade to explain it that way. The shape of the curve depends on the temperature of the walls, and, essentially, on nothing else. Measuring the shape of this curve for the cosmic photons led to the knowledge that the universe has an average temperature of about three degrees above absolute zero. Radio astronomers find it useful to describe the intensity of the noise that a radio antenna receives in terms of temperature. In doing this, they imagine that their telescope is placed inside a box whose walls are giving off the same noise profile as the one they are actually observing. It is a convenient way to normalize their results, and in the case of cosmic radiation it is more than simply convenient, since the universe is, from this point of view, an immense box with photons trapped inside it. What Penzias and Wilson intended to do was to provide the horn with a test case. They wanted to prove that the horn would introduce no noise of its own, so they made their measurement at a wavelength at which no celestial radiation was expected. By studying what was actually measured, they would be able to calibrate their telescope and, having calibrated it, they could go on to measure signals from the Milky Way at longer wavelengths. As things turned out, they never got to this part of their program.

"There was a maser already in place that the Telstar people had been using," Wilson told me during our talk. The word "maser" is an acro-

What more appropriate home for a truly French hotel.

The Hotel Meridien New Orleans. Opening October 1984.

New Orleans speaks French. In its hospitality and cuisine. To open a French hotel here demands authentic savoir-faire*.*

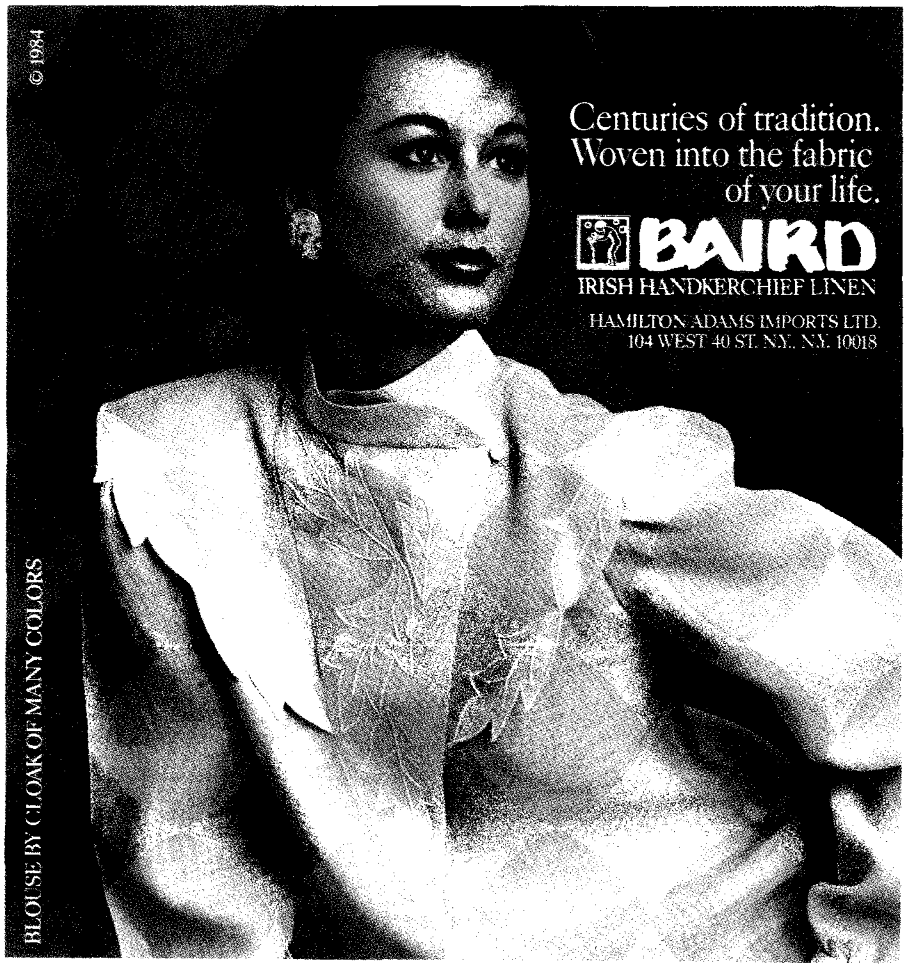
Only Meridien could do it—with the prompt, cheerful and precise quality of service associated with the great hotels of Europe: true French cuisine, concierge, 24-hour room service, overnight valet.

Your travel agent knows. Or call (504) 525-6500. The new Hotel Meridien New Orleans, 614 Canal Street, New Orleans, LA., 70130.

MERIDIEN

NOBODY STAYS JUST ONCE

Groupe Air France Boston Houston Montreal New York San Francisco Newport Beach New Orleans Vancouver

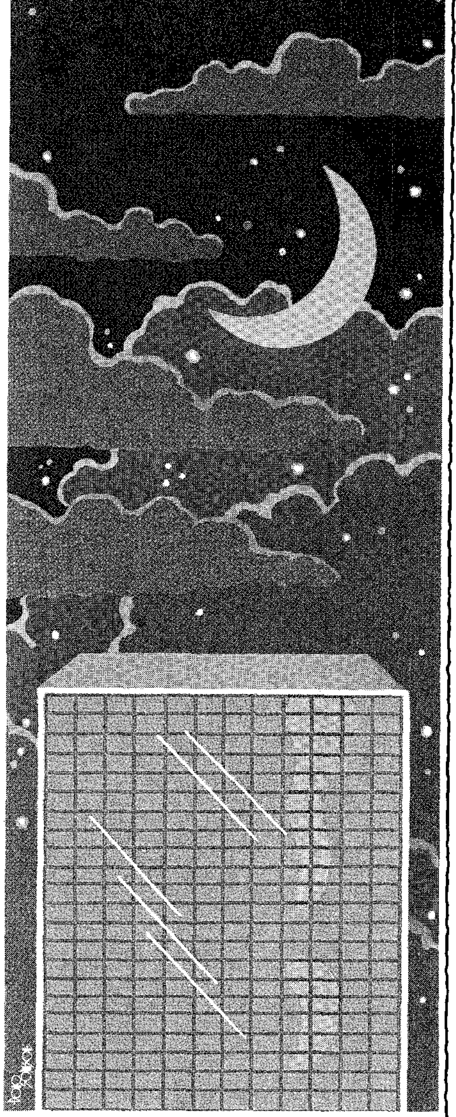


© 1984
Centuries of tradition. Woven into the fabric of your life.
BAIRD
IRISH HANDKERCHIEF LINEN
HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS LTD. 104 WEST 40 ST. N.Y., N.Y. 10018
BLOUSE BY CLOAK OF MANY COLORS

UNPRETENTIOUS SERVICE. UNDERSTATED ELEGANCE. OVERWHELMING VIEWS.

With rooms starting on the 28th floor, we guarantee you spectacular skyline views of Manhattan every single time you stay.

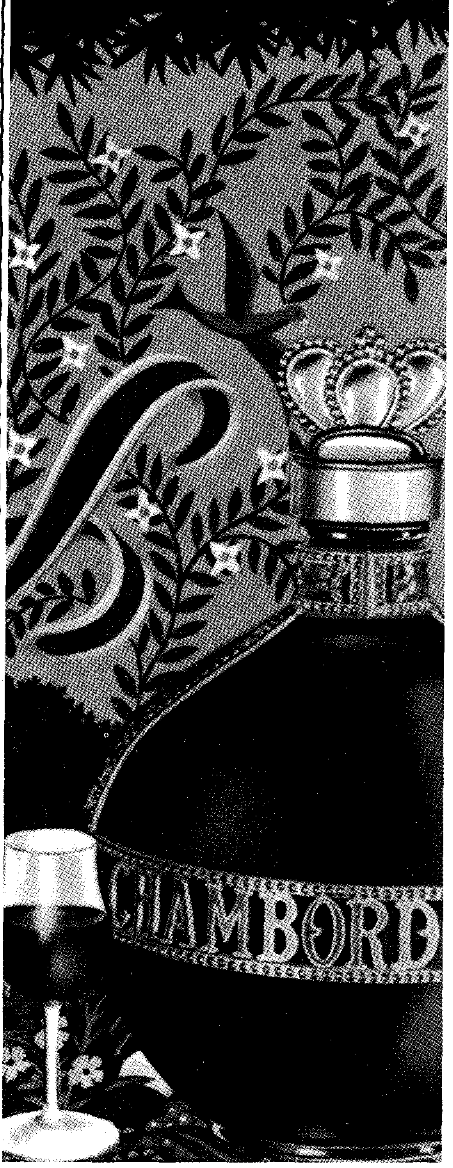
UNITED NATIONS PLAZA HOTEL
Midair Midtown Manhattan
One United Nations Plaza
East 44th St. at First Avenue, NY, NY 10017
(212) 355-3400 or (800) 228-9000
(Telex #: 126803)



Managed by Hyatt International Corporation.

nym of "microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation." "But they had been using the antenna as a communications receiver, and it had been connected to some apparatus that made things very unstable. The total noise was sort of wandering up and down continuously. We threw most of that stuff out, and I made a stable amplification system to replace it. We put in a chart recorder to register the signals. Before I got here, Arno had already started to build the cold load, which was a helium-cooled source. When I got here, I made a good switch to connect the receiver alternately to the antenna and this reference noise source. I had had a lot of experience making receivers, while Arno's main experience was with the maser. He understood how to make a maser work, and could talk to the people at Bell who had designed the maser for the horn in the first place. Actually, Arno had had a good deal to do with recruiting me. We first met when I came to Crawford Hill for my interview, and shortly afterward, at a meeting of the American Astronomical Society, we talked for several days. He realized that we had complementary skills and experience. In 1963, we put more and more pieces together, and in 1964 we decided to try everything out by measuring radio signals from Cas A"—Cassiopeia A, the brightest radio source in Cassiopeia, which subtends about five minutes of arc when measured from the earth. "Cas A is a supernova remnant, and what we intended to do was write a definitive paper on the intensity of seven-centimetre radiation from it. The measurement we finally made is still about the most accurate one ever done. We also wanted to measure the intensity of the radio noise from the halo of the Milky Way, and Arno and I both wanted to redo our Ph.D. theses. We had a list of projects that we were going to do—nothing, we thought, that was going to get a tremendous amount of attention from the world. We picked seven centimetres because that was what the maser we had in place detected. We wanted to use that maser before we tried another one. It was just a convenience. We might have measured six-centimetre or eight-centimetre radiation just as well. Seven centimetres is a wavelength used for satellite communications." As soon as Wilson and Penzias actually began to measure things, though, it was clear that something was terribly wrong. "The results

Black Raspberries From France



CHAMBORD
Liqueur Royale de France

Created in the glorious time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. It has the deepest, richest black raspberry taste of any liqueur in the world.

After dinner, lace your favorite liqueur glass with Chambord, sit back and enjoy its rich aroma and taste. For other ways to enjoy this delicious liqueur, send for our free recipe book: Chambord Imported from France, Box 1600, New York, NY 10116.

Imported by La Maison Délan, Phila., Pa. 33 Proof.

didn't fit together well," Wilson said. "The antenna temperature was too high;" that is, there was too much static.

"Nobody ever calls anybody the big enchilada anymore."

• •

In a certain sense, the cosmic radiation that Wilson and Penzias discovered had already been found. When the Bell engineers first began working with the horn reflector for Echo, they realized that it was too hot; it put out a little more noise than expected when pointed at the empty sky. One of these engineers, E. A. Ohm, even wrote an article, which appeared in the *Bell System Technical Journal* in 1961, in which he said that the excess in the noise output over what he had expected corresponded to roughly three degrees. In other words, the horn reflector antenna was responding as if it were in a box filled with three-degree radiation. At that time, the instrument was being used not for radio astronomy but for communications, and because Ohm's system did not have the reference noise source the accuracy was not high enough to confirm the result; the experimental error was itself on the order of three degrees, and since it did not interfere with the communications work, it was more or less ignored. But Penzias and Wilson could not ignore it. If they could not understand all the sources of noise in the antenna, they could not proceed with their program. "If we were missing three degrees at seven centimetres, how were we ever going to be able to see a one-degree halo at twenty-one centimetres—one of the next things we wanted to do?" Wilson told me. "We are inside the halo of the galaxy, and when we look out through it it adds a small amount of noise—one degree at twenty-one centimetres. The only way we could measure that was to measure the total noise received by the antenna and then subtract the terrestrial sources. At seven centimetres, we expected to see nothing from the halo, and we were doing the experiment at seven centimetres to verify that this was true when we discovered the unexpected noise. Later on, we actually built a twenty-one-centimetre receiver. The Echo people had had a very practical thing to get done—to work with the satellite once it was up. The big emphasis was on that, and we had the good fortune to come along at a more relaxed time. Also, our effect was more definite. We had a liquid-helium-cooled noise source, which we expected to be at about five degrees, and the antenna was putting out more noise than the source was. The antenna was at about seven degrees, whereas it should have been at only about three point three degrees—two point three degrees coming from noise in the atmosphere and one degree from the radiation from the walls of the antenna. Radiation from the ground should have contributed almost nothing. That would have meant that the antenna was about two degrees colder than the load, but instead it was two degrees hotter. There had been a tradition around here—the work of a man named D. C. Hogg—of understanding microwave propagation through the atmosphere. You can measure that directly with the horn by pointing it straight up and then pointing it ten degrees above the horizon to measure the difference. That sort of thing had been done, so we knew how much noise to expect from the atmosphere."

For a while, Penzias and Wilson continued to measure the radio signals from Cassiopeia A, with the hope that the buzzing in their antenna would somehow go away. It didn't. Wilson told me, "We decided that we had to face up to it, and so we started to really go to work on the antenna." One of their worries was that because the joints of the horn had been put together with aluminum rivets its expected characteristics might have changed. They sealed the joints with aluminum tape and an electrically conductive glue. None of this had much effect on the noise. At one time, they conjectured that some of the noise might be coming from New York City, which is thirty miles or so from Crawford Hill. Wilson told me, "Here we were on a hill that overlooks New York City—how could we claim that we were making very sensitive radio-astronomy measurements with all that man-made stuff around? We turned the antenna in the direction of New York to see how bright it was at our wavelength. It was reasonable—a little hotter than thermal but not much. We even considered the possibility that we were detecting radiation from a 1962 high-altitude nuclear explosion that filled the Van Allen belts with charged particles. But that source would have diminished with time, while our effect remained constant."

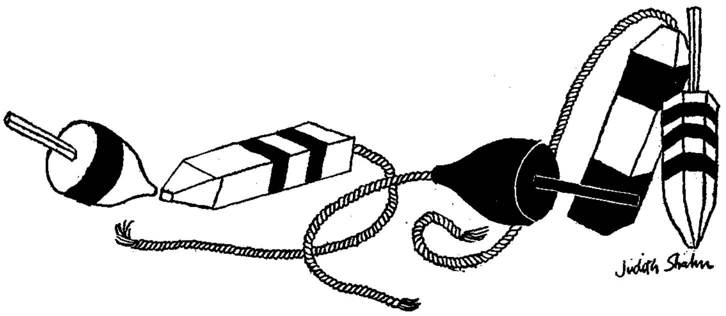
By this time, Wilson and Penzias had been working with the radio telescope for nearly a year. The noise had continued unabated during one entire revolution of the earth around the sun—during all four seasons, night and day. Then, in January of 1965, Penzias made a phone call to a friend at M.I.T. The Nobel Prize-winning physicist Steven Weinberg in his 1977 book, "The First Three Minutes," describes what happened. He writes, "The meaning of the mysterious microwave noise soon began to be clarified through the operation of the 'invisible college' of astrophysicists. Penzias happened to telephone a fellow radio astronomer, Bernard Burke, of M.I.T., about other matters. Burke had just heard from yet another colleague—Ken Turner, of the Carnegie Institution—of a talk that Turner had in turn heard at Johns Hopkins, given by a young theorist from Princeton, P. J. E. Peebles." Peebles has gone on to a very distinguished career in astrophysics, and is now a professor at Princeton. "In this talk Peebles argued that there ought to be a background of radio noise left over from the early universe, with a present equivalent temperature of roughly 10° K." In the absolute-temperature, or Kelvin, scale, absolute zero corresponds to −273.15° Celsius. "Burke already knew that Penzias was measuring radio noise temperatures with the Bell Laboratories horn antenna, so he took the occasion of the telephone conversation to ask how the measurements were going. Penzias said that the measurements were going fine but that there was something about the results that he didn't understand. Burke suggested to Penzias that the physicists at Princeton might have some interesting ideas on what it was that his antenna was receiving."

At this point, the scene shifts to Princeton. Robert Dicke, a physicist, who is now Albert Einstein University Professor of Science Emeritus at Princeton, had worked on radar during the war, as a staff member of M.I.T.'s Radiation Laboratory. He is known as one of the most imaginative physicists in the business. Toward the end of the war, he led a group of physicists there that, in the process of measuring the effect of water vapor in the earth's atmosphere on the absorption of microwaves, was able to set an upper limit on just the kind of noise that Penzias and Wilson were receiving. Dicke and his group found that it could not correspond to a temperature greater than 20° K. They did not have any particular cosmology in mind, so they did not have a theoretical context in which to put this observation. Indeed, as Weinberg reports, by 1965 Dicke had forgotten that this upper limit had ever been calculated. Soon afterward, a theoretical context was developed—by the Russian-born physicist George Gamow and his collaborators—but it had no influence on subsequent events, since Dicke wasn't aware that it existed, and neither were Wilson and Penzias. In 1964, Dicke began thinking again about cosmology, this time in terms of an oscillating model, in which the universe undergoes alternate phases of expansion and contraction. At present—according to this idea—the universe is expanding, but in the far future it may once again start to contract, and the big bang could recur. In any event, Dicke was led to speculate that the last big bang might have left traces of cosmological radiation. Peebles had done his Ph.D. under Dicke, and Dicke suggested to him that he try to calculate the temperature of this radiation. Peebles first estimated that it should be something like 10° K. This was an overestimate—the temperature is now known to be about 3° K.—but Peebles and others soon refined this and other early calculations. At the suggestion of Dicke, two junior faculty members, P. G. Roll and D. T. Wilkinson, constructed a small, low-noise radio antenna on the roof of the geology building at Princeton, some thirty miles from Crawford Hill, to search for what turned out to be the very radio noise that Penzias and Wilson had been studying for nearly a year. Before Dicke, Roll, and Wilkinson could complete their observations, Dicke received an entirely unexpected phone call from Penzias.

"By that time, we knew that the effect did not change with the temperature of the atmosphere during a complete year," Wilson told me. "We knew that it was not connected to the phases of the moon. We had looked over a sizable fraction of the sky and always got this effect. We weren't hiding it, but I don't remember talking to anybody much about it. Obviously, Arno was talking to people when he called Bernie Burke. Bernie said we should get in touch with the Princeton group, although, at that point, neither of us understood why. Anyway, Arno called up Dicke, and Dicke said, 'That sounds very interesting,' and, shortly afterward, the Princeton people came over to Crawford Hill for a visit—all four of them. We showed them the horn and the measurements we had been making—what we had been seeing. Then they came down to the conference room and told us the cosmology."

This meeting sounded to me like an extraordinary occasion in the history of science, but Wilson's initial reaction, as he described it, did not suggest that. "Although we were pleased to have *some* sort of answer, both of us, at first, felt a little distant from the cosmology," he told me. "I had taken my cosmology from Hoyle, and I very much liked the steady-state universe. Philosophically, I still sort of like it. I think Arno and I both felt that it was nice to have one explanation but that there may well have been others."

In retrospect, it is easy to see the relevance of Penzias and Wilson's discovery to big-bang cosmology. But at the time it was not evident that the results *were* connected. The big-bang cosmology predicted not only that there should be cosmic photons but also that their spectral distribution should have the Planck black-body shape. Penzias and Wilson had measured this curve at one wavelength—seven centimetres—and from that single observation they could not be certain that their result lay on such a curve at all. Steven Weinberg, in his 1972 book "Gravitation and Cosmology," presents a summary list of all the experiments that had been done up to that time, at various wavelengths, on the cosmic spectrum. More than twenty differ-



"What's par around here?"

• •

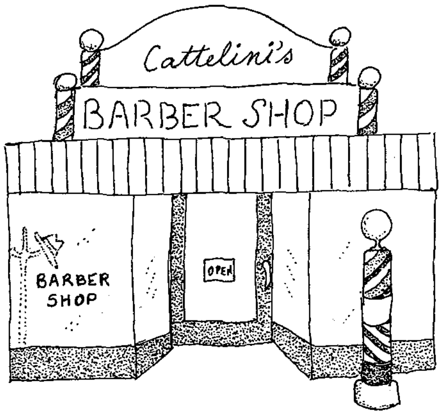
ent groups of observers had made measurements at fifteen different wavelengths, ranging from seventy-three and a half centimetres down to one-twentieth of a centimetre. Below three centimetres, the earth's atmosphere interferes with cosmic radiation, so some of these observations were made from high mountains and some from balloons. The curve that results from plotting the experimental points of all wavelengths fits a black-body spectral curve with a temperature of about three degrees extremely well. Recently, some small deviations have turned up. One of them reflects the fact that our entire galaxy is moving like a great ship through this sea of cosmic photons. This shows up in the data as a Doppler shift of the photons' wavelengths in certain preferred directions—the directions of galactic motion—in the sky. The other deviations may be due to experimental error or may reflect something subtle about the cosmological description.

Since in 1965 Penzias and Wilson did not know any of this, they wrote a very low-key article about their findings. It was called "A Measurement of Excess Antenna Temperature at 4,080 Mc/s." (Their telescope was tuned to radiation at a frequency of 4,080 million cycles a second, or, equivalently, a wavelength of 7.35 centimetres.) Almost the only mention of the cosmology in their paper was this laconic reference: "A possible explanation for the observed excess noise temperature is the one given by Dicke, Peebles, Roll, and Wilkinson in a companion letter in this issue." Both papers were published in the July, 1965, issue of the *Astrophysical Journal*. "I guess we wrote a very understated article," Wilson said. "Some of the steady-state people were pleased by the way we had gone about things. We felt that until they had had a chance at least to think about our results we shouldn't go out on a theoretical limb. For me, the last nail in the coffin of the steady-state theory wasn't driven in for quite a while—not until the black-body curve was really verified. That's the point when I stopped worrying about it."

In the late nineteen-forties, George Gamow began to explore the big-bang model of cosmology with two young colleagues, Ralph Alpher and Robert Herman. Their early model differs in many essential respects from the present standard cosmology, but the spirit is there. In 1948, Alpher and Herman made the specific prediction that there should be background cosmic radiation with an average temperature of 5° K. During the fifties, Alpher and Herman asked several groups of radio astronomers whether it was possible, with the technology then available, to measure this radiation. The answer they got was no, but Wilson now believes that the measurement probably could have been done with Second World War receivers, provided that the antenna and the cold load were correctly connected. In any event, by 1965, when the Princeton and Bell Labs groups got around to writing up their discovery and its interpretation, the earlier work had been all but forgotten, and, indeed, there is no reference to it in the two 1965 papers. There is another ironic twist to this story. In 1964, two Russian scientists—A. G. Doroshkevich and I. D. Novikov—published a paper entitled "Mean Density of Radiation in the Metagalaxy and Certain Problems in Relativistic Cosmology," which was translated into English but largely ignored. This was the first paper to point out that cosmic radiation should be detectable as a Planck distribution in the microwave region. It also said that the ideal detector for this would be the horn reflector antenna at Bell Labs. It refers to Ohm's 1961 paper, but the Russians somehow misread it and came to the incorrect conclusion that Ohm's result ruled out Gamow's prediction of cosmic radiation. Meanwhile, totally unaware of both papers, Penzias and Wilson were observing the very radiation that the Russian paper said had been ruled out.

In "The First Three Minutes," Weinberg makes an important point about the significance of the Penzias-Wilson discovery. Before 1965, there were so few data having any apparent relevance to cosmology that, as a discipline, it seemed to have little connection to physics. Different scientists could entertain cosmologies that were in complete contradiction to each other—as the steady-state universe and the big bang were. Each was more or less pure speculation. When a subject is in such apparent disarray, it is difficult for many scientists to take it entirely seriously. Speculations, although they might waste a little time, do not cost theorists any money. Experimental physicists or astronomers, on the other hand, might spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on equipment and months or years of work in an attempt to prove or disprove a given theory. Their reluctance to chase down what may turn out to be a speculative fantasy is quite understandable. The other side of this coin, as Weinberg notes, is that theorists sometimes do not attach enough significance to their own work. "Our mistake is not that we take our theories too seriously, but that we do not take them seriously enough," he writes. "It is always hard to realize that these numbers and equations we play with at our desks have something to do with the real world. Even worse, there often seems to be a general agreement that certain phenomena are just not fit subjects for respectable theoretical and experimental effort. Gamow, Alpher, and Herman deserve tremendous credit above all for being willing to take the early universe seriously, for working out what known physical laws have to say about the first three minutes. . . . The most important thing accomplished by the ultimate discovery of the 3° K. radiation background in 1965 was to force us all to take seriously the idea that there *was* an early universe."

At present, cosmology is one of the most active branches of both physics and astronomy. The early universe, because of its incredibly high temperatures, was a kind of ideal laboratory, in which both the familiar elementary particles, such as neutrons, protons, electrons, and positrons, the various neutrinos, and the light quanta—photons—and the unfamiliar ones, such as quarks, played a role. The earliest time that theorists now discuss is what is called the Planck time. This is a time that is 10^{-43} seconds after the big bang—an unimaginably short time. There is considerable uncertainty about when the big bang itself took place, but a reasonable estimate is twelve to fifteen billion years ago. Most scientists agree that discussing space and time before the big bang probably does not have much meaning. In a sense, space and time were created by the big bang, and it is likely that the laws of physics as we know them may have to be altered before they can be applied to the period prior to the Planck time. The quantum mechanics of gravity has not been fully worked out, and it may require some entirely new ideas. The first instant after the explosion, however, was an epoch when the universe was expanding and cooling extremely rapidly. After about 10^{-35} seconds, the original chaos of the explosion began to smooth itself out. After about a hundredth of a second, when the temperature reached about one hundred billion degrees Kelvin, the particles that were present were in what physicists call thermal equilibrium. The particles, mostly electrons, positrons, neutrinos, and photons, were in the form of a very dense gas. Scattered throughout this gas were also a small number—one in a billion—of neutrons and protons. It was from these particles that the nuclei of light elements such as helium and deuterium were eventually synthesized. (Elements heavier than iron appeared only billions of years later, after stars had been formed, since they are a result of the explosions of supernovas.) The temperatures were much too high for atoms or atomic nuclei to exist. Any nucleus that did form was ripped apart by a collision with X rays—very energetic light quanta. It was only after about three minutes, when the temperature dropped to a billion degrees Kelvin, that atomic nuclei, once formed, could stick together. It was seven hundred thousand years longer before the temperature had fallen enough that atoms with electrons bound to nuclei could form. This marks an important cosmological date, because before that time the photons were trapped by collisions with free electrons. After the electrons were attached to nuclei, the universe became transparent to radiation. As the universe expanded, the newly free gas of radiation continued to cool, and it was this cooled radiation that Penzias and Wilson discovered, as static, in their antenna on Crawford Hill. This brief scenario—given in greater detail in Weinberg's book—is based on the most solid science we have. It can be made quantitative as well as qualitative. It has predictive power, and predictions based on it can and have been tested. Speculation has been turned into science.



After writing their paper, Penzias and Wilson continued to work on cosmic radiation for another year. They got a military-surplus maser that had been built for one of the Nike radar systems, and with it as a detector they used the horn to measure the background radiation at twenty-one centimetres. At about the same time, Roll and Wilkinson measured it at three and two-tenths centimetres, and the black-body curve began to fill in. Wilson recalls that when he and Penzias had finished that project "the local management here decided that we had had our fun doing astronomy and that now we really ought to contribute something to the telephone company, too." This kind of alternation of practical and pure research has been characteristic of the Crawford Hill branch of Bell Labs. (Similarly, Karl Jansky, after founding the science of radio astronomy, thirty years earlier, had been encouraged to return to company business.) To this end, Wilson and Penzias set up a laser pointed toward Crawford Hill, with the idea that the laser beam might propagate through ground fog and therefore be useful for communications. It didn't. "We did the wrong measurement," Wilson told me. "If you go into New York City—to the fourth floor of some building, say—and send the beam to the fourth floor of another building, it will propagate fine. But fog in the suburbs immediately wipes it out. Next, I built a thing called a sun tracker. It did just that. It was programmed with data from an ephemeris, and it pointed at the sun all day. It could measure the sun's brightness at wavelengths of one and two centimetres. Since the sun's output is essentially constant there, the measurements told us about transmission through the earth's atmosphere—an interesting question, since our boss, LeRoy Tillotson, had proposed using these bands for satellite communication."

In the late nineteen-sixties, Penzias and Wilson returned to radio astronomy. A group at Crawford Hill had become interested in the problem of transmitting waves with lengths on the order of millimetres—very short microwave radiation—down two-inch-diameter pipes. Their interest was a practical one; it was thought that these wave guides could be used for digital telephone communication, and might carry half a million telephone calls simultaneously. Charles

Burrus, a physicist who has been working at Bell since 1955 and now occupies an office only a few doors from Wilson's, invented what Wilson said were the world's best millimetre-wave receivers. At about the same time, coincidentally, the National Radio Astronomy Observatory had constructed a millimetre radio-telescope antenna at its site at Kitt Peak, Arizona. Using some of Burrus's equipment, Penzias and Wilson designed their own millimetre receiver, which they transported to Kitt Peak in the company of Keith Jefferts, who was then an atomic physicist at the Bell Labs facility in Murray Hill, New Jersey, and now runs an enterprise in Puget Sound that makes equipment for tagging and counting fish. "Keith is the same sort of person I am, as far as electronics is concerned," Wilson commented. "We're both very happy to pile in with our own hands, so he and I ended up actually putting the receiver together and taking it out to Kitt Peak a few days before Arno got there. Sander Weinreb, the head of the electronics section of the observatory, was tremendously helpful in getting together the rest of the spectrometer. I should mention something else that was going on here at that time which helps to explain why our millimetre-wave research got supported. In 1962, about six months before I got here, Comsat"—the Communications Satellite Corporation—"was created, and A.T. & T. was legislated out of the overseas-satellite business. But by 1970 it seemed that domestic communications satellites might be useful. It wasn't clear whether, under the rules that then applied, A.T. & T. would be allowed in that business, but it seemed interesting enough for Bell Labs to do research on the satellites. One of the things Bell wanted to find out was how close together in orbit one could put two communications satellites. Another worry was rain. Water droplets absorb and scatter millimetre waves, and that would affect the signals from a satellite. A few years later, we built a millimetre telescope here for this research. It went into operation in 1977, and even though it was set up with satellites in mind, it turned out to be a very good instrument for radio astronomy. It has a clean beam and makes clean spectra."

Wilson paused and then went on, "In any case, the first time we hooked up our receiver to the Kitt Peak telescope, and pointed it toward the Orion Nebula, in 1970, the carbon-monoxide line just popped out." Wilson was referring to the line's appearance on a monitor display of the receiver output. "That was the most 'Aha!' discovery I've ever made. They just pointed the thing and it was there, and when I told them to move the telescope it went away. Our receiver worked on a wavelength that was just short of three millimetres, and this line was at two point six millimetres. We thought we might have to observe for a long time to see something interesting, but it was just suddenly there. After that, we had an intense period at Kitt Peak, since, for a while, we owned that part of the spectrum. Observing the gas clouds in the galaxy was an entirely new way of looking at the galaxy. The gas clouds have a very rich molecular chemistry, which up until then had not been appreciated. That frontier is gone now. Most of the easy observations have been made."

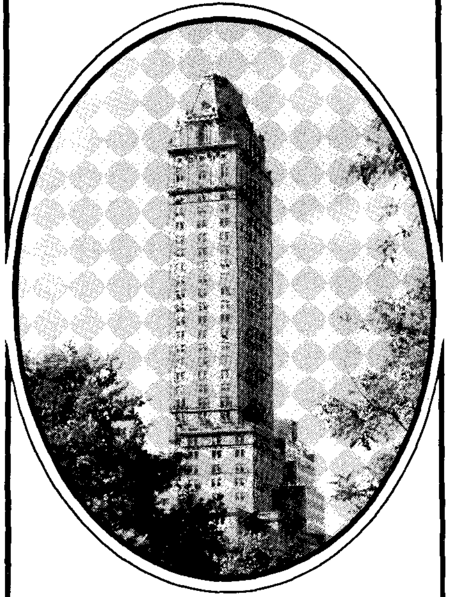
IN 1978, Penzias and Wilson shared the Nobel Prize in Physics with Kapitsa. I asked Wilson if winning the Nobel Prize had substantially affected his life. "I think so," he replied. "It certainly brings many more invitations to talk than before, and ceremonial, or functional, things to do. I have certainly felt more hassled than before. It causes people to expect me to do things that I can't, or am not going to, do. People listen to me a lot more than they used to. Maybe they shouldn't. They want me to be an expert on anything. I am not. It has probably assured that the remainder of my life will be comfortable. And I am doing something now in which it actually helps. I am trying to organize the community of radio astronomers who work with millimetre wavelengths. We are working toward building a new national millimetre instrument, and having a little bit of clout doesn't hurt in something like that."

I asked Wilson if he had ever thought of moving to a university.

"Oh, occasionally I have that idea," he replied. "But I am so well fixed up here that it is a little hard to jump off—especially in these days of skimpy government funding. With the divestiture, I am a little bit worried about Bell Labs' changing. I don't think that is what the owners of the company want. I suppose it could be that when it comes down to meeting the bottom line they are going to have less interest in basic research than they

In 1930
Charles Pierre
created
The Hotel Pierre.

It was
New York's
most beautiful
hotel.

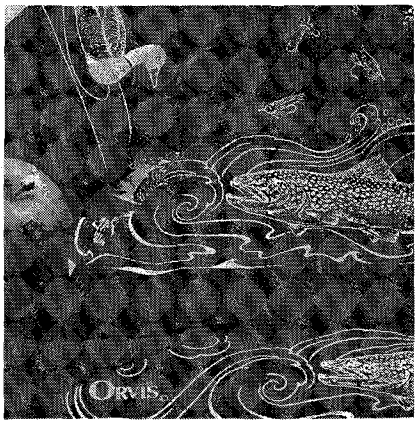


It still is.

The Pierre
NEW YORK
A Four Seasons Hotel

Fifth Avenue at 61st Street
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 838-8000
U.S. 800-828-1188
N.Y. State 800-462-1150

The Leading Hotels of the World



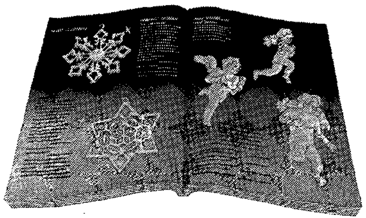
ORVIS BANDANNAS

A great outdoor tradition from Orvis, the company that has served outdoors people since 1856. Pure cotton bandannas are versatile, use them for neckerchiefs, kerchiefs, or sweatbands. Very handy for carrying treasures on nature hikes or at the beach. Set of four includes one each of trout and duck design in red and blue.

ORVIS®
263 River Road 263
Manchester, Vt. 05254
Tel. 1 - 802 - 362-1300

☐ G2445-00-00 - Orvis Bandannas $7.50
☐ G2445-00-00 - 3 sets of 4 for . $19.95
☐ Send FREE Orvis Catalog

Name . . . .
Address. . . . .
. . . . .Zip . . . .
☐ Check ☐ MC/Visa ☐ Amer. Exp.
Card No. . . . .
Expiration Date . . . .



CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

Christmas shopping at the Museum is different. Whether it's ancient Egyptian gold earrings, a new book on Renoir, a silk scarf with Persian flowers, or an Art Deco wall poster, the Museum has the ideal present for everyone on your list. More than one thousand exclusive designs $5–$500. To receive the next four catalogues send coupon with $1 to cover postage.

N344

NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
____________ ZIP ____________

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10028

have had in the past—although, from everything they say, they seem to understand the value of basic research, and they appear to realize how much Bell Labs has contributed over the years. Fundamentally, basic research is a small fraction of the whole, but it has paid off handsomely. So, assuming that our owners understand and mean what they say, they are not going to want to get rid of basic research. But I see the people in research react to all the talk about competition, and they worry about the future of the company. A lot of people are getting interested in fairly practical projects. I actually have an idea for making cordless telephones, although I haven't gotten around to doing much with it yet."

The final form of the consent decree that split up A.T. & T. was signed on August 3, 1983, and went into effect on January 1, 1984. As a consequence of this decree, about a third of what is now known as A.T. & T. Bell Laboratories personnel were transferred to A.T. & T. Information Systems and to a new laboratory that will provide support services to the newly formed seven regional companies. Most of what is known at the Labs as basic research—research not directly connected to commercial applications—will remain with A.T. & T. Bell Labs, and this includes Wilson's laboratory. Wilson is now the head of the Radio Physics Research Department at Crawford Hill. Besides him, there are two other full-time radio astronomers, and Penzias continues to use the new millimetre telescope as well. In the past, the department has also employed graduate students, most of them from Princeton, where Penzias has been a visiting professor for many years. The rest of Wilson's department—the larger part—concentrates on designing microwave devices for communications, which has been the traditional mission of the Radio Research Laboratory. When he is not musing about cordless telephones, Wilson uses the radio telescope to study regions in the Milky Way where stars are still being formed—regions like the Orion Nebula. "The galaxy is much more dynamic than most people think," he remarked.

The day of my visit was a warm, sunny day, and Wilson suggested that we have a look at the new telescope. We drove to the top of Crawford Hill, which is not much of a hill, but which does dominate the surrounding flat New Jersey countryside. Some of the staff members were getting ready to play a lunchtime game of volleyball. The atmosphere seemed relaxed. The controls for the telescope are housed in a building that looks something like a Cape Cod cottage. Inside is an impressive array of electronic instrumentation. Wilson studied the readings on a few of the instruments, and spoke briefly to a graduate student who was running the telescope. Then Wilson and I went outside and climbed to the top of the antenna. There is a small, somewhat precarious-looking metal ladder that leads to the roof. Wilson crawled into the telescope, and I followed. Just as we got inside, perched on a sloping floor, the machine began to move. It was like riding a gentle roller coaster. I asked Wilson what was going on. He said that the student was moving the telescope back and forth across some radio source in the Milky Way—perhaps in the Orion Nebula. The Orion Nebula is about fifteen hundred light-years away from New Jersey. The signals coming into the telescope that day had begun their journey about a thousand years before the Florentine explorer Giovanni da Verrazano touched the New Jersey coast, in 1524.

Arno Penzias is the current vice-president for research at Bell Labs. He was born in Munich on April 26, 1933—"the same day that the Gestapo was formed," he told me when I visited him at the Labs not long ago. "I've lasted a little longer, fortunately. My father, although born in Germany, was a Polish citizen. My mother and my mother's family were German, going back generations, and she converted to Judaism when she married my father. My father had a small leather business—a little loft where he bought hides and then sold them to shoemakers." Penzias said that as a child he had had no realization that there was anything abnormal about being a Jew in Germany. "Things were not especially bad for me and my brother, who is a year younger," he told me. "We were sent to a Jewish school, so I didn't feel the anti-Semitism directly. During that period, Jews were forbidden to go to stores except during certain hours. So, as I learned later, the wife of an S.S. sergeant who lived in our building would go shopping for my mother. She said, 'We'—the S.S.—'don't want to hurt small children.' It seemed then that people felt that the Jews they knew were fine. It was the *other* Jews, the ones they read about, who were the 'bad' ones. The only incident I remember from that time was once when we were on a trolley car and I was showing off. When you are the adored eldest son, you get the feeling that you should show off all the time. I said something that made it clear to the other people there that I was Jewish—and that so changed the atmosphere of the trolley car that my mother had to take us off and wait for the next one. From that incident, I learned that I was not supposed to talk about being Jewish in public, and that if you did you put your family in danger. It was a big shock for me."

In the fall of 1938, the Germans began deporting people like the Penziases, who did not have German passports. "The Polish government agreed with the Nazis on only one thing, and that was their dislike for Jews," Penzias told me. "So they declared that as of the end of October, 1938, all Polish passports were invalid except those which were renewed at a local consulate. At the same time, they instructed the consulates not to renew any passports belonging to Jews. Since the Germans wanted to get rid of as many Jews as possible, all the Polish Jews in Germany were rounded up in October. The Germans were trying to beat the deadline, after which our Polish passports would no longer be valid and they couldn't push us over the Polish border. First, we were put in a prison cell. I remember the cell as a great big room with bunks up one side, and my cousins and I all scrambled up and down and had a great time. We were then put on a train—a normal passenger train. I was five, and the whole idea of being on a train seemed like a circus. People from other Jewish communities along the way would line up at each one of the stops and give us food. They gave the kids candy. I remember stuffing myself with chocolate."

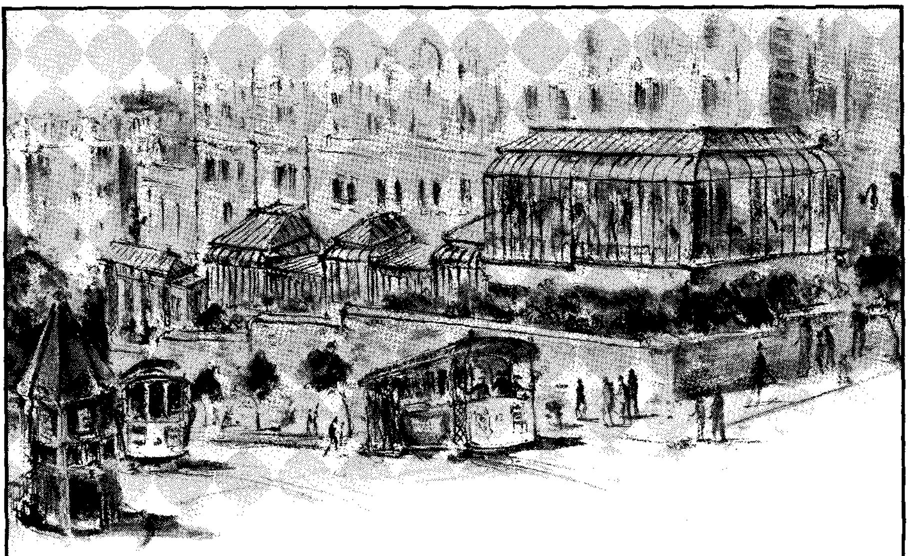
On November 7, 1938, a seventeen-year-old named Herschel Grynszpan assassinated a junior counsellor in the German Embassy in Paris. His parents had been on a transport train like the one that the Penziases were put on. The people on those trains had been taken off at the Polish border and herded into an open field, where many of them died of exposure. Grynszpan was in Paris; he had looked for the first German in uniform he could find, and when he found one he shot him. This episode resulted in what has become known as Kris-

The case of the traveler
who couldn't stand
waiting in airports
for his luggage anymore.

hartmann
We don't cut corners.

© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

Du Pont TEFLON®
soil & stain repeller



The
STANFORD COURT
A Hôtel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

For people who understand the subtle differences.

For reservations anywhere in the U.S. except California call toll free (800) 227-4736.
In San Francisco call (415) 989-3500. Elsewhere in California call toll free (800) 622-0957.
Telex: 34-0899 Cable: STANCOURT

MEMBER
PREFERRED HOTELS
WORLDWIDE

Special Value $27.50

Silk suits you to a T.

We've redefined and refined the T-shirt into pure silk crêpe de Chine. Now it's even more of a versatile basic than the cotton T. Goes everywhere with everything from suits to evening clothes to jeans. Fine detail work and open-stitched faggoting around the neck and sleeves. Available in black.

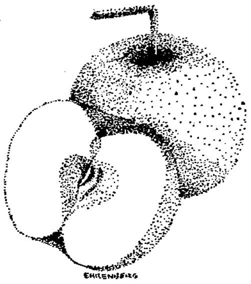
◇

Please send me ___ shirt(s), #U626A, $27.50 each.
Please add $1.95 postage and handling. If delivered in Texas, please add 5% tax.
☐ Small (4-6) ☐ Medium (8-10)
☐ Large (12-14)
☐ Check or money order enclosed.
Charge to my: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
☐ American Express
Account #: Expiration date: ___
Signature: ___
(required if using credit card)
FREE Your order entitles you to a full year of Horchow catalogues.
Name ___
Address ___
City ___
State ___ Zip ___

Mail to: HORCHOW
P.O. Box 819066, Dept. #MB037
Dallas, TX 75381-9066

HORCHOW

tallnacht, or crystal night—the night of November 9th, when the Nazis smashed and plundered synagogues and Jewish homes and shops in Germany. The "crystal" refers to the sound of breaking glass. Twenty thousand Jews were arrested and sent to concentration camps. By November 23rd, the Nazis had put into force a set of decrees that eliminated Jews from German economic life.



"We got to the border after the end-of-October deadline," Penzias told me. "We just missed the deadline by an hour or so. At that point, we were allowed to return to Munich, because we couldn't be deported. The Poles were filling up their field only until midnight. After midnight, forget it—they weren't taking any more. As soon as we got back to Munich, my father was given six months to get out of Germany, after which he was going to be arrested. My parents knew what that meant, because Dachau was already in operation. When they arrested people during Kristallnacht, they sent some of them to Dachau, which was the first concentration camp. It was in a suburb of Munich. My father and my uncle were among the young men who would go down to the railroad station to pick up people who had been released from Dachau and sent back. In those days, the Nazis didn't yet understand that they could simply kill people. They killed a few in Dachau, but it was not yet a killing factory. It was a prison. It was a place to torture people—not to kill them. They sorted people out, under unspeakable conditions, and many were sent back. In the nineteen-seventies, my uncle met somebody in Queens, where he now lives, whom he had picked up from a train back from Dachau at that time."

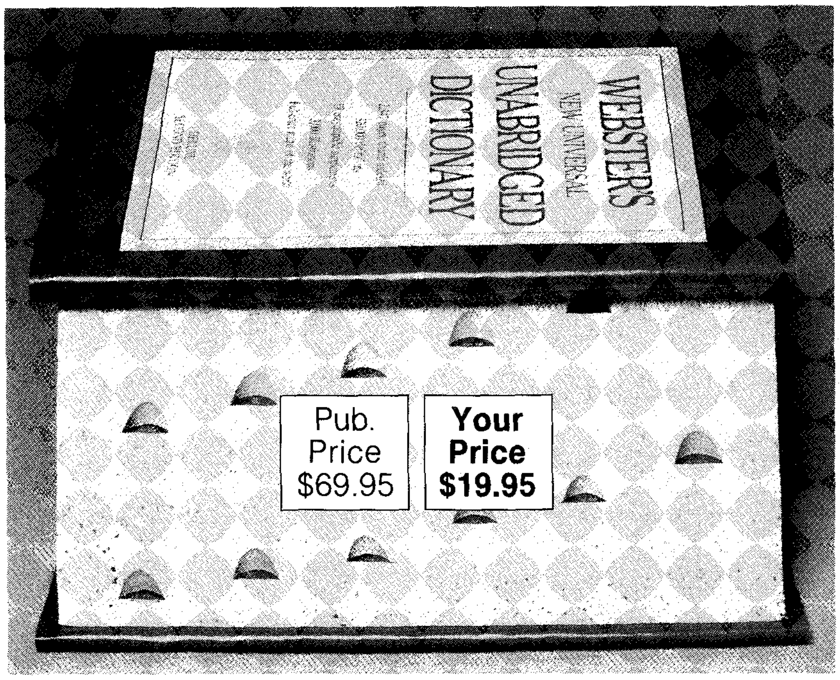
Penzias paused and then went on, "'Affidavit' was the first English word I ever learned. I didn't even know then that it *was* an English word. Everybody was talking about an affidavit, but to me it was just a word. Before someone could emigrate to the United States, it was necessary to have someone here claim you as a relative and guarantee that you would not become a public charge." With the affidavit, one could apply for a visa for the United States, and with the visa it was possible to get an exit permit from Germany. "Children at that time had no trouble getting out. There were even trains running to England. But my parents weren't willing to let us go until at least one of them could get out as well. There were people in the United States who were willing to say that they were related to you. But often their financial resources were strained, because they were trying to bring their own families over. So people would knock on doors until they found someone who would help rescue a family that they didn't know. In our case, somebody said yes with about a month to spare. My father is a great worrier anyway, so I can imagine what a strain he must have been under. My parents concealed all of that from the children very effectively. Finally, in the late spring of 1939, my brother and I were put on the train for England—I was six—and they said, 'Look, you are the grownup one. You take care of your brother and take care of these two little suitcases. Don't eat too much candy. Don't go with strangers'—a whole set of instructions. They were giving me all these instructions. It was a nightmare. My father got out a few days later. At that point, my mother did not have an exit permit, and so she was not sure that she would ever see us again. But a few months later she joined us. By September, the war was on, and no one could get out anymore. We made it with very little time to spare."

While Penzias' father was still in Germany, he had bought steamship tickets from England to New York, and in December of 1939 the family left England. "We arrived in New York the first week of January, 1940," Penzias said. "I remember the month because on the ship, a Cunard liner, we had both a Christmas party and a New Year's party. Here we were, refugees fleeing for our lives, and they had parties with balloons. You could eat yourself sick. While I was in England, I had learned some English. I even learned to read in the few weeks I was at school there. One day, I looked at a book and it all made sense. It was very strange. I remember the day. I still remember the two-room schoolhouse. I just looked down at the book and it made sense. It was a kind of funny thing. My father couldn't speak English terribly well, and he could only get a job doing some kind of manual labor. The unspoken agreement you made with the people who signed your affidavit was that you were not supposed to bother them once you got here. You were supposed to be on your own. You had a moral obligation to feed yourself and not use your sponsor as a resource. Anyway, we first lived in a furnished room in the Bronx, and then in an apartment that we couldn't afford, on the Grand Concourse, and finally my father became a superintendent in various apartment buildings in the Bronx. He collected garbage out of the dumbwaiters, stoked the furnace, and the like. And then, a few years later, my mother went to work in the garment district."

Penzias recalls attending perhaps half a dozen New York elementary schools and then a junior high school in the Bronx. "I suppose everybody is unhappy in junior high school," he remarked. "I had a foreign accent. I never really learned kids' ways. By the time I could speak English well, I could not play the games well. I thought the teachers in junior high school were sometimes destructive. I still remember one time we were shown a siphon, and the teacher asked us to write down the principle of the siphon. People in the class said that it worked because of air pressure. Somehow, I intuitively realized that that couldn't be right, since the air pressure was higher in the lower of the two beakers. Air pressure works in the wrong direction. I said that, and the teacher asked me how I thought it did work, and when I tried to explain the class totally broke up. They thought it was incredibly stupid that I didn't understand that the thing worked by air pressure. The teacher was, I guess, not a bad fellow, but there was not much guidance there."

In February of 1947, Penzias entered Brooklyn Technical High School. "Once I got there, I didn't feel so strange and isolated anymore," Penzias said. "There were more kids like myself. I made friends for the first time. It was a fairly élite school, from which the kids went to college. At home, my father had always talked up chemistry. Like most German Jews, he was a big German patriot. Everything done in Germany was better. He knew about I. G. Farben and German chemistry. So at Brooklyn Tech I sort of drifted into chemistry. I was more interested in electronics, actually, but I talked myself out of it. I had some friends who were radio hams, and I figured that they knew so much more electronics than I did that I couldn't

The price of looking it up just went *way down!*



2,300 pages • 320,000 words • 3,000 illustrations • Full-color maps of the world

Now you can own the latest edition of one of the finest dictionaries in print—and at the same time save $50.

This giant reference work, over 2,300 pages long and about 4 inches thick, was originally published at $69.95. But Barnes & Noble—the world's largest bookstore—is offering it to you for the incredibly low price of only $19.95. That's less than one-third the original publisher's price.

Webster's— Standard Reference for More than 40 Years

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary has been a standard reference work for more than 40 years. The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* continues that fine tradition and is one of the most complete and up-to-date dictionaries available today. Just look at what it contains:

- clear and accurate definitions for 320,000 words and phrases including new additions to the language from physics, chemistry, biology and other specialized fields;
- more than 3,000 illustrations;
- a complete collection of full-color maps of the world;
- thumb-indexed for easy reference.

In addition, the entries are printed in large, clear type, making this dictionary especially easy for you to read.

19 Important Encyclopedia Supplements

These useful supplements offer a wide range of valuable encyclopedic information, including...

- A Dictionary of Geography
- A Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction, Mythology, Legend
- A Dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases
- A Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names
- Most Commonly Used Abbreviations
- Practical Business Mathematics;
- Commercial and Financial Terms
- Forms of Address
- Tables of Weights and Measures
- Presidents, Vice Presidents and Cabinet Officers of the United States
- Air Distances between Principal Cities
- Principal Geographical Features of the World

NOW SAVE $50

You might expect a dictionary that's this complete to cost you as much as $50, $60, or even $70. Indeed, the original publisher's price of *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* is $69.95. But now, by special arrangement with the publisher, we can offer this fine reference work for the amazingly low price of only $19.95. That's a saving of $50.00 or 70% off the original publisher's price.

SINCE 1873
Barnes & Noble
BOOKSTORES
126 Fifth Ave., Dept. W188, N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1189398. Please rush me_____copies of the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* at your special sale price of $19.95 (plus $3.00 shipping & insurance). *N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.*

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip__________

Offer good only in the continental U.S.A.

Your 30 Day Money-Back Guarantee
Examine this unabridged dictionary for up to 30 days. If you are not absolutely convinced that it is the finest dictionary you ever used, return it for a full and prompt refund.

✓Check One
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ I prefer to charge this purchase to:

☐ American Express Card ☐ VISA ☐ Master Card

Account#__________ Exp.______

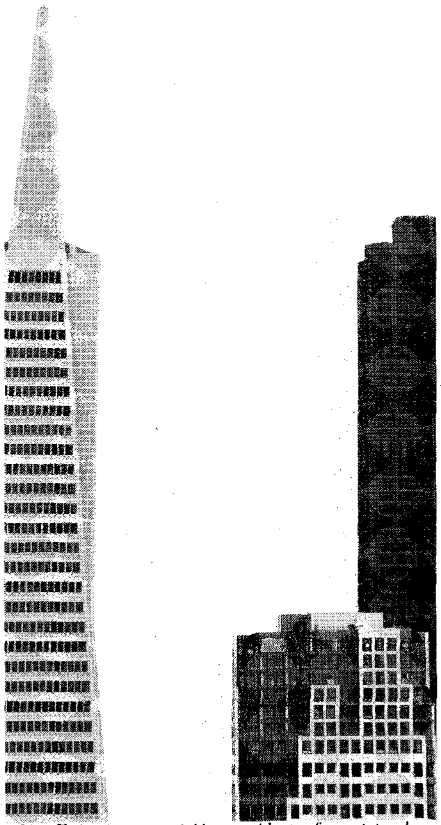
Signature____________________

©1984, Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

A PRUDENT MOVE
FOR THOSE
WHOSE BALANCE SHEETS
HAVE TIPPED
IN THEIR FAVOR.

Totally unique to San Francisco.
Just 33 very private,
very personal view
homes atop
Montgomery Washington Tower.
Directly across from
the Transamerica Pyramid,
you'll never be distant from
business appointments
or personal pleasures.
For full particulars on
these condominium homes of
unrivaled character and
convenience, please contact
Montgomery Washington Tower,
611 Washington Street
at Montgomery,
San Francisco, CA 94111.
(415) 981-2655.

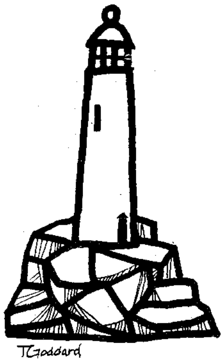
MONTGOMERY WASHINGTON TOWER



This offering is not available to residents of any state where prohibited by law. *© Crow-Spieker Companies 1984*

possibly compete with them. I didn't do well in the high-school physics courses that I took. By this time, I was moving toward technology as a way to make a living. I wanted to make a living. I didn't think I could make a living on my social skills, and once you eliminate social skills what else is there? There was a recession around that time, and the thing I wanted to make absolutely sure of was that I wouldn't be poor. Writers and artists were poor. I didn't have the eyesight to be a pilot. The only kind of job I could imagine that would work had to do with technology. It was clear to me that I wanted to go to college, because people who went to college seemed to dress better and to eat more regularly. It was also clear to me that I wanted to do something 'real.' So it seemed to me that the way to go to college and get a job doing something real at the end was to study engineering, or something like that."

In February of 1951, Penzias entered the City College of New York. "The price was right," he remarked, meaning that it was tuition-free. He began by taking chemistry courses. "I realized after about one semester in that place that I was sick of chemistry," he said. "I had taken so much chemistry in high school that college chemistry was a real nuisance. It involved a lot of memorization of stuff that I already knew. I also took elementary physics, which was taught by a very nice teacher named Hardy. I went to see Professor Hardy, and I asked him, 'Can physicists make a living?' That's what I asked him. He said that physicists thought they could do anything that an engineer could do, and if they could do that they could at least make a living as engineers. I said, 'Fine,' and I switched my major to physics. I took the standard physics courses and the required math courses as well. I never really enjoyed the math courses. I suppose that compared to the average person I'm very good at math, but compared to a mathematician I'm very primitive. I don't think of myself as a very mathematical person. To the extent that I use math at all, it's more on intuition than on any real mathematical skills. I graduated maybe sixteenth in a class of a hundred and seventy, but of the fifteen or so kids who were ahead of me half of them were physics majors. So I was well back in the pack of good physics majors. In those days, the physics majors were the curve busters. They were the odd, bright kids who didn't fit in. Physics was unglamorous then. This was before Sputnik. The number of physics majors was small, and nobody was led into it. The top bright kids seemed to be attracted to it for aesthetic reasons. I didn't get into it, at first, for those reasons, but I found that, as I studied it, it was something I liked. The competition was extraordinarily tough. I had a feeling at that time of not being terribly good—of being a barely adequate physicist."



When the Penziases came to the United States, both Penzias and his brother acquired American first names. His brother, Gunter, became Jim, and Arno Penzias became Allan. His mother, incidentally, went from Inge to Justine, while his father remained Karl. In fact, when Penzias took out his citizenship papers, in 1946, he added Allan as a middle name. While at City College, he met his future wife, Anne. They were married in 1954. "When I met her, she was dating an Al, so, to keep from being confused, she alone, among all the people in the world, called me Arno," Penzias told me. "So I got Arno back. Recently, someone said to me, 'You're not an Al'—although I may have tried to be for a while. I sign my name 'Arno A. Penzias.' It is a vestige of my attempt to Americanize myself."

After graduating from City College, in 1954, Penzias served two years in the Army Signal Corps. While he was in college, he had joined the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. "I was stationed at Fort Devens, Massachusetts," he said. "It was a waste. It was a clear waste of two years of my life." In the late fall of 1955, Penzias went back to City College to ask his former professors about getting into graduate school. "Given my record, I didn't know what kind of graduate school I could get into," he told me. "One of the professors gave me a list, which unfortunately contained M.I.T. I say 'unfortunately,' because M.I.T. turned me down. I had a few choices, but at the last minute my wife said that she was really sick of living outside New York. At the end of our teen-age years, we both had wanted to move out of New York, but I guess the biggest single thing the Army did for me was to show me what life was like outside New York. I decided that I didn't like it. The only thing to do was to try to get into Columbia. Well, Columbia was willing to take me but not willing to give me a teaching assistantship. So I went over there and, on the basis of my Signal Corps experience and a little fast talking, they were willing to give me a research assistantship. The people in the department office called the people in the Columbia Radiation Laboratory, and it turned out that they had plenty of money. They were willing to pay me a hundred and eighty dollars a month, provided that I paid my own tuition. A hundred and eighty dollars seemed like so much money. I also had G.I. Bill money, and my wife worked for a couple of years as an elementary-school teacher. We moved back to the Bronx and got a little apartment, and I commuted down from the Bronx to Columbia every day."

WHEN Penzias entered Columbia, in the fall of 1956, its physics department was a maelstrom of scientific activity. I. I. Rabi, who was then teaching physics there, had won the Nobel Prize in 1944. Also in the department were Polykarp Kusch, who won the Nobel in 1955; Tsung-Dao Lee, who was to win it in 1957; and Charles Townes, who had come to Columbia from Bell Labs in 1948 and was to win the Nobel in 1964. Shortly before Penzias arrived, Townes and his students had invented the maser, which is to electromagnetic radiation with wavelengths on the order of a few centimetres what the laser, also invented by Townes, in collaboration with A. L. Schawlow, is to visible light. Penzias did not have a happy time at Columbia. "They let just about anybody in," he recalls. "People came in with degrees in English. Then they failed half the class. They just flunked people out like mad. It never seemed to occur to anyone that they were ruining people's lives. It seemed to me to be a sort of mechanical, mindless grinding of human beings."

Penzias went on, "I just got through Columbia by the skin of my teeth. I didn't actually flunk any courses, but I got a couple of incompletes and had to take the exams over. I will never forget my first exam. Townes gave it, in an optics course. It was an open-book exam with five ques-

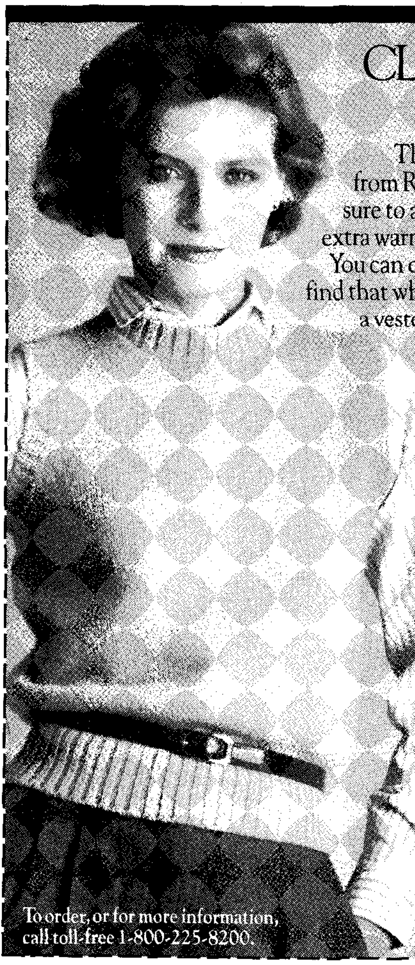
You can't deny good stock.

Its background is impressive. Its performance, consistency, utility and function are all part of a well-bred tradition. For you, a constant invitation to create your own pièce de résistance with the only pot that stands alone.

Calphalon®

Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693



CLASSIC INVESTMENTS SINCE 1947.

This Shetland wool crewneck sweater vest ($30) from Robert Scott, now featured in our catalog, is sure to add extra flair to your Fall look, while adding extra warmth to your layered separates.

You can choose from red, flannel grey and navy. You'll find that when it comes to the classics – The Talbots has a vested interest in your satisfaction.

To order, simply call toll-free 1-800-225-8200, or return this form to: The Talbots, Dept. MY, Hingham, MA 02043. And don't worry about shipping and handling – we'll pay it for you.

Quantity: ________ (fill-in)
Size: ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40
Color: ☐ Red ☐ Flannel Grey ☐ Navy
☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ Am Ex
Card # ________ Exp. Date
☐ Enclosed is $2 for 8 issues of catalog only.
Name
Address
City
State Zip

The Talbots

To order, or for more information, call toll-free 1-800-225-8200.

The elegant little hotel around the corner.

A few steps east of Park Avenue on 39th Street, around the corner from corporate headquarters and all the best of New York, is one of Murray Hill's most attractive surprises. The Tuscany, an elegant little hotel with all the virtues the description implies.

Traveling executives choose the Tuscany because of where we are. Because our luxurious accommodations have such unusual extras as separate dressing room, make-up room, butler's pantry and much more. Because our restaurant is one of the city's finest. And because our service equals the most attentive they've ever experienced.

Indeed, the perfection of the little hotel around the corner attracts elite visitors from around the world.

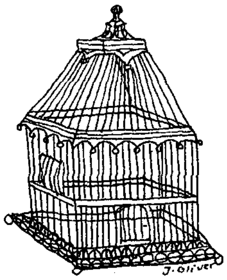
DORAL TUSCANY
HOTEL
120 East 39th Street, New York, NY 10016
Tel. (212) 686-1600
Telex: 640243. Cable: TUSCOTEL
Outside New York State,
call toll-free. 800-847-4078

Paris newsletter.

From the City of Light...art, music, cafés, the Seine, real estate, food, métro, exhibitions...$30 for 11 issues (includes bonus issue).

Check, money order, Visa, MC to:
(US Office) Paris newsletter, 524-51
Thames St., Newport RI 02840 USA.
Sample issue $3.50.
(401) 847-1683

tions. I couldn't do any of them. By the time I got to number five, I was in a cold sweat. I was sitting in this room, and I had just gone through the first four questions. None of them could I answer—not any one. I got to number five, and I looked around and saw that everybody else was working. I asked myself, 'What are the odds that I am the dumbest person in this room?' The rest of them seemed to be able to do the exam—they were working, at least—so I decided to try number five. I got it wrong. But then I went back and worked on the rest of them. I got a fifty-four, which, it turned out, was the second-highest mark in the class. Townes, as it happened, was just beginning to think about lasers. So he had wanted to learn about optics, and on the exam he asked about things that *he* was interested in."



In 1957, Penzias asked Townes if he could do a thesis with him, and Townes agreed. Townes had just had two students build a maser that would detect radiation with a wavelength of three centimetres—the first operating maser receiver. Penzias built the second maser receiver at Columbia, which was designed to work at a wavelength of twenty-one centimetres. (These early masers were fussy laboratory devices. The first practical maser was built at Bell Labs in 1958.) The choice of twenty-one centimetres was not accidental; it was based on the well-known fact that the hydrogen atom emits radio waves of twenty-one centimetres. Penzias hoped to use his maser in conjunction with a large radio antenna to detect hydrogen in outer space; it was then thought that hydrogen was present in the gas between galaxies. Penzias built his maser and took it to the Naval Research Laboratory, which had an antenna at Maryland Point, Maryland, suitable for detecting astronomical radio signals.

"I had read an article in which some fellow reported that he had found hydrogen in the galactic gas in several clusters of galaxies," Penzias told me. "So it seemed as though it would be an easy thing to do to use my maser, which was very sensitive, and make a tremendous catalogue of intergalactic hydrogen. I went to the antenna and pointed it to where I thought I should see something, and saw nothing. So I called the guy up and he said, 'Oh, yes, all my results were wrong. All my hydrogen signals were spurious.' At that point, I figured that the best thing to do was try to place an upper limit on the amount of hydrogen in a few clusters of galaxies. I did see a signal, but it was not hydrogen-line radiation. Later in my career, I did some more intergalactic-hydrogen work, because it has cosmological significance. But as for my thesis—it was a dreadful thesis, and I felt that I had just barely got through it. It was something I felt I had to live down or, at least, do over, better. There were two things that I was good at. One was that I had an ability to organize things in mechanical terms to build things—and the other was that I had, and have, a great ability to endure pain. These were the two things that got me through Columbia."

In the early spring of 1960—this was about two years before Penzias got his doctoral degree—Townes took a few of his students to visit the Bell Labs Radio Research Laboratory, at Crawford Hill. At that time, A.T. & T. was getting into the international communications-satellite business—which it got out of a couple of years later, when Comsat was formed. The Echo balloon was about to be launched, and the new antenna was being constructed at Crawford Hill to receive signals from it. Late that year, Penzias got the notion that he might use a maser—either his or one that had been built at the Labs—to redo his thesis. He asked Rudolf Kompfner, then the director of the Radio Research Lab, if it would be possible to have a temporary appointment—just long enough to carry out his project. Penzias recalled, "Rudy said, 'Why not take a permanent job? You can always quit.' We have permanent jobs here in the sense that there is no particular time attached to them when the job is automatically reviewed. We don't really have a tenure system. We have a continuing review. If the quality of someone's work goes below a certain level, then some kind of separation can be effected. We have a standard we adhere to, but we don't assume that some fraction of what one might call our assistant professors will not become associate professors. The normal assumption is that, given satisfactory work, everybody stays. We don't have some number of tenure slots that is smaller than the number of people we hire, the way you do in a university. But a small fraction of people who have been here for five years will not make it to ten, and some smaller fraction will not make it to fifteen, and so forth. But, by and large, unsuitable people are weeded out—usually by mutual agreement—within the first few years. In any case, he offered the job, and I accepted, and came to Crawford Hill in 1961. I had always thought, even before I came, that Bell Labs would be a great place to work. I liked the connection between the work done here and useful things. I have always wanted to do something practical."

A PART of the first project that Penzias worked on had to do with a group called the antenna-pointing committee, which had been organized to try to figure out how to set up a system to help point an antenna accurately. "The antenna at Crawford Hill was fairly small, so it wasn't all that hard to know where it was pointing," Penzias told me. "But the one we had at Andover, Maine—which was used to communicate with Telstar—was substantially larger. These antennas are made of steel, which can bend for a number of reasons—gravity, wind load, heat, cold. The gears are not perfect. The foundation is not cast exactly horizontal. These problems are hard to find, and can even vary with the time of day. To solve this problem, Bell Labs had created the antenna-pointing committee, with about thirty members. I came to the first meeting, and I said that I knew how to solve the problem." In essence, Penzias proposed putting a second receiver in the antenna, which he could then point at a known natural source of radiation, such as the remnants of an exploded star. By comparing where the telescope's instruments said the star was with what the positions were as given by an astronomical table, he could tell by how much the telescope was mispointing. "The committee immediately dissolved itself and gave me the job, and I went off and did it," Penzias told me.

That having been done, Penzias decided that he had had enough of the communications-satellite business, and returned to radio astronomy. "Management offered me the opportunity to use the horn antenna—the one that Wilson and I used later to discover cosmic background radiation—at Crawford Hill for some satellite-communications work on the Telstar proj-

LYRIC
ETRUSCAN
CHATEAU ROSE
DAMASK ROSE
RAMBLER ROSE
OLD MASTER
VALENCIA
CASTLE ROSE
LANCASTER
CANDLELIGHT
ROYAL DANISH
G & M WASHINGTON
PRELUDE
OVER 2,000 PATTERNS IN STOCK
MILBURN ROSE
FAIRFAX
CHANTILLY
SEA ROSE
ROSE POINT
SILVER SCULPTURE
SPRING GLORY

Sterling Silver Pattern Matching Service

STERLING AND SILVERPLATE

More than 2,000 Patterns in Stock

Obsolete • Inactive • Active

Replace lost or damaged pieces

Complete your starter set • Add serving pieces

UP TO 40-75% OFF SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES

We have hundreds of sterling and silverplate flatware patterns in stock (2,366 patterns the day this ad was prepared)—obsolete, inactive, and active. Many cannot be bought in retail stores at any price. Get a single piece, a place setting, extra spoons—whatever you need. Save up to 40-75% on every piece.

EASY TO ORDER—DO IT NOW!

Just tell us the pattern name and manufacturer. We will send you a list of all the pieces in stock in your pattern and the price for each. We will put your name in our Silver Register and notify you when we have additional pieces you might want. 30-day return privilege on all silver you buy from Walter Drake Silver Exchange. If you are not sure of your pattern name, ask for one of our free combination sterling and silverplate catalogues of patterns.

SEND THE COUPON BELOW TODAY

We buy and sell silver every day, so our stock changes every day. The sooner you send the coupon, the sooner you will get the pieces you want. First come, first served. We keep our prices as low as we can, but inflation affects the price of silver, too. It probably costs less to get the silver you want now than it ever will again, so don't delay. Send coupon today—or for the fastest service, phone us right now.

VISA MasterCard

PHONE TOLL FREE
FOR MASTERCARD OR VISA
ORDERS OR INFORMATION
1-800-525-9291
Colorado Residents call 1-800-332-3661

Walter Drake Silver Exchange
5248 Drake Building, Colorado Springs, CO 80940

WALTER DRAKE SILVER EXCHANGE
5248 Drake Building, Colorado Springs, CO 80940

Your Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________

State ____________ Zip ____________

I am interested in: ☐ Sterling ☐ Silverplate
☐ Buying ☐ Selling

Pattern Name ____________

Pattern Manufacturer ____________

☐ Send free combination Sterling and Silverplate Catalogue of Patterns.

L.L.Bean®

Chino Pants

(For Men and Women)

You'll get more wearing pleasure from these pants than from any others you own. Made of high-grade durable cotton/polyester twill. Fully cut with two front and two rear pockets, fly front, 1¾" belt loops. "Easy alter" waistband can be let out about 1½". Washable. Permanent crease; minimal shrinkage. Neat looking for sports or work. Colors: Tan, Navy. Waist sizes: 25, 26, 27, 28, 29. Inseams: 30" and 32". Even waist sizes: 30 to 44 plus 31 and 33. Inseams: 29", 30", 31", 32", 33", 34".

Please Ship Postage Paid
100% Guarantee
___1822W Tan Chinos @ **$15.50**
Size___Inseam___
___1725W Navy Chinos @ **$15.50**
Size___Inseam___
☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX
Card No.___
Exp. Date___ ☐ **Send FREE Catalog**
Name___
Address___
City___
State___Zip___
L. L. Bean, Inc.
843A Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

Quiet Quality

THE TIDES INN
An outstanding resort
Post Office Box 339
Irvington, VA 22480 804/438-5000

Belgian Shoes

THE LUI
for Him $175⁰⁰

BROCHURE AVAILABLE, $1.00

Belgian Shoes,
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

ect," he said. "I said, 'No, I'd rather do radio astronomy.' In those days, as now, the Laboratories funded a number of disinterested experiments—experiments that use our capabilities to further pure science. That way, we're not just a sink of information but a source as well. We want to be coupled with the basic scientific community, because we get information from it. The only way we *get* information is to give some back. In any case, I took a little antenna of my own to a corner of the hill and did my own experiment. At that point—1963—only the twenty-one-centimetre hydrogen line from interstellar space had been discovered. I thought that it would be nice to look for the hydroxyl molecule—the oxygen-hydrogen molecule, OH. It had a line at eighteen centimetres. My antenna had a very broad beam, so if OH had been distributed across the sky the way hydrogen is I could have found it. But OH, it turns out, is much more concentrated, so what I needed was a much larger antenna with a tinier beam. Some other astronomers with a large antenna were the first to find OH. After that, I joined a project at Harvard which had a large antenna, and I used my own receiver to do some additional OH work for a little while. It was an O.K. project but not a roaring success, since these other people, with the right kind of antenna, had beat me out."

When Robert Wilson came to Bell Labs, in 1963, there was only one radio-astronomy position, so he and Penzias split it, with each man working part-time on other projects. By this time, the horn antenna that had been used to communicate with the Telstar satellites had become available full-time for radio astronomy. One year later, Wilson and Penzias made their joint discovery of cosmic background radiation. I asked Penzias to describe the effect of this discovery on him.

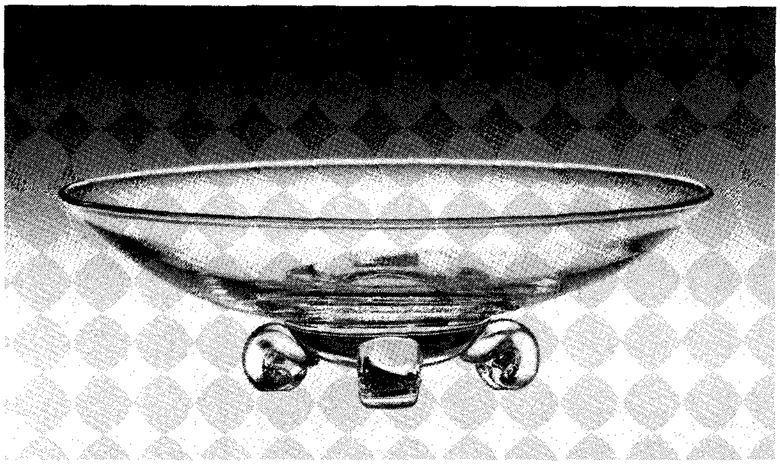
"I was a late starter," Penzias told me. "My first refereed paper came out in 1964, not much before my thirty-second birthday." A refereed paper is a paper published in one of the established scientific journals, which has a pool of referees who make sure the papers meet a certain standard. "That was the work on the OH molecules. But in 1965 our cosmic-background-radiation work burst upon the scene. It made me think of a farmer in Egypt who finds one of those famous tombs. If I were that farmer, the first thing I would do is cover the tomb and go off to archeology school to get my archeologist's license, because the first person to make a discovery like that should be an archeologist, not just a person. So I felt that I needed my astronomer's license, and for the next few years I proceeded to get it. Wilson and I opened up an entirely new field. I put together a group to work on the millimetre-wavelength portion of the radiation spectrum produced by interstellar molecules. We used Bell Labs technology to make a receiver that we used in conjunction with a large antenna in the Southwest—at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory, in Arizona. Along with Keith B. Jefferts, we discovered, in 1970, carbon monoxide in the Orion Nebula. Then, later, we found some of the dozens of interstellar molecules, ranging from ethyl alcohol to hydrocyanic acid, that everybody knows about now. The millimetre portion of the spectrum is so rich that it is hard to take an antenna and point it at certain sources in the sky and not find new lines. When we opened up this field, it was a tremendous step forward, and it was very profitable both professionally and scientifically."

In 1972, Arthur Crawford, who had been the head of the Radio Physics Research Department at Crawford Hill during the eleven years that Penzias had worked there, retired. Penzias, who had made a favorable impression as a scientific organizer when he put together the milli*metre-wavelength astronomy* project, was offered the job. "I had already turned down a couple of department-head offers, because I was happy doing what I was doing and wasn't really sure that I wanted to manage anybody," he said. "The thought of sitting in meetings all day and taking stuff from my 'in' basket and putting it into my 'out' basket sounded dreadful. Also, Crawford, although he had liked the recognition that came with being promoted, had regarded the job itself as a burden. I was happy to be working for him as long as he was there, but once he retired I didn't feel like working for anyone else—so I took the job. It was a department of about a dozen people."

In the Bell Labs organization, a department is run by a department head, a laboratory by a director, a division by an executive director, and an area by a vice-president. The technical areas include electronic technology, operations systems and network planning, switching systems, research, computer technologies, military systems, and transmission systems. In less than ten years, Penzias went from being a member of the Radio Physics Research Department to being vice-president in charge of research—something he regards as miraculous. "The nice thing about each of the administrative jobs that I have had is that the previous occupant had retired, so I was able to redefine the job," he told me. "In each case, I became convinced that I had the best conceivable job not just in Bell Laboratories but probably in the world of science. But when I said to my wife that I didn't want the next job because it was a terrible job, and that the job I had was the last *good* job, she said just what Rudy Kompfner had once told me—'Take it. You can always quit.' But I never wanted to, because each new job turned out to be marvellous."

I asked Penzias to tell me about winning the Nobel Prize in 1978.

"I can now say the words 'Nobel Prize' without stammering," he began. "A Nobel Prize can make one feel intimidated. One sort of feels that the people around you are sharper and, perhaps, a little bit smarter; that they get things faster and don't have all the doubts and questions that you have; that they really understand the stuff that they are talking about and that the stuff that you understand is, maybe, simpler. I think that that's a general feeling among scientists. I don't know about other fields. But I think that around here the really good people do have a certain amount of anxiety. Also, when you win the Nobel Prize you get into the same company with people like Hans Bethe and Charles Townes, and one may have the feeling that those people are really more deserving. I have sort of finessed that by saying that I don't want to be judged by how much I deserved the prize but, rather, on what use I have put it to. I have tried to use it in positive ways. For example, the first thing I did when I won it was to go from Stockholm to Moscow, where I delivered my Nobel lecture in Brailovsky's apartment." Viktor Brailovsky is a distinguished Soviet computer scientist and dissident. He and his wife, Irina, had a tiny four-room apartment in Moscow where



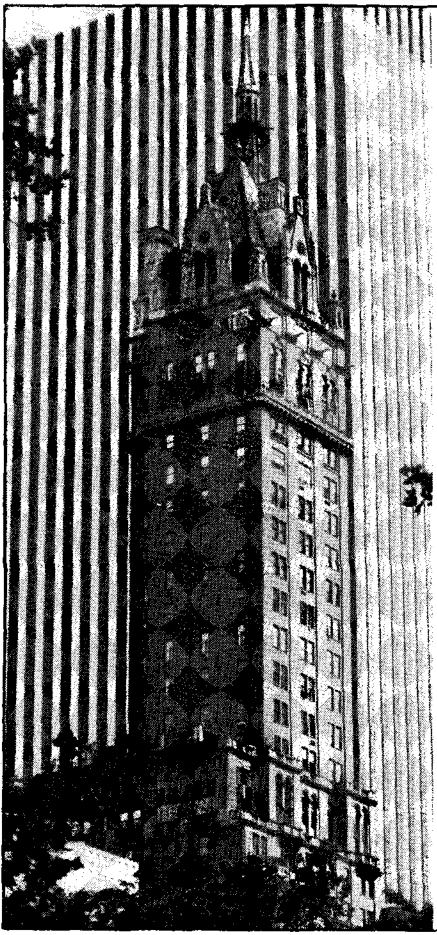
Conversational centerpiece

Wide enough to hold flowers or fruit, yet low enough to talk over, Steuben's low-footed crystal bowl makes a classic centerpiece. Low-Footed Bowl 7909n: Diameter 11". Signed Steuben. $425, tax additional.

You may order by mail or phone. Major credit cards accepted. Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Phone: 1-212-752-1441. Out of State: 1-800-223-1234.

STEUBEN GLASS

PART OF CORNING GLASS WORKS SINCE 1918



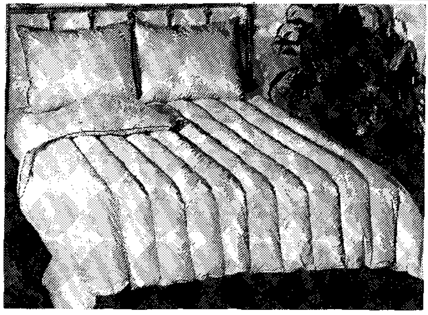
Some Things Never Change at The Sherry-Netherland Hotel.

The good life never goes out of style at The Sherry. Our dedicated staff greet guests by name, recognize their personal preferences and deliver messages by hand. Our rooms and suites, with crystal chandeliers, period furniture and fireplaces offer the most superb views of Manhattan.

This very civilized ambience has never changed. We, and our guests, prefer it that way. Elevators of gleaming wood and Italian Renaissance painted panels compete with corridors of gold-leaf detail and ornate mirrors. Our lobby, designed in the manner of the Vatican library, is a treasure of marble, bronze and fine tapestries. The city's best shops and galleries are nearby.

The SHERRY-NETHERLAND

On the Park at Fifth & 59th
781 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10022
(212) 355-2800 or (800) 223-0522



SHOP AND COMPARE OUR PRICES

Down Comforters
& DOWN PILLOWS

DOWN COMFORTERS $69

You'll save 50% and more off normal retail by purchasing down comforters and pillows at the manufacturer's price.

Our parent company, Gillette Industries (founded in 1911), is the national manufacturer of Bill Blass women's down coats. We're America's Down Experts manufacturing down comforters, down pillows and other quality down products in Wisconsin.

Down comforters are for those who appreciate luxury and love warmth. Hand-guided sewing and the finest European down... nature's best insulation.... go into every comforter we make. These comforters are covered with a down proof cotton/polyester fabric, woven to stay on your bed. Coordinating down pillows are the perfect complement for total sleep comfort. **Call or write for your free down catalog.**

The Company Store™

☎ **1-800-356-9367**

Channel Down Comforters	*Colors*
☐Twin (60" x 86") $69	☐Lt. Blue
☐Queen/Full (86"x86") $99	☐Beige
☐King (102" x 86") $129	
☐Calif. King (102"x96") $149	
☐Crib Comforter (36"x50") $39	☐Pink ☐Lt. Blue
Reversible Channel Down Comforters	*Colors*
☐Twin (60" x 86") $79	☐Lt. Blue/ Slate Blue
☐Queen/Full(86" x 86") $109	
☐King (102" x 86") $139	☐Beige/ Caramel
☐Calif. King (102"x96") $159	
Down Pillows	*Colors*
☐Standard (20" x 26") $35	☐Lt. Blue
☐Queen (20" x 30") $45	☐Beige
☐King (20" x 36") $55	☐White
☐Baby/Boudoir (12" x 16") $25	☐Pink ☐Lt. Blue

☎ **ORDER BY PHONE 1-800-356-9367**
TOLL-FREE. Use your credit card.
OR ORDER BY MAIL.
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐Am.Ex. ☐Check

Acct. No.:____________Exp. Dt.______
Comforters: $______+ $______= $______
Pillows: $______+ $______= $______
Ship. & Hdg. chg.- $5 per item = $______
TOTAL = $______
Signature ____________
Address ____________
City/State/Zip ____________

Send to: The Company Store, Dept. R 87, 1205 S. 7th St., La Crosse, WI 54601. Guarantee: If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, please return for a **full refund.**

thirty or so refusenik scientists tried to keep up with their professions by holding regular seminars. In November of 1980, Brailovsky was arrested and sent to prison for "defamation of the Soviet state." Penzias went on, "I try to use the visibility that comes with such recognition in ways that I think are helpful to society—the society that has nurtured and benefitted me. That makes me feel a little better about it. Basically, I am glad that I won the Nobel. Among other things, you tend to meet a hell of a lot of interesting people. It is, as the sociologist Robert Merton put it, a 'haunting presence.' If I go to a party with people I don't know, sometimes I think I am having this great time, with all these people chuckling at my jokes, and then, after it is all over, people come and say, 'It was an honor to meet you,' as if they hadn't listened to me at all. So it's a haunting presence you carry with you—but it's not terrible."

Until December of 1981, when he was promoted to his current job, Penzias had been working at Crawford Hill and Holmdel. He then moved to Murray Hill, where he works at present. "I had one week to get over here from Holmdel and put my furniture in my office before the Christmas holidays," he said of that move. "Then I got back from Christmas and was all set to start working when they broke up the telephone company. I didn't believe that the case would ever be settled out of court, but I was wrong. It was a jolt, and it made me even busier than I was. I had a student from Princeton who had just finished a thesis with me, and he got a good deal less attention than he might have if I had been less busy, and my own research sort of got squeezed out. I've had an amazing amount of freedom in this job. Nobody tells me how to do my job, but there is a tremendous pressure to do a good job. People from the chairman of A.T. & T. on down say that they think research is a good thing. It's like supporting motherhood. But they say it almost on faith. It is part of my job to show this in a quantitative way. I have given myself a twofold charter. The inside of this place has to look the same as it was to the people working here, and the outside has to look different to our owners. We have to make sure that the people who are paying for the research get value for their money. We have to provide the foundation for the understanding that other people are going to turn into products and

MY CHILD'S DESTINY

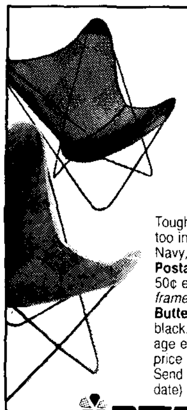
A very special catalog for children.

◆

European and American clothing, beautiful books, unique toys from around the world, and educational computer software.

◆

Send $2 for one year subscription
My Child's Destiny, Dept. 1182,
P.O. Box 7337, San Francisco, CA 94120



TOUGH STUFF

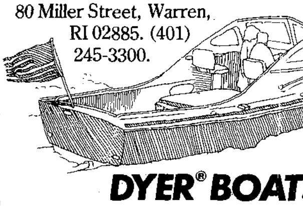
Our cool as-a-breeze most-durable-ever PVC coated **polyester plastic butterfly cover.** It simply won't fade, rot, mildew or stretch, is triple stitched and doubly reinforced. And the open weave makes cool sitting even in the brightest sun. White, brown, sun yellow, *tangerine or blue.* ***$24.95***
Tough **Welter-Weight Canvas Covers** too in Natural, Green, Lemon Yellow, Navy, Terra Cotta, or Brown. **$21.95**
Postage on all covers: $3.50 1st cover, 50¢ each additional. *Covers fit all size frames, satisfaction guaranteed.*
Butterfly Frames: Tubular steel; matte black. **Frame only $45.** ea. (7.50 postage ea.); add cover of your choice (& price of same) from above listings.
Send check, BA or MC (include expiration date) Catalog $1; Free with order.

THE PATIO
P.O. Box 31118
Dept. NY8204
San Francisco CA 94131

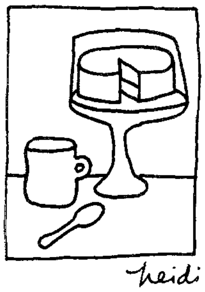
The Dyer 29.

Offers superior economy and seakindliness, in trunk cabin, hard top or open bass boat models. Superbly custom finished to your specifications. Diesel or gas power. Call or write: The Anchorage, Inc.,
80 Miller Street, Warren,
RI 02885. (401)
245-3300.

DYER® BOATS



services. Nobody gives me a quota that tells me I have to turn out so many patents. But there is pressure all over—pressure from the Japanese, who are competing with us, and pressure from within to help the light-wave people, help the terminal people, help the switching people, help every single group as fast as we can. One of our strengths—and one of the unique things about our research—is that we are tied very closely to development and manufacture. A new laboratory that is being set up for Bell Communications Research, which will serve the operating phone companies, will have a much smaller research operation than we do. It will not be responsible for inventing products that can be produced by A.T. & T. Technologies. We at Bell Labs keep that responsibility. Some of our people have gone to the new laboratory, but eventually they will be replaced here.”



Penzias went on, “Our research role is to provide an understanding of the broad range of technologies supporting what we call the information age. The fields that are needed in this range all the way from graph theory to surface science. It requires essentially the same number of people and the same mixture of skills as before. So the mission of the laboratory has not really changed. What has changed is that the mechanism by which we can transfer concepts into products has become clearer. Before, some of the products that arose because of our knowledge could not be produced here. The 1956 consent decree would not allow it.” Penzias was referring to the settlement of a federal anti-trust suit in which A.T. & T. agreed to stay out of certain areas of business. “Now, for example, we can get into medical electronics. We can certainly get into computers, and we are certainly going to. This is not to say that we are going to stop doing and publishing pure research or that we are in any way going to change our ethics or standards. But the focus of the research and the goals are very clear. We’ve got competitive A.T. & T. Communications. We’ve got A.T. & T. Technologies. We’ve got an international company. We’ve got A.T. & T. Information Systems, and each of those outfits has a product line. The most important of our customers will still be the telephone companies. We don’t want the flow of equipment that comes from our science to result in products from some Japanese manufacturer, or to be made in Korea, or Taiwan, or West Germany, or somewhere. We are going to lose some business, I expect, but, basically, we want to maintain the flow, which means our products had better be the best. We want to use American labor, which is more expensive. Our only advantage is knowledge.”

As for the divestiture and its effects, Penzias said, “We *have* streamlined. We are working harder than we used to. We have a sense of urgency. With respect to the development departments, some people say we used to have a kind of Tarzan complex, as if we were going to teach the apes how to read or something. We are now working much closer to development. But I am not doing this just to make money for some stockholders. I am doing it because I think it is good for the country, good for science, as well as being good for Bell Labs. If we have a financially healthy organization here, then we can afford to do fundamental research—the kind of stuff that I do in my own radio astronomy. I have just sent a paper on interstellar isotopic abundances to a journal. I think that was worth doing. There are other people here who are working in fields that range from cognitive psychology to the structure of polymeric molecules. We have fundamental research all through this organization. But fundamental research is always under pressure here. We are going to fund only the best stuff. For example, we don’t tolerate run-of-the-mill physics as much as we might have done in the past. Partly, that is my own doing. Long before the divestiture, when I became head of a division the number of people who left—it was dramatically increased. It is as much my personality as anything else. I demand a certain standard of myself and of everybody else. Keeping someone here has to be weighed against the cost to the people who are outside. To have somebody here in a secure job when there is somebody on the outside who is far more deserving scientifically is not necessarily fair. We have to be sensitive, of course, but if people aren’t doing their jobs well we have to question whether they ought to be doing those jobs. Somebody who spends twenty years grinding paper after paper out of the same piece of apparatus, just because nobody else is interested in

“I smile to myself whenever...

...the ladies at the club admire my Anne Klein sweater jacket.

...dinner guests remark that my mahogany wine table is as rare a find as the vintage I’m serving.

...I think of my husband opening one of his Christmas presents saying, “Two cashmere sweaters!”

...my mother-in-law snips, “How *do* you afford all those designer clothes?”

...anyone opens a birthday gift, finds a more-lavish-than-expected present ...smiles at me and says, “You shouldn’t have.”

Because I *didn’t.* I’m smiling to myself because I saved up to 70% on everything in the GRAND FINALE catalog. So can you. Just mail the coupon and they’ll send you catalogs almost every month with thousands of dollars in savings on famous names—from furnishings to fashions. All guaranteed. *And* they take credit cards. Why not mail the coupon now? Then, if I ever see you suppressing the barest shimmer of a smile, I’ll know why.

GRAND FINALE

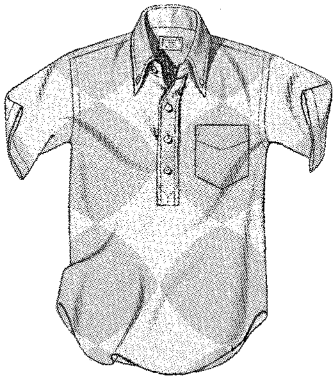
I’d like you to smile, too.

Mail now to:
Grand Finale
Dept. NB125; P.O. Box 819027
Farmers Branch, Texas 75381-9027

Yes, I want to enjoy significant savings on quality-made merchandise too. Send me an eight-issue subscription to GRAND FINALE (including your sumptuous Christmas catalog). I enclose my check or money order for $2.00.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

BUTTON-DOWN
OXFORD PULLOVERS



Our comfortable, popular short-sleeve pullover shirt in easy-care cotton/poly oxford cloth. Button-down collar, for wear with or without a tie. White, blue, navy, pink, yellow, peach, ecru or lavender. S, M, L, XL, XXL (18-18½). $28. In Nevada call (415) 397-7733
Order TOLL-FREE 800 - 457-2345
☐ $3 enclosed for 1 year catalogue subscription.

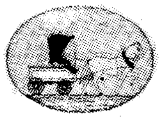
Cable Car Clothiers A1H204
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939
Mail Orders: No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108
Shirt(46129A): Size____Col.________Qty.____
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #____________________Expir.________
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name__________________________________
Address________________________________
______________________________Zip_________

EVERYTHING YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT.

Exhilarating. Relaxing. Luxurious. Complete. For information on a Buccaneer Vacation ask your travel agent or **Ralph Locke,** 315 E. 72nd St., New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 586-3070 or toll free

1-800-223-1108
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Re-Getting Acquainted Weekend



Enjoy the flavor of a quaint hundred-year-old Inn with canopy beds and traditional New England and Continental fare. Savor tableside cooking Friday evening, a Tavern Room dinner Saturday evening, and an old-fashioned Opera House brunch on Sunday—all part of a relaxing, romantic weekend.

2 nights/$89.50 *

*Per person/double occupancy, tax, beverages and gratuities not included. One night package also available.. For information and reservations write or call:

YANKEE PEDLAR INN
1865 Northampton Street, Exit 16—I-91 ***AAA
Holyoke, MA 01040 • (413) 532-9494 ***Mobil

doing the work— That doesn't, in my view, qualify as doing topnotch science. But we also have to understand, and I think our owners do, that it can take years and years before someone may be able to make something useful out of a piece of pure research. That we understand this is one of the unique strengths of this place. I have compared us to all of our competitors. The few competitors we have, who hire people as good as the ones we hire, and who fund them at least as well as we do, do not do as well as we do, because they manage too closely. There is too much short-term management. One of the things that people are constantly amazed at in this place is just how little short-term management there really is—just how little short-term management I get. People don't believe that nobody tells me what to do on a daily, weekly, or even a monthly basis. Occasionally, I get a little bit of 'fatherly' advice, but in the past year I do not think I have spent as much as four hours with my boss, discussing *how* I should be doing my job. Instead, we focus on our long-range objectives."

Summing up, Penzias said, "If people are doing an outstanding job, we let them alone, and we're going to continue to do that. But if A.T. & T. Technologies turns belly up and we close all our factories because we can't afford American workers, then all bets are off. As long as there is a healthy Bell Laboratories, we need fundamental research desperately. Fundamental research is our window to the universities, to the scientific community. This year, for example, we are wooing theoretical physicists as if they were movie stars. These are not people who are going to make us better light bulbs or better word processors. If I hire the fifth-best theoretical-physics student in this country, I can get away with it, but if I hire the fifteenth-best I am wasting my time. We are looking for number two, or number three, and we want to compete with the best universities for number one. That is where we are. I am a high-pressure guy, and I didn't take this job to conduct a going-out-of-business sale."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

Cafe Central is not merely new, it is an innovation. A total environment that feeds the senses . . . the eyes (wait until you see), the ears (wait until you hear), the mind, and oh yes, the pallet.—*Adv. in Utah Holiday.*

Let's not forget the old pallet.

From Alliance Editions:

Classic corduroy designs for people who demand comfort in clothing

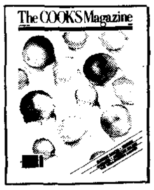
Your Fall clothing agenda starts with soft, fine-wale corduroy. Our corduroy, flannel and cotton knit designs are totally coordinated and are perfect for cool weather. Send $1 for 1984 Fall catalog of our complete line.

Corduroy shirtdress has tucked shoulders, stand collar, elastic waist, side pockets & self belt. Huckleberry blue. S, M, L, XL. $76. *Linen Weave* print 100% cotton turtleneck. Navy on red. S, M, L, XL. $26. Send check plus $2.40 handling or MC, VISA or Amexco to Dept. NYF1. Visit our stores at Quincy Market & Copley Place in Boston & The Arcade in Providence.

Alliance Editions
Copley Place Upper Level
100 Huntington Ave, Boston, MA 02116
Phone orders: **617 267-8383**

DISCOVER "AMERICAN"

American cooking is in the throes of a major revolution. And one food magazine is there, covering the trends, the recipes and the personalities — The COOK'S Magazine, The Magazine Of Cooking In America.



The "New American Cuisine" is here and it's offering dishes like Grilled Rabbit Sausage, Breast of Duckling In Cider Sauce and Fig & Raspberry Tart. If you would like to follow the trends, the recipes and the personalities, subscribe to The COOK'S Magazine, The Magazine of Cooking In America. Just send us your name and address with a check for $18 (6 issues) and we will start your subscription with the current issue.

**The COOK'S Magazine
THE MAGAZINE OF COOKING IN AMERICA
Dept. 5NY48 1698 Post Road East Westport CT 06880**

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181

AROUND CITY HALL

BACK IN THE BALLGAME

SOME people who are afflicted with what has been diagnosed as advanced nostalgia for the good old days (Take Sal Hepatica—or maybe Tastyeast—and old Doc Cunningham will stop by in his new Kaiser-Frazer in the morning) like to work the conversation around to the era when there were only eight American League and eight National League baseball teams, all of them based in cities north of the old Confederacy and, except for St. Louis, east of the Mississippi. For dedicated New Yorkers with this affliction, such memories are especially sweet, since in those days most baseball seasons would end up with one of the three local teams (no other city had that many) in the World Series. Of the fifty Series finalists in the twenty-five years before the number of teams was first increased, in 1961, twenty-nine were from New York. In ten of those years, both contenders were from this city. The theory of "City People," by Gunther Barth, a professor of history at the University of California at Berkeley, is that a major element in the late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century growth of the American city was the rise of organized baseball; attendance at the games, he believes, gave the new immigrant population a sense of the communal exhilaration of urban life and of the importance of living by rules. Reinforcing local residents' impression that New York was the capital of practically everything was the fact that in fifteen out of the twenty-one national elections beginning with the first one after the Civil War through the first after the Second World War a New York political figure, usually the governor of the state, was the Presidential nominee of one major party or the other; in 1904 and again in 1944, *both* major parties nominated New Yorkers as their candidates to lead the nation.

The name of that year's winner, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the last New Yorker to come out ahead in a Presidential election, has received favorable mention in 1984 campaign speeches not only by his fellow-Democrats but by leaders of the opposition party, for whose members going down to the Trans-Lux to hiss Roosevelt was once a recognized sport. The last year a New Yorker was nominated for the Presidency was 1948. The name of that year's loser, Thomas E. Dewey, the governor of the state, who had also been the loser in 1944, crops up mainly these days as a cautionary reference to ward off political overconfidence, as in "Remember President Dewey," said to have been overheard lately outside the Oval Office, and in reminders by irreverent historians that he was the candidate whose perceived deficiencies led James Reston to conclude a *Times* article on Dewey campaign trips in 1948, when candidates travelled by rail, "And then the train starts out, usually with a jerk."

Within a few years after New Yorkers lost their well-muscled grasp on the national political process, major-league baseball teams—also no longer limited by the need to travel between cities by rail—began spreading out across the nation in a generally westerly direction, and by 1969 each league had two divisions, with a present total of twenty-six teams. (And, of course, their players were no longer exclusively white, as they had been in the good old days before 1947, any more than were the power structures of the cities in which they played.) A recognized sport of local nostalgia specialists is trying to imagine the face of some old-timer—say, the New York Giants' manager John J. McGraw—at the news that today California has five major-league teams and New York only the Yankees and the Mets. In the early nineteen-sixties, politicians here persuaded themselves that there was nothing for it but to create the Mets to salve local mortification over the spectacle of the once mighty baseball city reduced to a one-team town, as the result of its being abandoned by the Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers for California, which then, about the same time, added insult to injury when it surpassed

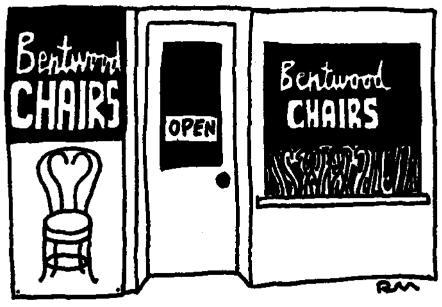
"You'll want to wait a moment. The Howells are making their entrance."

New York as the nation's most populous state.

The steady shift of America's population and affluence toward what by the late seventies was being called the Sun Belt had not escaped attention in what was soon being referred to reflexively as the Snow Belt. The numbers in the 1980 census offered grim confirmation, and just before Jimmy Carter left office the final report of the President's Commission for a National Agenda for the Eighties was published—a commission whose chairman was William McGill, a native New Yorker and former president of Columbia University who, it was noted hereabouts, had moved to La Jolla. The tenor of the report was that federal policies should encourage acceptance of the reality that the shrinkage and decline of the cities in the "old industrial heartland" was inexorable, and should persuade officials of those cities of the inevitability of such shrinkage and decline. The response of Edward Koch, this city's mayor, who does not take bad news lying down, was that the report has "got to be stomped on by everybody." In recent months, however, he has been taking a different tack, announcing from time to time that, whatever the figures showed a few years ago, the trend has been reversed and people are now "returning to civilization."

Though it was surely not planned that way, the progress of the 1984 Presidential primaries—with side trips and some doubling back—was in keeping with the nineteenth-century theorem that it was the fate and duty of the United States to push its empire to the Pacific Ocean. Beginning in New England, the scheduled primaries moved in a generally westerly direction toward their June 5th culmination in sunny California, with its huge reward in the form of delegates—a golden prize that in the end did not do the trick for Gary Hart, the only true Westerner among the Democratic candidates. Along this scheduled primary route, New York, voting on April 3rd, was scheduled to be no more than a minor way station until Hart's upset victory over former Vice-President Walter Mondale in New Hampshire made this state the one in which the failing Mondale drive had to be turned decisively around if Mondale was to get back on the track leading to the nomination. His highly successful primary campaign here, which gave Mondale an eighteen-point victory over Hart, was directed by New York Governor Mario Cuomo, and the skill and energy Cuomo devoted to the project were taken as a signal that the two men were back on good terms. Although the Governor had endorsed Mondale in October, 1983, insiders were convinced that Cuomo had never really forgiven him for his role in the 1982 gubernatorial race: in 1980 Cuomo, then New York's lieutenant governor, had taken the political risk of managing the Carter-Mondale campaign in the state (and on Election Night had been the only prominent New York Democrat to turn up at the desolate Carter headquarters here), but two years later Mondale did not take the risk of endorsing him in his race against Koch for the governorship, which Cuomo was believed to have no chance of winning. It was assumed that a lingering resentment over this lapse had something to do with the Governor's putting out word last winter that his mother, Immaculata (not he himself, you understand), had described Mondale as "polenta"—that is, he explained, "*insipido.*" Even after their winning partnership in the New York primary, there were indications that although Cuomo might have forgiven, he had not forgotten. Late last month, when it was suggested that it was generous of him to keep urging Mondale to choose New York Representative Geraldine Ferraro for the Vice-Presidential nomination when she hadn't supported him in the governor's race (indeed, she made a commercial for his opponent and spoke openly of the faintness of Cuomo's chances), the Governor's response was "Mondale didn't endorse me, either."

After the Democratic primary campaign moved fatefully onward, New Yorkers were bound to feel rather out of it politically. Of course, the state's thirty-six electoral votes would be courted by both the Republican and the Democratic candidates in the weeks before the general election. On the other hand, of the two hundred and seventy electoral votes needed for victory, the new census numbers had given just three Sun Belt states (California, Texas, and Florida) ninety-seven votes among them—and, for that matter, the last four Presidents to be elected were from the Sun Belt. None of this year's candidates for the Democratic nomination were even from this part of the country. Cuomo was mentioned from time to time as a possible Vice-Presidential candidate, but he rejected all such overtures, on the ground that he had pledged to fill out his term in Albany. He was unswayed by the historical precedent, cited by some of his supporters, of Grover Cleveland, who was elected President in 1884, less than two years after he came to Albany as governor. Some cynics concluded that Cuomo was content to bide his time until 1988, when Ronald Reagan will not be a candidate. As early as last fall, Cuomo was said to be Democratic National Committee Chairman Charles Manatt's favorite for the role of keynote speaker at the Democratic Convention, but as time passed, and news stories implied that he seemed overeager for the assignment, Cuomo, who is touchy about such matters, asked to have his name dropped from consideration. Late this spring, he indicated that he was so busy in Albany—with bill-signing and all—that he might not even attend the Convention, which, like nearly every other event that Americans were encouraged to focus their attention on this summer, was taking place out there in the Sun Belt. Even as late as 1980, things had been different. The Winter Olympics that year were held at Lake Placid, in New York's Adirondacks. And four years ago the Republican Convention was in Detroit, in the industrial heartland, and the Democrats met, as they also had in 1976, in this city.



The signal that New York was "back in the ballgame," as local politicians kept putting it, came late in June. Cuomo, having rejected a Mondale request that he change his mind and accept the Vice-Presidential nomination, responded positively when Mondale said, "Well, then, will you do the keynote?" The reaction to Cuomo's soft-spoken yet powerful and moving July 16th address—it was interrupted fifty-two times by applause and cries of "Mario! Mario!"—has included ten thousand letters to his Albany office from all over the country. In the state capital, Republicans as well as Democrats seemed stunned by the performance. The Republican

THE TRIVIAL PURSUIT® SURVIVAL KIT.

While the Trivial Pursuit® game shortage lasts, please accept our apologies (and a few samples to tide you over).

G	What U.S. city has been called Little Havana?
E	What movie theater has sold the most tickets?
H	What British peerage gave its name to an overcoat, a sofa and a cigarette?
AL	What actor's autobiography is titled *All My Yesterdays*?
●	What is xenophobia?
SL	Who retired with 755 home runs to his credit?

G	What country is home to Heineken beer?
E	How many seconds usually elapsed before the tape self-destructed on *Mission: Impossible*?
H	What date in 44 B.C. was Julius Caesar assassinated?
AL	What heroic group did D'Artagnan lead?
●	What's the term for opposition to an electrical current in a conductor?
SL	What's the main vegetable in vichyssoise?

G	What are the only two landlocked countries in South America?
E	Who was the first host of the original *Tonight* show?
H	What British prime minister's mother was born in Brooklyn, New York?
AL	What philosopher-author lived on the shores of Walden Pond?
●	What's the hardest bone in the human body?
SL	Who's the youngest golfer to have won the Masters?

G	What country is the resort city of St. Moritz in?
E	What film featured the line: "Open the pod bay door, Hal"?
H	What song is traditionally heard when the president of the U.S. arrives on the scene?
AL	Who wrote *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*?
●	What substance must mix with food to give it taste?
SL	What team did Abraham M. Saperstein establish and send on the road in 1927?

G	What city is served by Dulles International Airport?
E	Who won the 1961 best actor Oscar for his role in *Judgment at Nuremberg*?
H	What army was founded by William Booth and his wife Catherine?
AL	Whose biography is titled *Hitch*?
●	What's the largest satellite orbiting Earth?
SL	What drink was invented by oilmen, who used their tools to stir it?

G	What's the world's smallest independent state?
E	Where did Betty meet the leader of the pack?
H	What was described as: "Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions and a sesame seed bun"?
AL	Who wrote the poem *The Road Not Taken*?
●	What food got its name from the way it hung in bunches like grapes?
SL	What playing card was once known as *the devil's bedposts*?

Turn page for answers.

THE TRIVIAL PURSUIT® SURVIVAL KIT (CONT.)

If you like these, remember: there are 5,964 more questions in the Trivial Pursuit® game worth waiting for.

Genus

G	The Netherlands
E	Five
H	March 15, or the Ides of March
AL	The Three Musketeers
SN	Resistance
SL	Potato

Genus

G	Miami
E	Radio City Music Hall
H	Chesterfield
AL	Edward G. Robinson's
SN	Fear of strangers or foreigners
SL	Hank Aaron

Genus

G	Switzerland
E	*2001: A Space Odyssey*
H	*Hail to the Chief*
AL	James Thurber
SN	Saliva
SL	The Harlem Globetrotters

Genus

G	Bolivia and Paraguay
E	Steve Allen
H	Winston Churchill's
AL	Henry David Thoreau
SN	The jawbone
SL	Severiano Ballesteros

Genus

G	Vatican City
E	At the candy store
H	A Big Mac
AL	Robert Frost
SN	Grapefruit
SL	The four of clubs

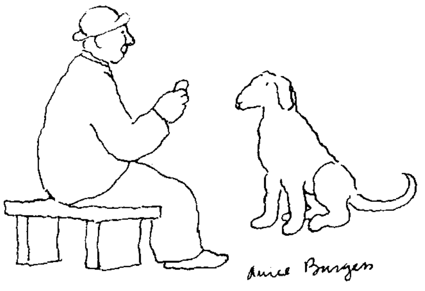
Genus

G	Washington, D.C.
E	Maximilian Schell
H	The Salvation Army
AL	Alfred Hitchcock's
SN	The moon
SL	The screwdriver

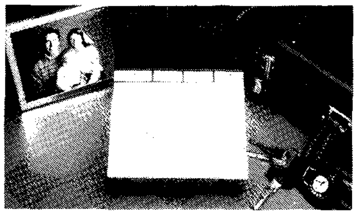
TRIVIAL PURSUIT® is the registered trademark of Horn Abbot, Ltd. (Canada) for the game manufactured and distributed in the United States under license to Selchow & Righter, Bay Shore, N.Y.

state comptroller, Edward Regan, who had been contemplating a race for the governorship against Cuomo in 1986, said that, on the other hand, he might wait until four years later, in view of that "great speech." From Washington, the Majority Leader of the United States Senate, Republican Howard Baker, sent word that he was "absolutely awestruck." (The effectiveness of Cuomo's speech was enhanced by a maneuver by Cuomo's twenty-six-year-old son, Andrew, whose political acuity has struck awe into some political operators over twice his age: his 2–0 record includes having been in day-to-day charge of his father's campaign for the governorship and of Mondale's winning New York primary effort. He is now an assistant district attorney on the staff of Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau and formally out of politics. On the night of his father's speech, however, he managed to make sure that the lights in the hall were kept low, protecting Cuomo from hit-and-run television cameras swooping around the crowd in search of reaction shots, which would have distracted from what the Governor was saying. In the address, as in nearly all his public speeches, Cuomo mentioned the importance of the concept of family—that of the nation and that of the individual. And what are families for?) After the speech, a Washington band of singers who call themselves the Capitol Steps reported "a marvellous reaction" to a song called "Mario," sung to the tune of "Maria," from "West Side Story." As the group's lyricist explained matters, "In 'West Side Story' the lead is singing of a lover he could never have. . . . Here we are singing about a candidate that the audience wishes it could have." It was beginning to sound a lot like the good old days in the Governor's Mansion in Albany. The famously reflective Cuomo's reaction to all the accolades was "You have to keep in mind the need for perspective. . . . When the applause is loudest, I'm most uncomfortable." Obliging with a little perspective, John Buckley, a spokesman for the Reagan-Bush campaign, who had been press officer for Lewis Lehrman, Cuomo's 1982 Republican opponent for the governorship, declared the speech to be "a well-crafted litany of cheap shots and half truths."

THE event that, even more than the Governor's keynote speech, turned 1984 into a year for local political celebration was, of course, Mondale's announcement, on July 12th, that his choice for the Vice-Presidential nomination was Representative Ferraro—the first woman to be nominated by a major party for the nation's second-highest office. The news caused Speaker of the House Thomas (Tip) O'Neill, who had endorsed his fellow House member for the office last spring, to compare Mondale to Branch Rickey, the Brooklyn Dodgers' president who, in 1947, by hiring Jackie Robinson as the first black major-league baseball player, had "made the tough decision and made history at the same time." Within days, Ms. Ferraro was transformed from a little-known member of the New York delegation in the House of Representatives into a national phenomenon who—there was no partisan disagreement on this point—was not *insipido*. Earlier, in discussing with the press her chances of being chosen by Mondale, she did not look coyly downward and suggest that she might not be truly worthy of the honor. "I'd say fifty-fifty," she said. When she was reminded that political experts were saying that a Vice-Presidential nominee from either the South or the West would help the Democratic ticket most, she said, "How about southwest Queens?" She had shown a refreshing lack of need to cut her political style to this year's political fashion; her style, of course, may turn out to be this year's political fashion. Trashing Jimmy Carter and former New York Representative Bella Abzug is a popular pastime among their fellow-Democrats, as it is among Republican leaders. In his political memoir, "Mayor," Koch gives extensive attention to Ms. Abzug as one of the "political crazies," and this spring he described Jimmy Carter, whom he had endorsed in both 1976 and 1980, as "one of the worst Presidents we ever had." Whenever Ms. Abzug is criticized, the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee says that many things have been much easier for her because of what "Bella did before me." And when, just before her nomination, she met with Democratic governors from the South, she recalled her first congressional campaign, in 1978. She had seemed to be in trouble, she said, and had approached Carter at the White House. "I was a little bit pushy—I said I needed help." Carter had then sent his mother, Lillian, into the district to campaign at her side, attracting friendly crowds and welcome publicity. "I have a soft spot in my heart for Jimmy Carter," she said—which may play well in southwest Georgia.



Bella Abzug was one of the Democratic dignitaries invited to crowd around the Party's nominees for President and Vice-President when Mondale and Ms. Ferraro, joined by Cuomo and New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, met for the first time since the San Francisco Convention at a rally to kick off their national campaign. The rally was held—appropriately, in the view of New Yorkers—in this city, and, even more appropriately in the view of Queens residents, it was held in that borough. Not only is Ferraro a Queens resident but so is Cuomo: he was born and lived most of his life there until he went to Albany, and he still returns to his home in Holliswood, Queens, every four or five days. The master of ceremonies for the event was not the Mayor of the city but Queens Borough President Donald Manes, who seems to have recovered from his political gaffe in having given vigorous backing to Koch over Cuomo in the governor's race despite Cuomo's lifelong ties to Queens. The air of exhilaration in the crowd of four thousand or so in front of Queens Borough Hall was only partly the result of fortuitous political developments. In recent years, the question that had most often been asked about the New York Mets, who play in Shea Stadium, in Queens, was whether they would end up in next-to-last place in their division or dead last. Their first year, the question was whether they could manage to lose a round hundred and twenty games; they could. This year, arousing astonishment far beyond the borders of their home borough and city, the story has been very different. As of July 27th, they were in first place in their division, four and a half games ahead of the Chicago Cubs, and had a 21–4 record for the month. As a Manes assistant tested the microphones for the rally with "Mondale and Ferraro and the Mets in '84. Let's go, guys!" the crowd



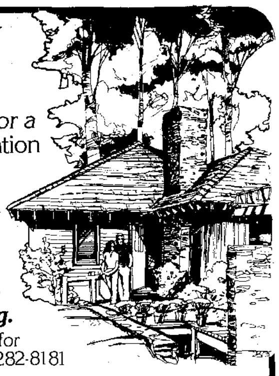
Home Protection Made Easy!

Easy for you, tough for the burglar. If your home hasn't been burglarized yet, statistics indicate your luck may change. Protect your family from break-ins, fires, personal emergencies, and more, with the ANOVA Protection Center. "Wireless" technology makes it easy to install and afford. Perfect for your house or apartment!

For a **FREE** color brochure
Call Toll-Free
800-227-1685, Ext. 907
or mail this coupon.

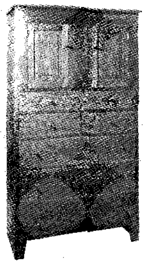
Name
Address
City/State Zip

ANOVA
Three Waters Park Drive
San Mateo, CA 94403



CALLAWAY GARDENS RESORT
Private Villas for a luxurious vacation just south of Atlanta.
Superb golf, tennis, fine dining.
The difference is outstanding.
Call Ms. M. Dunn for reservations 800 282-8181

Callaway Gardens
Pine Mountain, GA 31822-9800
A Mobil Four-Star/AAA Four-Diamond Resort



Our attention to detail, workmanship and fine design is well illustrated in our new 43 page catalog.
$3.00

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS
One Cobbs Bridge Road
New Gloucester, Maine 04260
(207) 926-4446

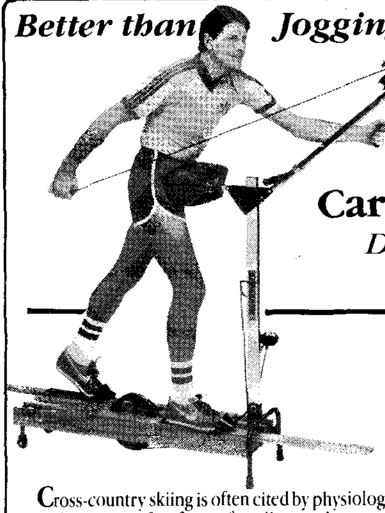
shouted back "We're Number One! We're Number One!" It was not clear whether the preëminence they so hopefully claimed was in the field of national politics or in that of sports. With a great deal of luck—and against all odds—they might argue, it could be both.

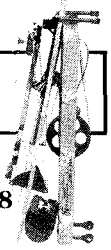
At the back of the area where the Democratic stars were to perform, a large banner said "THE FAMILY OF QUEENS WELCOMES FRITZ & GERRY," and beyond the barriers, as at the Democratic Convention, the crowd waved small American flags. In Queens, as elsewhere, Democrats were doing their best to recapture the issues of family and patriotism (as well as God and law and order), which they accuse Republicans of having stolen away from them. Like Ms. Abzug, Koch had been invited to attend the rally but had not been invited to speak. However, the Mondale plane was a bit late in arriving, and Manes, saying, "Somebody's here who's good at warming up New Yorkers," waved the Mayor on. Koch said that it was New Yorkers' duty to deliver "a *huge* victory" to the ticket. "We will win!" he shouted, and, in a familiar pose (the cover of "Mayor" shows him this way), he made thumbs-up gestures with both hands, his arms spread in a large V. When he first came out, there were some murmurs of "Mario! Mario!" from the crowd, and a few continued. Two hundred thousand copies of "Mayor" are in print, and about half of those sold have been bought in this city. There is always a chance now that in any local audience that sees his thumbs-up gesture there will be someone who recalls the passage in the book in which Koch explains that when a crowd is hostile "I would give them the thumbs-up, but what I was thinking was that it was my middle finger," adding, "And they could tell from my intensity what I was doing." After Koch finished—he left almost immediately for Manhattan—and Mondale had arrived, Manes began the formal program by saying, "The campaign is kicking off where it should—in the heartland, right here in Queens." Moynihan, who followed him, declared that it was eminently suitable for Mondale to have named Ms. Ferraro as his choice for Vice-President on July 12th, since it was on July 12, 1872, that Susan B. Anthony had proclaimed the right of women not only to vote but to hold any public office. Governor Cuomo said, "Just think about it—a thousand years from now children of this county and this country will read in their history books how history was made by one person, a lady from Queens," and he hailed Ms. Ferraro as "the First Lady of the Big Apple, the Queen of Queens."

The Vice-Presidential nominee and Cuomo, who is the only governor from Queens since it became one of the city's five boroughs, in 1898, are also precedent-setters in another respect. He is the first Italian-American to be elected governor of the state, and she is the first of that heritage to be nominated by a major party for either of the two top national offices. Immaculata Cuomo was not present at the rally, but two other Italian-American mothers were—the congresswoman's mother, Antonetta Ferraro, and her mother-in-law, Rose Zaccaro. In speaking to the crowd, Representative Ferraro recalled how she had visited Mondale's boyhood home town of Elmore, Minnesota, whose population is less than nine hundred; she had told them that although in Queens there were two thousand people in a block, the values there were the same—"hard work, safe streets, the special pride we have in our flag." Most of the speakers at the rally mentioned the Mets. ("We're Number One! We're Number One!") Fred Wilpon, the Mets' president, appeared and gave the candidates for President and Vice-President regulation Mets shirts with their names on them. (Fortunately, Democrats elsewhere hadn't associated their national prospects with those of the Queens team. Eight days after the rally, the Mets had not only fallen ignominiously from first place but were four and a half games behind the Cubs.) Mondale told the crowd, "Anybody who's wise enough to pick Mario Cuomo to give the keynote address and smart enough to pick Geraldine Ferraro for Vice-President *should* be the next President," and said that he smelled victory in the air. The Democratic nominees then left for LaGuardia for a flight to Cleveland and their first swing through the South. As the crowd broke up, a spectator, finding that the microphones were still working, leaned into one and sang a few bars of "Il Trovatore." It had been an Italianate day.

EARLY this month, Cuomo pointed out that in a single week Koch had made two trips to Queens. For anyone who wanted to be in the spotlight, he said, it was a good idea to be in Queens, "where the electricity is." Some Queens residents have expressed the hope that the new spotlight on their borough will give them a chance to disabuse the rest of America of the impression that Queens is one vast neighborhood of row houses like those shown at the end of "All in the Family" (a block in the Glendale section that is, in fact, in the Ninth New York District, which Ms. Ferraro represents in Congress) and that everybody in the borough thinks and talks like Archie Bunker. ("I knew I could never get Archie, but I knew I'd always have Edith," Ms. Ferraro once said of her fictional constituents. The headline over Art Buchwald's column a few days after she was chosen was "The Dingbat's Revenge.") Like Queens as a whole, New York's Ninth has not only rows of working-class houses but pockets both of poverty and of considerable affluence—for example, the area in which Ms. Ferraro and her family live, Forest Hills Gardens, for which the landscape architect was Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., the son of the designer of Central Park.

It appears that some women have found the candidate's answering-back habits (Mary McGrory happily described her as "lippy") contagious. One Washington *Post* reader sent that paper examples of what she regarded as hostile coverage of Ms. Ferraro, and urged the editors to be at least as evenhanded toward her as they were toward Ronald Reagan. (It seems likely that the candidate herself will take care of one of her colleagues in the New York delegation in the House, who, living up to that delegation's reputation for being a bunch of backbiters, told a reporter that the whole thing would probably turn out badly, because "she doesn't know much about much.") Another letter took offense at a Washington *Post* editorial that had declared that "there is already anxiety about her New York wisecracking ways and aggressive style," particularly among Southerners and Midwesterners. The letter writer, W. A. Biggs, of Silver Spring, Maryland, asked, "Are New York wisecracking ways more offensive than, say, wisecracking ways in Michigan, Oregon, Texas, or Alabama? . . . What would you call a remark like that? Kind of a geographical 'ethnic' slur?" So far, concern about the effect of her New York style has apparently not inhibited the candidate herself. "I may talk funny, but we care about the





Better than Jogging, Swimming, or Cycling…

NordicTrack

Jarless Total Body

Cardiovascular Exerciser

Duplicates X-C Skiing for the Best Motion in Fitness

Cross-country skiing is often cited by physiologists as the most perfect form of cardiovascular exercise for both men and women. Its smooth, fluid, total body motion uniformly exercises more muscles so higher heart rates seem easier to attain than when jogging or cycling. NordicTrack closely simulates the pleasant X-C skiing motion and provides the same cardiovascular endurance-building benefits–right in the convenience of your home, year 'round. Eliminates the usual barriers of time, weather, chance of injury, etc. Also highly effective for weight control.

More Complete Than Running

NordicTrack gives you a more complete work out–conditions both upper body and lower body muscles at the same time. Fluid, jarless motion does not cause joint or back problems.

More Effective Than Exercise Bikes

NordicTrack's stand-up skiing motion more uniformly exercises the large leg muscles and also adds important upper body exercise. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because the work is shared by more muscle mass.

Even Better Than Swimming

NordicTrack more effectively exercises the largest muscles in the body, those located in the legs and buttocks. When swimming, the body is supported by the water, thus preventing these muscles from being effectively exercised. The stand up exercising position on the NordicTrack much more effectively exercises these muscles.

A Proven, High Quality Durable Product

NordicTrack is in its 8th year of business. NordicTrack is quiet, motorless and has separately adjustable arm and leg resistances. Two year warranty, 30 day trial period with return privilege.

Folds and stands on end to require only 15" x 17" storage space.

Call or write for…

FREE BROCHURE

Toll Free 1-800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

PSI NORDICTRACK 124NY Columbia Crt., Chaska, MN 55318

Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes

CAN MEN'S SHOES BY MAIL REALLY FIT THIS GOOD?

Yes, when they are WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES. Send for FREE catalog of 70 styles of America's most comfortable shoes. Sizes 6 to 16, widths AAA to EEE. Unconditional guarantee. No time limit. No exceptions. Mail coupon now.

Executive Shoes, Dept. 1424, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370
Send Free catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name
Address
City State Zip

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Cassandra's Continental

Previously available only to fine restaurants. Cassandra's now brings to the public Magnificent French Pâtés and Mousses…Unique Salad Dressings. Toppings. Sauces. Mustards and many other gourmet delicacies.
Send for our new Free Listing…
Cassandra's Continental
18427 Studebaker Rd. no. 211 • Cerritos, CA 90701

RATED BEST* STEAK HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY

*By BEST BUYS Magazine Survey

THE ASSEMBLY

MORE THAN A GREAT STEAKHOUSE!

16 West 51st Street, NYC, (212) 581-3580

RAIDER FEDORA

19.95 ppd

A revival of an old favorite. Harrison Ford wore one like this in **Raiders Of The Lost Ark**, reminding us of how much adventure a man in a fedora can find. Our version is of special wool felt, finer textured and stiffer for improved shape retention over ordinary felts. Features a tapered 5" crown with triangular crease and 2 side tucks, a 2½" brim and a deep brown grosgrain band. Fully lined with rayon satin. Sizes 6¾ thru 7½.

We honor VISA and MASTERCARD.
Call Toll Free 800-334-5476.
Write for FREE Catalog!

P&S Sales Dept. NY-84A
P.O. Box 1600, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

The British Isles Collection

Imported Exclusively from the British Isles

Men's and women's clothes, footwear, and accessories from Great Britain and the Irish Republic: Harris Tweeds, Irish Handknits, Wellington Boots, English Shoes, Cavalry Twill Slacks, Military Miniatures, Clan Tartans, Kilts and Blouses—a superior selection now offered in the new, colour-illustrated British Isles Catalogue.

- Viyella
- Hourihan of Dublin
- Gloverall • Avoca
- Nursey of Bungay
- G.F. Trumper
- Edwards & Holmes
- Crombie
- Loake Bros.

☐ I enclose $1.00. Please send my British Isles Catalogue.

NAME ____

ADDRESS ____

CITY ____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

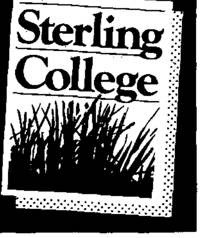
British Isles Collection, Ltd.
Dept. H104, Intervale, New Hampshire 03845

And Your Future?

At Sterling we teach Life Skills through demanding academics focusing on natural resources, specially designed outdoor stress/challenges, and hands-on responsibilities in a small, supportive community.

Take on a Sterling College year. Join us September 29, 1984.

Call or write:
Sterling College
Admissions, Box 10
Craftsbury Common
Vermont 05827
(802) 586-2561



An inn with 27 chimneys must have lots of warmth.

Very civilized lodgings in colonial Old Town Alexandria. Please write for brochure.

OLD COLONY INN (703) 548-6300
First & N. Washington Streets
Old Town Alexandria, VA 22314

same things,” she told the Southern governors at the Convention. Her wisecracking ways went down reasonably well in her now celebrated encounter with Jim Buck Ross, Mississippi's Commissioner of Agriculture, in which she asked if *he* could bake a blueberry muffin. During the conversation, she did refer to him as “Jim Tom”: those Southern names are hard to sort out even for someone from southwest Queens. But, for that matter, some folks in Mississippi pronounced her name “Ferrhario,” and on some posters an extra “e” or “r” or “i” was added. Members of the national family still need to make some adjustments to one another. It was a Presidential candidate from the South, Jimmy Carter, who, only eight years ago, referred to “Eyetalians” at the Democratic Convention in this city.

ON the day Mondale's Vice-Presidential choice was announced, Mayor Koch described himself as “ecstatic.” Still, the last weeks have not been particularly happy ones for him. In San Francisco, on the night of Cuomo's address, he was allotted seven minutes on the podium, but it was not in prime time. He delivered what is known at City Hall as “the speech”—the one he has given on numerous occasions which calls for the federal government to use the military to force down foreign planes that may be carrying drugs. He is not a good speaker, tending to yell (yelling can get monotonous). The speech ran not seven minutes but more than twenty, and there was some booing. Far from attending seriously to his message, commentators who mentioned the speech at all dwelt on the fact that he had twice mispronounced the name of San Francisco's Mayor Dianne Feinstein. On CBS, Dan Rather said that that was all right—that week he had heard several people in San Francisco refer to New York's Mayor Coach. The trip for Koch and his entourage cost nearly twenty thousand dollars, paid for out of funds raised for his 1985 reëlection campaign—and it is possible, of course, that there may indeed be some registered New York City voters in San Francisco. The week of the Convention, “Mayor” dropped off the *Times* best-seller list, but then it had had a remarkable run there: as Koch told a San Francisco talk-show host, “Twenty-one weeks—but who's counting?” Then, after receiving what he saw as insufficiently respectful treatment at the Convention, he had not been invited to be part of the formal program at the Mondale-Ferraro rally in Queens. His press secretary, William Rauch, who is also the co-author of “Mayor,” told Bruce Lambert, Jr., of *Newsday*, that he was “mystified” as to why Koch had been left out—though possibly it was because he had not endorsed the Presidential candidate until fifteen days before the April primary here. “It is certainly not in the interests of the Mondale camp to exclude him,” said Rauch. The comment had certain politically menacing implications. In 1980, though Koch had endorsed Carter, he praised Reagan so openly that he left little doubt as to which candidate he really thought New Yorkers should vote for.

Some things in the city are going very well. Revenues, fuelled by the national recovery, are rolling in, and the bad times of the mid-seventies fiscal crisis are mentioned nowadays only for comparative or historical purposes. There was genuine consternation, therefore, when the July unemployment rate here rose to 11.5 per cent, the highest since July, 1976. From time to time, there are complaints that the city is increasingly becoming one in which the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. And a number of recent tragic revelations seemed to demonstrate that some poor children over whose well-being Koch's Human Resources Administration has jurisdiction might be particularly at risk. A study released in April bore out charges that the deaths of nine children could be blamed on inattention or slowness to act on the part of H.R.A. employees. And this month a grand jury was investigating dozens of cases of alleged sex abuse, including rape, of young children in city-funded day-care centers. In the wake of all the revelations, the head of the H.R.A. and one of his principal assistants resigned on successive days early in August.

Fortunately, not all the local news was so tragic. Two days before the first of the resignations, the Mayor attended the second of two concerts by Michael Jackson at Madison Square Garden, both of which went very well. Originally, there were to have been five such shows at the Garden, and then for a time it seemed that all five would take place instead at the Meadowlands—a name that used to refer only to the New Jersey flatlands across the Hudson but now denotes a vast complex of sports facilities that exist on their own, unattached to any city, and that so far have lured across the river two New York football teams, the Giants and the Jets. A few months ago, there was a rumor that they might also try to lure the Yankees over, leaving New York once again a one-baseball-team town, but so far nothing has come of it. The prospect that the great show-business phenomenon Michael Jackson would perform in this area and not come into New York City—the site of the old Palace, where all entertainment acts once had to play to prove that they had truly made it—was considered insupportable, and in the end the troupe did three nights in Giants Stadium in the Meadowlands and two at the Garden, which can hold only about a fourth as many spectators. The orderliness of the Garden concerts was a gratifying contrast to Diana Ross's Central Park concert last summer, which ended with several hundred young hoodlums roaming through Manhattan streets attacking and mugging people, with the police in many areas apparently helpless to stop them. The peacekeeping operation was costly, however: six hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars for extra police protection on the two nights, five hundred and sixty thousand of it in overtime, which came to nearly twenty-one dollars for each concertgoer. Besides enjoying the Jackson show, the Mayor also had a good time a few days earlier when Pepsi-Cola, the sponsor of the tour, gave him an official black satin Jackson jacket. The fifty-nine-year-old Mayor posed on City Hall's steps wearing it, along with the props of dark glasses and one white glove that are trademarks of the slender young singer. Later, when the *Post* complained that its photographer hadn't caught the picture, Koch dressed up again, and fifteen minutes after that he did the same for the *News*. Then, last week, as the Olympics wound down in California, he announced that, a few days after they ended, two hundred of the medal-winning athletes would be coming to New York for a ticker-tape-style parade up Broadway from the Battery to City Hall—the route that, taken in generations past, had certified that those honored were truly national heroes. The Mayor would doubtless play a leading role in the parade, and there would be at least eight marching bands. The show would cost the city half a million dollars or so, but it would be just like old times.

—ANDY LOGAN

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

☐ One year: $32 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $52 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada $12.00 per year; other foreign $20.00 per year.
(Please remit in U.S. funds.) 4344

☐ My check for $ ________ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Account # ________
Signature ________

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $32 ☐ Two years: $52
To ________

Address Apt.

City State Zip
Gift card to read "From ________"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

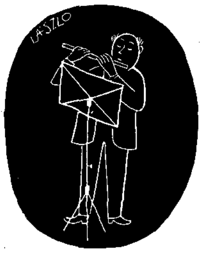
THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

MUSICAL EVENTS

Another Time, Another Place

THE days are done when "Così Fan Tutte" was deemed a frivolous divertimento, its plot an unworthy vessel for some of Mozart's loveliest music. If anything, the opera is perhaps now treated with—well, not exactly undue seriousness but, let's say, insufficient appreciation of its comedy. The best performers get it right, of course. Elisabeth Söderström's Fiordiligi made me cry when the martial music returned during the wedding feast and she looked up stricken with the realization of how far and how swiftly emotion had carried her from her intended path. And she made me smile as well, for it is, after all, a comedy situation. The "Don Giovanni" trio—Juan's burlesque serenade to Elvira—is a locus classicus of mingled heartbreak and clowning. "Così" is a yet more complicated compound. Just how complicated I discovered when I tried to make an English translation that would be straight Da Ponte, without the added larkiness and witticisms of English versions that invite frivolous performances.



In recent years, there have been at least three productions of the opera at once serious, moving, and entertaining: Peter Hall's for Glyndebourne, Jonathan Miller's for St. Louis, and now Peter Sellars', staged this month at the Castle Hill Festival, in Massachusetts. Mr. Sellars uses Da Ponte's poetry but an American setting. Da Ponte's action opens in a *bottega di caffè;* here a neon sign proclaims "Coffee Shop." In the words of the director's synopsis, "Don Alfonso, a Vietnam Vet who is having trouble hanging on, has been seeing Despina, the proprietress of the shop, for a few years now. At breakfast one summer morning, two loud guys start talking about their girlfriends in big terms, offering to hurt anyone who contradicts them." And so on. "Reagan has decided to invade Nicaragua—Ferrando and Guglielmo have been mobilized in the Naval Reserve." That's a gloss on "To the field of battle by royal command they are summoned," but much of the synopsis is straight Da Ponte. For example, a chorus extolls "beautiful military life! Every day you change locations, and the firing of guns and bombs increases the force of your arm and of a spirit which dreams only of triumph."

Alfonso "introduces two wild and crazy friends of his who claim to be from Albania, where they were very big in the entertainment industry." Soon we are in deep waters. The disguises don't really hold for long, but this is not like that old adaptation of "Così" as "Tit for Tat; or, The Tables Turned," in which Despina gives the plot away to her mistresses; it's something subtler and far more disturbing, for no one is prepared to admit—not even one sister to the other—that the real identities are recognized. It throws "real" identity into question. The sisters offer the men a chance to come clean, with their direct question "Cos'è tal mascherata?" near the start of Act II. The men, taken aback, make confused replies; the women take the lead and continue the masquerade. Their earlier discussion about doing so has already caused a little shiver of excitement. All four are playing with fire. Soon Dorabella has slept with her sister's boyfriend—her own boyfriend's best friend—and has enjoyed doing so, while Fiordiligi and Ferrando are wrestling with deep emotions. At the end, there's no simple reconciliation in either possible pairing: to the women's protestation of eternal devotion the men return Da Ponte's lines "I believe you, fair jewel, but I don't want to prove it." Maybe something can be worked out later, when all the bewildering experience has been digested.

The Despina, Sue Ellen Kuzma, was the wittiest I have ever seen, and the most surprising: her two arias—outbursts at male behavior, analysis of how women learn to deal with it—ended in angry tears. I can't believe it's what Mozart consciously intended, but it made excellent sense. In the words of the synopsis, "She tells what it is like when you have to go with hundreds of men—and give to them all whether they're beauts or brutes—without blushing, without confusion, how to live a lie. And finally how to make them pay for it by enforcing obedience. Viva Despina who knows how to serve!" It's exactly what Mozart's Despina sings, and Miss Kuzma's performance made excellent musical sense, too: while none of the cajolery or sparkle was lost, the tempo changes, the hestitations, and the repetitions seemed to be motivated.

Everything that happened made excellent musical sense. Mr. Sellars, quick to each shift of tempo and harmony, each instrumental entry, whether he's engaged with Handel's "Orlando," "The Mikado," Peter Maxwell Davies' "The Lighthouse," or "Così," evidently works from the full score. In a world where so many famous directors seem to be tone deaf or, at least, unmusical, he invites us to hear with our eyes and see with our ears. He trusts great composers, doesn't try to vary or improve or "criticize" their work but stages their scores as vividly as possible. His means are bold. This "Così"—like the "Orlando" in Cambridge a few years ago—employed Oriental theatre techniques, eighteenth-century formal conventions, and contemporary references. It distressed conservatives who want the opera to be elegantly and prettily artificial, and distressed those who want it to be Puccini-veristic in its depiction of emotional plights. It upset the literal-minded who heard the dark-haired Ferrando referred to as "il biondino" and Despina in notary disguise (here as Ms. Beccavivi, a smooth, cool lawyer) called "un uom nascosto." It delighted everyone who can watch and hear theatre moving as metaphors—even mixed metaphors—on many levels at once, with quicksilver responsiveness to the mirth, the profundity, and the unresolved ambiguities of the music. Much was surprising, startling, and delightful. It was a "Così" that kept listeners on the edge of their seats and left them emotionally in a whirl, as the characters are left.

Much has been written about parallels between "Così" and its creator, who in life loved one sister and then married another. It has also been suggested that the original performers of Alfonso and Despina, the veteran intriguer Francesco Bussani and his flighty young wife, Dorotea, may have been models for their roles. (Dorotea, Da Ponte says in his memoirs, "built up a great following among cooks, grooms, waiters, lackeys, hairdressers, etc., and was consequently considered a gem.") Despina's remark to Alfonso "An old man like you is no use to a girl like me" seems near the knuckle. I'm still pondering Mr. Sellars' demoticized and very physical treatment of their relationship: in the text I find only a hint of passing tease, not a physical entanglement, and in the music hear minds, not bodies, moving together. And I was disturbed by the couple's failure to address the line "Aftereffects of the poison" (when the Albanians become amorous) to Fiordiligi and Dorabella, for musically and verbally it is part of a dialogue.

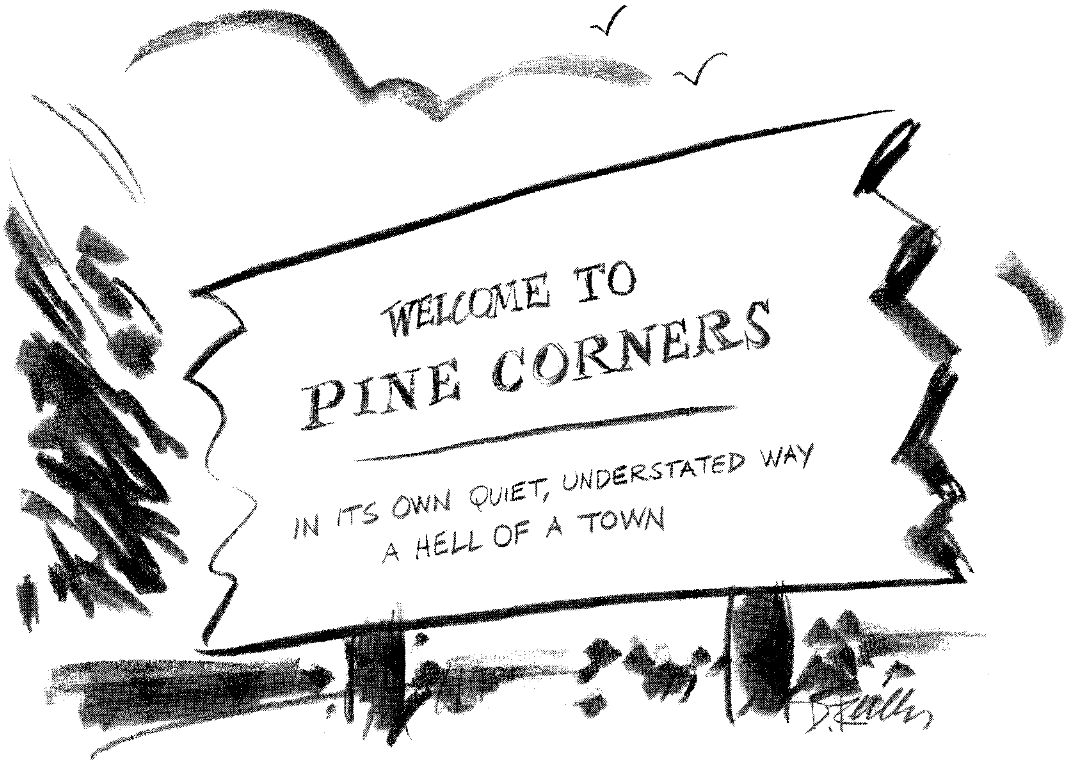
In this production, meant for nimble minds, there was room for funny, fleeting allusions to television commercials; for exotic, ecstatic mime in "Un'aura amorosa," where Ferrando seemed to be caressing the lovely melody with hands and voice at once; for a refinement of Mr. Miller's broad jukebox joke in "Rigoletto" (a swift, entertaining reference at "una bella serenata," not the awkwardness of a jukebox apparently playing accompaniment to a tenor's song). A distinction should be made between veristic, literal out-of-period presentations, such as that "Rigoletto," in which the setting and the tone of the original are mismatched, and this "Così" (or the English National's production of Dvořák's "Rusalka"), in which initial realism breaks into a theatrical adventure where anything may happen next, at the composer's bidding, and for which Wagner's phrase "deeds of music made visible" seems apt.

The singers had the light, unforced quality too seldom heard in New York. Susan Larson (Fiordiligi), Miss Kuzma, James Maddalena (Guglielmo), and Sanford Sylvan (Alfonso) are prized Boston musicians. Freda Herseth (Dorabella) is a Stuttgart Cherubino. Carroll Freeman (Ferrando) was a bright tenorino transfigured. Mr. Sellars seems unfailingly to draw wonderful performances from his casts—as musicians, as actors, as movers. Michael Nishball's set—the green plastic banquettes and Formica tables of Despina's diner—and Dunya Ramicova's costumes made a work of art. Craig Smith, Mr. Sellars' regular collaborator, conducted a band of expert young Boston players with his rare insight into the meanings of a score. Sometimes his reluctance to let go of enchantments verged on the indulgent—a tendency easy to understand and forgive.

Castle Hill is a large William-and-Maryish house built in the nineteen-twenties, about thirty miles northeast of Boston, and set in a park with a *grande allée* sweeping down to the sea. In its casino, sunken Italian garden, and a concert barn, summer music and theatre are played. Picnics on the lawn suggest Glyndebourne (without the formal dress). But there's no opera house. "Così" was done in the Italian garden, and some of the orchestral impact was lost to the night air. There is talk of reviving it in a theatre. There it should run and run (as "Orlando" did, for forty performances). It's something one would like to hear and see many times.

THE City Opera's new production of "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara as its heroine, directed by Frank Corsaro, designed by Franco Colavecchia, and conducted by Christopher Keene, is a success. There is plenty to be said against it, but then there is always plenty to be said against any production of "Carmen." Bizet's bold challenging of opéra comique produced an unconventional masterpiece that no single performance seems able to compass. A vision of the work as it might ideally be is built up from the best elements of many performances: in my case, the Carmens of Anna Pollak, Winifred Heidt, Martha Mödl, Regina Resnik (and on record Emma Calvé, Maria Callas, and, above all, Conchita Supervia); Melba's pure shining Micaëla (imagined by the mind's ear, for although Melba sang the role she did not record it); the impassioned José of Jon Vickers; a production by Tyrone Guthrie; the conducting of Claudio Abbado (and, on record, Beecham). Add Maria Gay, Victoria de los Angeles, Teresa Berganza. Let each listener add elements of any "Carmen" that has stirred him: perhaps the high spectacle of Karajan's Salzburg production and —incompatibly—the sheer effectiveness of the piece, even in a stock revival, on the small stage of the Opéra-Comique itself. How can one production contain them all? Nevertheless, there are performances that in their own right hold off comparisons and keep the spectator intent on the drama enacted before him. Much of the time, the City Opera's was one of them.

Miss Vergara, a Chilean mezzo-soprano who made her début as Micaela, in Santiago fifteen years ago, has sung Carmen widely in leading opera houses of Europe and America. To New York she gave a performance untouched by any hint of routine, quick in reaction to each turn of the action around her. She is wonderful-looking—tall, strong, beautiful, with lustrous Latin features. Her eyes, her mouth, her abundant black hair, her body are eloquent. She moved magnificently, combining animal grace with intelligence and dignity. She spoke and sang French fluently, commanding the text, able to bend it to her bidding. Her voice is rich and colorful. Had there not been moments when under pressure it lost focus, became smutched


WELCOME TO
PINE CORNERS
IN ITS OWN QUIET, UNDERSTATED WAY
A HELL OF A TOWN

Fiendishly ingenious devices!

Free catalog of "Hard-to-Find Tools"

Brookstone
HARD-TO-FIND TOOLS
FALL 1984

Most of the tools you find in a hardware store are of ordinary design, made with ordinary quality, for doing ordinary jobs.

Brookstone's famous "Hard-to-Find Tools" are the exception—*extra-ordinary* in their craftsmanship and utility ...made to do the job right, saving time, effort and money.

This 68-page catalog may very well be one of the most fascinating you've ever seen. Whether you do home repairs, work in wood, fix clocks, tinker with cars, build models, or are an all-around do-it-yourselfer, you'll be in your element reading "Hard-to-Find Tools". And everything we sell is **guaranteed for life.**

Send for your catalog today!

Send me Brookstone's FREE 68-page catalog of "Hard-to-Find Tools".

Name ____

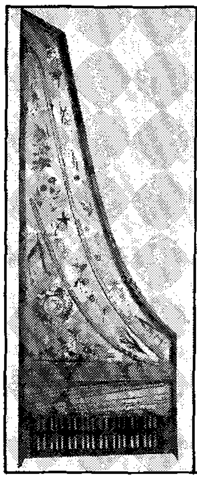
Address ____

City ____

State ____ Zip ____

Brookstone

70 Vose Farm Road, Dept. 1173A
Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458



HARPSICHORDS & FORTEPIANOS

Build it yourself from one of our kits or let our experienced craftsmen build it for you.

Three Centuries of Harpsichord Making by Frank Hubbard ($25 postpaid)

For brochure send $1.00 to
HUBBARD HARPSICHORDS INCORPORATED
144-Y Moody Street,
Waltham, MA 02154
(617) 894-3238

MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13

Extra width for men who need it, in excellent variety, styling and quality. Available only through our FREE CATALOG. Send for it!

☐ Send FREE color catalog.

NAME ____

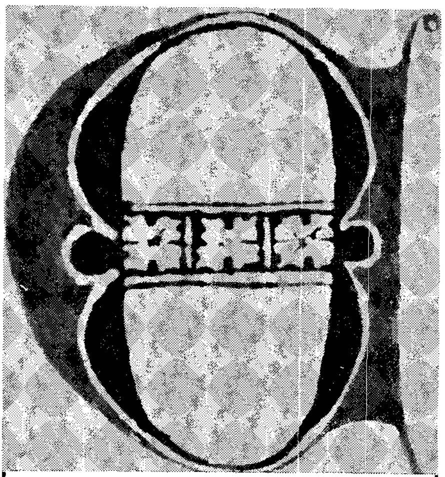
ADDRESS ____

CITY ____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69C, Hingham, MA 02043

with ambient sound around the pure pitch, there would be few reservations in my praise of her.

The production was first seen in Philadelphia last year, also with Miss Vergara. Mr. Colavecchia's décor—basically a well-shaped gray box, differently decked for each scene—and Michaele Hite's largely black costumes look good. Mr. Corsaro has moved the action forward from 1820 to 1936, and Carmen and her crew are not smugglers but heroes in the fight against Franco. It doesn't make much sense if one stops to think about it: Bizet's drama is about a decent, albeit quick-tempered, fellow drawn down by passion into criminal activity, whereas in this version the criminals are the good guys. Bizet's Carmen, who represents an abandonment of conventional morality, and champions personal freedom whatever the cost to others, is hardly a convincing political heroine. The "liberté" she and the gang invoke at the end of Act II is not freedom for the people but escape from social responsibility. All the same, the notion doesn't get in the way too badly, for the basic drama—the José-Carmen relationship—is clearly perceived and clearly presented, and the freedom-fighter glosses can be overlooked, or even enjoyed as lively trimming. Most of the time, not always: Bizet's precise music for the smugglers has a furtive, avaricious quality ill-matched to the expression of civil-rights sentiments; "La fortune est là-bas" does not—despite the declaration of the City Opera supertitles—mean "The enemy is waiting for us down below," and "Notre métier est bon" does not mean "This is the good fight." (It's disconcerting to hear one thing and read another; the supertitles either become irrelevant or constitute an invitation to pay no close attention to the performance. "L'auberge devrait être fermée depuis dix minutes" does not mean the inn "will be closed in ten minutes." "La chose, certes, nous étonne" does not mean "We're not too surprised." "Si tu m'aimes" does not mean "Do you love me?") Things go seriously wrong only in the last act, where the climactic duet, in itself well staged, is made to compete for our attention with preparations by the partisans for an assassination—snipers scaling towers, etc. José's last cry is trumped by the offstage salvos and screams of the coup. Mr. Corsaro's sense of effective theatre strays here; he muffs the close, and the decision to adulterate Bizet's



Letter Perfect

There are only three "perfect" vellum copies of the *Gutenberg Bible* in the world. You can see one of them at the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

NICOLE SUMMERS™
FASHION IN SIZES 12-20
Fine apparel for the discriminating woman
FREE CATALOG
80 pages in full color — send for yours now:
NICOLE SUMMERS CATALOG
120 Winterbrook Way
Meredith, NH 03253

MILFORD TRACK

One of the 32 places where travel with Questers becomes a learning experience.
For Tour Directory write or call:
QUESTERS WORLDWIDE NATURE TOURS
Dept. NYK, 257 Park Ave. S, NY, NY 10010 (212) 673-3120

Le Dufy
HOTEL DE LUXE
West Hollywood, California • (213) 657-7400
A MEMBER OF L'ERMITAGE HOTEL GROUP

taut finale with music that the composer himself rejected makes things worse. But until then this "Carmen" is gripping.

When Jacque Trussel sang José for the Welsh National Opera last year, he was required, by the Rumanian director Lucian Pintilie, to portray him as a bearded baldpate. (That "Carmen" was staged as a street-carnival extravaganza after a revolutionary coup; a blind Micaëla entered on point.) Mr. Corsaro allowed him to be young and romantic, a plausible magnet for Carmen's affections, neurotic, tormented—in short, Bizet's José. Mr. Trussel acted the role admirably, with strength, subtlety, and passion, but his singing was effortful, and the voice rang freely only in the last act. Escamillo was described in a preliminary interview with Mr. Corsaro as "an aging bullfighter well past his prime . . . a local hero playing the Fascist side . . . easily seduced by Carmen for her own purposes." That belies both the plot and the torero's athletic music, but Robert Hale went along with it, staggering and puffing between the verses of his song, and relying on two henchmen to save him from José's knife. In Act III, he essayed an otiose offstage cadenza that Bizet deleted. The Micaëla, Maryanne Telese, pushed her high notes into unsteadiness and impurity. Mr. Keene conducted a briskly insensitive musical reading that allowed his singers and woodwind soloists small chance to breathe or to shape their phrases expressively, and ensemble between the stage and the pit was sometimes ragged. Nevertheless, this was, all in all, a production fresher, more serious in intention, more like a real opera performance than anything else at the State Theatre this season. The chorus was alert and animated. If Mr. Corsaro continues to work at the show, refining and rethinking some of his ideas, if Miss Vergara can bring the peaks of her voice into clear focus, and if a conductor responsive at once to the score and to his singers takes over, this could become a notable "Carmen" indeed. Already it is one that prompts new, alert responses to the opera from performers and audience alike.

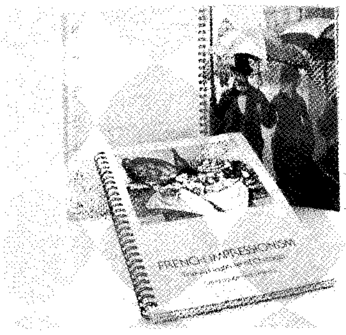
—ANDREW PORTER

●

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer*]

"We stared at each other through that opaque glass and I knew that something very special was happening. My life had already drastically changed."



A FREE CALENDAR WITH YOUR FIRST CATALOG ORDER

Enjoy a unique shopping experience by mail with The Art Institute of Chicago. And receive a free 1985 French Impressionist appointment calendar with your first catalog order.

Our 1984 catalog features intriguing holiday gifts which reflect the Art Institute's world-renowned collections. Choose from 32 pages of special gifts, including Christmas cards, calendars featuring the museum's Impressionist works, reproductions of jewelry and sculpture, posters, embossed stationery, and outstanding art publications.

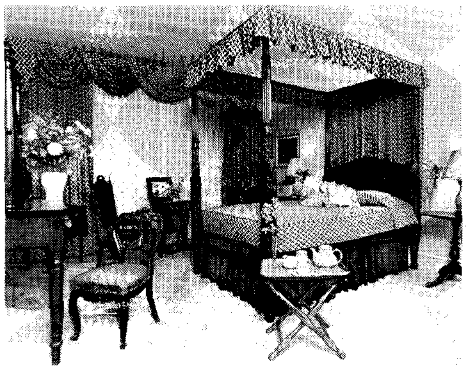
Please send me your 1984 gift catalog. Enclosed is $1.00.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City/State______________Zip________

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
Michigan Avenue at Adams Street Department 908 Chicago, IL 60603



995 Fifth Avenue, across from the Metropolitan
Museum of Art, New York, N.Y. 10028, 212-288-5800
800-847-8483 • Cable Address: HOPESTAND
Telex: 224244

The American Stanhope

The American Stanhope Hotel stands at the foot of Museum Mile on Fifth Avenue. Each newly redecorated room is furnished with original 19th Century art and antiques. *Saratoga* (the restaurant); *Red Jacket* (the bar); *The Furnished Room* (for tea); and *The Terrace*—New York's first outdoor cafe. Also are *Santa Fe, Topeka, Atchison* and *Wichita* for private parties and meetings.

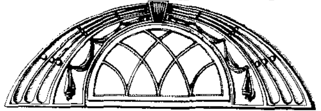
Complimentary mid-town limousine service weekdays from 7:30-10:30 a.m.

Corporate and private leases available monthly or yearly.

The 1780 Egremont Inn

Two centuries behind the times.

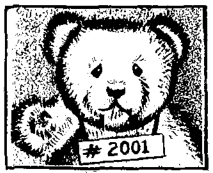
The Berkshires, MA 01258 413-528-2111



A high quality stock line of hand carved over door pieces and complete hand carved doorways. Color brochure $3. Kenmore Industries 44N Kilby Street, Boston, MA 02109 (617) 523-4008.

WANTED

. . . For Stealing Hearts!



Ursus, Theodore; alias Big Ted

Watch out for this guy! He's 2'3", chocolate brown, and considered furry! Catch him in the new, 1984 Bear Necessities Catalog—America's *biggest* line up of Teddy Bears and Bearaphernalia! But be careful you don't lose your heart!

Gifts and Collectibles by STEIFF • GUND • HERMANN • N.A.B. • KINSER • ANIMA • AVANTI

Please send me the new Bear Necessities Catalog! I enclose $1.00.

The BEAR NECESSITIES®
72 Broad St., Dept. H104,
Boston, Ma. 02110

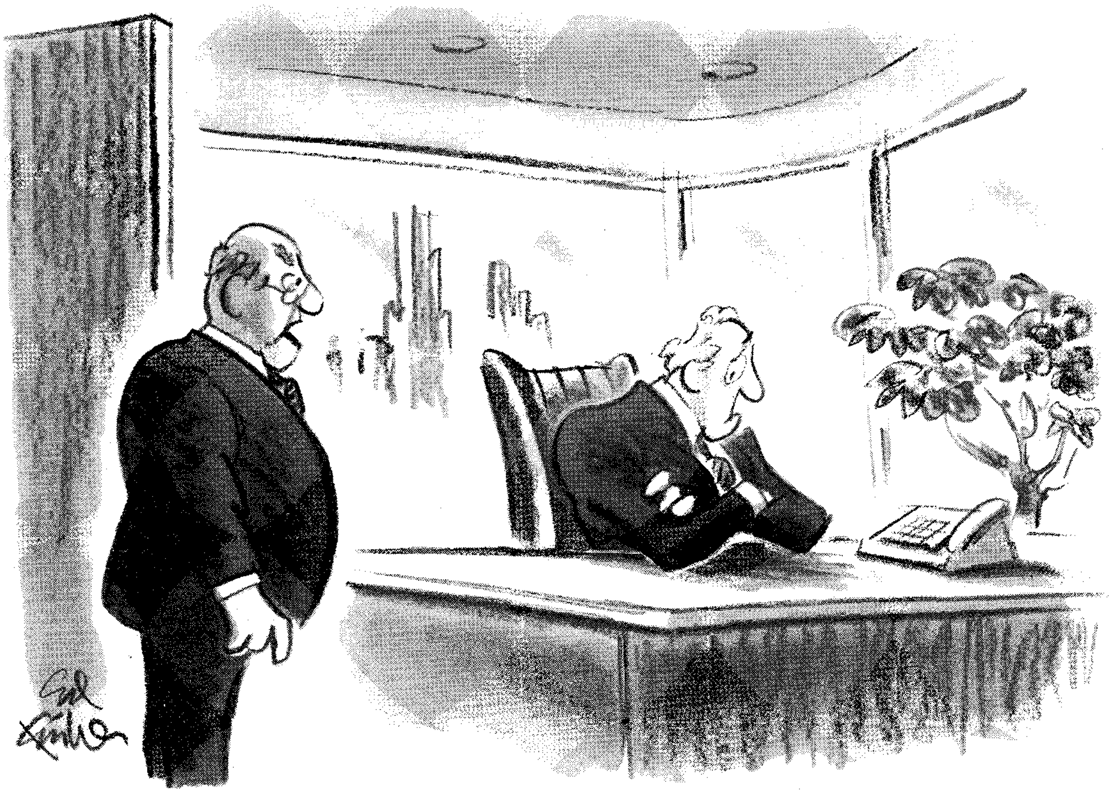
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Charismatic Half-and-Halfs

I'M disposed to like Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual star of "Purple Rain," because he is, as a friend of mine put it, "the fulfillment of everything that people like Jerry Falwell say rock and roll will do to the youth of America." I like the teasing sexiness of some of his songs of a couple of years ago ("Little Red Corvette," especially, and "1999" and "Delirious"—they have a piquancy), and I like the brazenness that he shows at the end of this movie when, in a variation on Jimi Hendrix's guitar bashing, he puts on his most impish smile as he holds up his own guitar and it ejaculates. But Prince the passionflower imp is only intermittently in evidence in "Purple Rain," which his managers produced for him, and which in its opening week was the No. 1 attraction at the nation's theatres—at the same time that his "Purple Rain" album was at the top of the music charts. This custom-made movie, shot on location in Minneapolis, where he lives, features Prince the vulnerable loner. As a struggling musician known simply as the Kid, he's trying to break out of the bondage represented by his parents' violent love-hate marriage. His self-pitying black father beats his white mother, because he blames her for his failure to achieve success as a composer. The moody Kid is a tortured soul, who when he falls in love with Apollonia (played by the Hispanic American actress Patty Apollonia Kotero) begins to repeat the pattern. But, of course, the love that is the source of his torment is also the source of his redemption. The Kid learns to share with others, and conquers the brute in himself (but only after several reels of apocalyptic anguish). It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this picture knows no restraint.

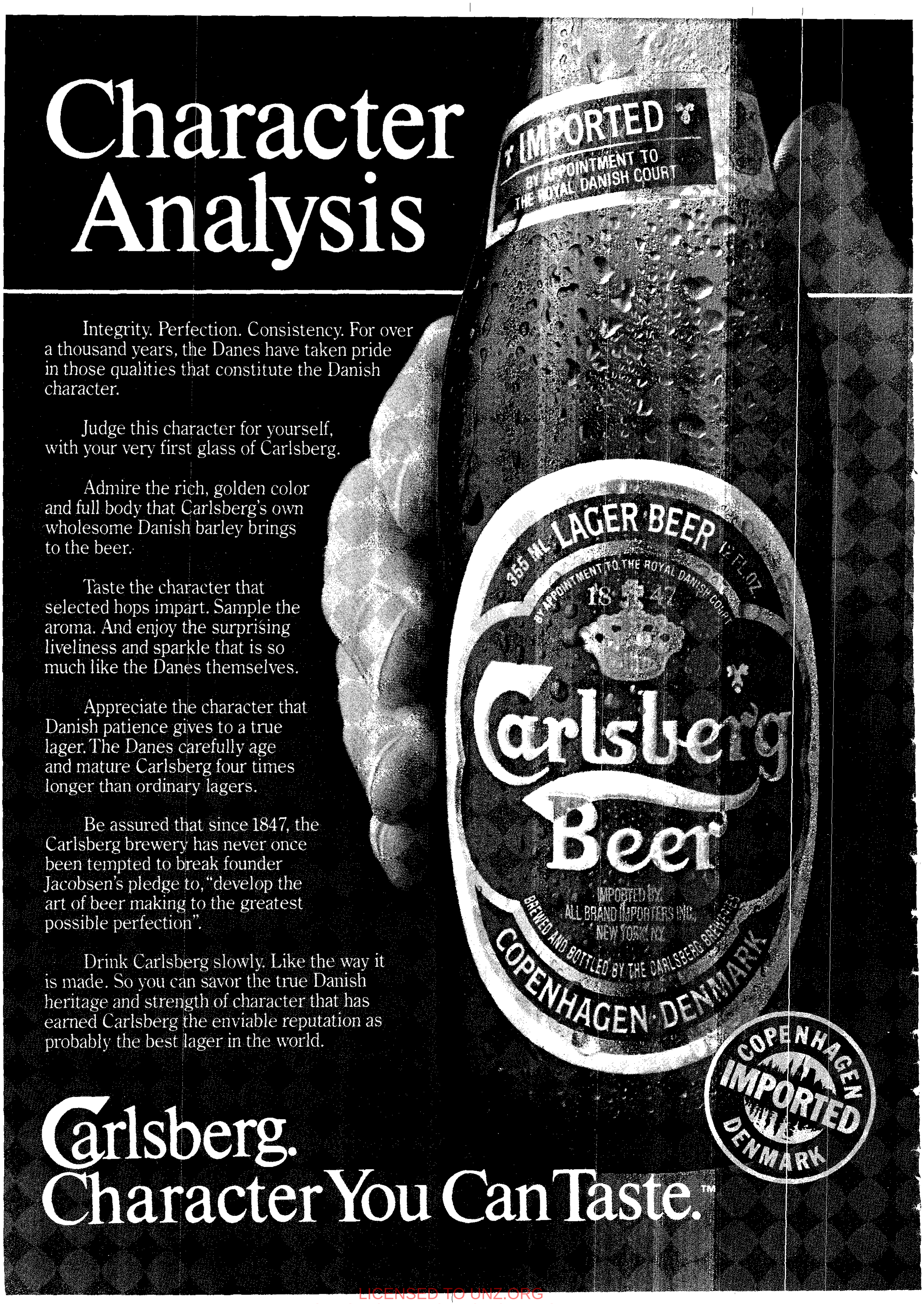
In his live performances, when Prince mimics Little Richard or Mick Jagger, or whomever, he does it with a knowing, parodistic edge. And he retains this knowingness in his screen performance. But the moviemakers aren't skillful enough to use it; the movie is directed as if the maudlin story it tells were all there is to the Kid. Prince, though, uses his flair for outrageousness, and when you least expect it he will do something petulant or flirty. Alone with the overpoweringly sultry Apollonia, whom he presumably adores, he reacts to her light touch on his collarbone with an ingénue's high, breathless "Stop!" He's quite willing to pose as the little-boy wallflower at the rock-and-roll orgy, but he doesn't seem willing to take seriously the plot devices that he had a hand in shaping. The poor, struggling Kid is dressed in the neo-Liberace finery of Prince, the star—the skintight pants, the ruffled shirts with high flounces at the throat, the spangled, embroidered vests, the white lace gloves, and the chains. He's lighted, by the cinematographer Donald Thorin, like a Josef von Sternberg heroine—a minx with sucked-in cheeks, pouting and making deeply religious doe-eyes at the camera from under a cluster of curls. When the Kid is supposed to be a failure as a performer at the Minneapolis club where he and his group, The Revolution, are an introductory act and are in danger of being fired for not giving the customers music they can respond to, Prince is not about to put on a closed-in, selfish performance just because the script calls for it. He whips those customers to a frenzy; he struts and preens himself with the same sexual bravado that he shows after the Kid has made his breakthrough.

This is a commissioned film: it was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. And his instinct is right: if he had performed the role more realistically, the picture would be really sodden. This way, his narcissistic, mock-shy pranks make the audience laugh, and his musical numbers keep lifting the movie's energy level. (The plot becomes a kind of shared joke between Prince and the audience.) Even the songs that are undistinguished have a good hot



"Oh, for God's sake, Banwell! If Roosevelt could occasionally get testy with Churchill, I can occasionally get testy with you!"

Character Analysis


IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
355 ML LAGER BEER 12 FL.OZ.
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
1847
Carlsberg
Beer
IMPORTED BY ALL BRAND IMPORTERS INC. NEW YORK, NY
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY THE CARLSBERG BREWERIES
COPENHAGEN · DENMARK
COPENHAGEN IMPORTED DENMARK

Integrity. Perfection. Consistency. For over a thousand years, the Danes have taken pride in those qualities that constitute the Danish character.

Judge this character for yourself, with your very first glass of Carlsberg.

Admire the rich, golden color and full body that Carlsberg's own wholesome Danish barley brings to the beer.

Taste the character that selected hops impart. Sample the aroma. And enjoy the surprising liveliness and sparkle that is so much like the Danes themselves.

Appreciate the character that Danish patience gives to a true lager. The Danes carefully age and mature Carlsberg four times longer than ordinary lagers.

Be assured that since 1847, the Carlsberg brewery has never once been tempted to break founder Jacobsen's pledge to, "develop the art of beer making to the greatest possible perfection".

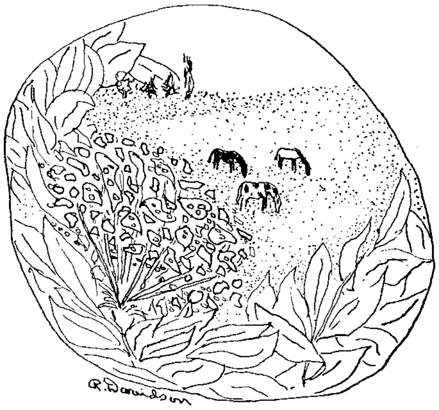
Drink Carlsberg slowly. Like the way it is made. So you can savor the true Danish heritage and strength of character that has earned Carlsberg the enviable reputation as probably the best lager in the world.

Carlsberg.
Character You Can Taste.™

beat and a jangly plaintiveness and the punctuation of his falsetto shrieks and flourishes, and the lament "When Doves Cry" has something more (although it's presented as soundtrack music while the Kid thinks over his treatment of Apollonia and his hellish home life, and we have nothing to do but listen to the words, which are not its strong point). Prince's movements during his numbers are as provocative as he can make them, and near the end he finally gets around to some orgiastic—but perfectly precise—dancing. Maybe he doles it out so sparingly because he only has a few moves—but they're good ones. He's much more fluid than Mick Jagger (whom he often suggests); he's very fast without being at all spastic. He's a cutie when he dances.

Prince saves himself by his impudence, and the picture also introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day. The lead singer of the group The Time, he is cast as Morris the villain—the more conventional funk rocker, whom the Minneapolis audience responds to. Morris's music represents clowning and escapism; the Kid's music is meant to be a working through of his conflicts. (And that's part of what's the matter with Prince's lyrics: they're prosy, they explain what the Kid is suffering, they damn near have a program. "Maybe I'm just like my father, too bold/Maybe you're just like my mother, she's never satisfied/Why do we scream at each other/This is what it sounds like when doves cry.") Decked out in a glittering gold zoot suit and black-and-gold shoes, Morris Day does his vain, lecherous routines with the ease of the top vaudeville artists of decades past; he feasts his eyes on the mirror, giggling with joy at how he looks, all lighted up like a Christmas tree, or he hurls his magnificence into a waiting car—almost everything he does gets laughs. And when he and his handsome sidekick, Jerome Benton (who looks like a dark Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.), dance to The Time's music they have a loose, floppy grace. Morris Day suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. Part of the pleasure of watching him is that his musical numbers are shaped; so is his performance—he uses distance and tension. This is certainly a contrast to Prince, who doesn't want us to react to a performance—he wants us to react to him, to his greatness. It's clear (and infinitely regrettable) that he sees himself as a sexual messiah, and wants to overwhelm us. He's trying to shortcut his way to artistic heights by a show of naked self-expression. (You see a lot of this in the work of the rock stars, such as Bruce Springsteen, that the rock press takes the most seriously.) Prince is trying so hard to show us sex as salvation that his musical numbers have no shape. (Even on the "Purple Rain" album, the songs don't take form or come to a satisfying finish; they maunder on.) The picture, being designed to show that the Kid's way is the right way and that The Time's way is a sellout, doesn't do much with the other characters. But as the Kid's frustrated-artist father, Clarence Williams III, who has a horrendous, completely unrelieved role, brings it off with conviction and earns the audience's respect. The women aren't so lucky. Most of them seem to be selected for how they'll look in hooker lingerie or hooker leather. (Couldn't Apollonia just once have put on civvies?)

As a movie, "Purple Rain" is a mawkish fictionalized bio—it's as if Lillian Roth (rather than Susan Hayward) had starred in "I'll Cry Tomorrow," or Barbara Graham (rather than Hayward) had starred in "I Want to Live." It's pretty terrible; the narrative hook is: will the damaged boy learn to love? There are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments. The Kid and Apollonia meet via the camera: it zings back and forth recording closeups as they look at each other, and that's all there is—it's like the way a cat and a dog meet in an animated cartoon. And this movie goes beyond jump cuts to plot leaps. (Morris talks to his crony Jerome about his designs on Apollonia before he has so much as seen her or heard of her.) The director isn't a man of subterfuges: when he wants you to share in the characters' steaming emotions he throws hot red mood lighting on them; when Prince, doing his act at the club, writhes on the stage floor in an ecstasy of longing and sings "I want you," the director cuts to Apollonia watching teary-eyed with empathy for his pain. Rock critics are being quoted in the picture's praise; one suggests that it's the "Citizen Kane" of rock movies, another ranks it with "A Hard Day's Night." They've probably waited so long for a rock-movie classic that they were keyed up to see something inspiring and innovative in Prince's mere presence on the big screen. For several years, rock writers have been saying things like "Prince challenges listeners to examine their lives" and citing lyrics such as "Stand up everybody, this is your life/Let me take you to another world/Let me take you tonight/You don't need no money, you don't need no clothes/The second coming, anything goes/Sexuality is all you'll ever need/Sexuality, let your body be free." Prince may consider himself a revolutionary force because he (like his band) represents a fusion of the races and the sexes and because his music is his own, self-taught eclectic mix. But there's nothing revolutionary in Prince's wanting to be Susan Hayward and commissioning a film to enhance his star mystique.



"Purple Rain" is a landmark of sorts, though. It's the black crossover movie that many of us expected a decade ago, when Diana Ross appeared in "Lady Sings the Blues" and showed the kind of talent that made her seem a natural to attract both black and white audiences. (Although Pryor has done it, that has been strictly in comedy.) But, as it turned out, Diana Ross wanted to be like the goddessy, self-glorifying white stars that moviegoers were fed up with; she appeared in "Mahogany" and "The Wiz" and lost the white audience. "Purple Rain" is Prince's bid for goddessy big-time stardom. In quality, it's about on a level with "Mahogany." But a new generation has come along that isn't jaded about old movie-star self-absorbed emoting, and when Prince turns his life into a soap the audience loves it. The Kid's sequinned psychobabble goes over big. He learns to reach out and touch somebody's hand, and that frees him to be a star. And, yes, he does it his way.

A movie like this can make you wonder: Weren't all the people who learned to love better off before?

"THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKAROO BANZAI" is a kind of fermented parody of "M*A*S*H," "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and the

Your Garden Is Our World

Horticulture is a magazine about plants: how to find them, grow them, use them, and enjoy them. It deals with practically every aspect of gardening from tropicals to vegetables, soil improvement to garden design. More important, each topic is covered thoroughly and accurately, with illustrations that are both informative and handsome. The writing is lively and intelligent, providing advice without preaching. It is, in short, a magazine not only for gardeners who like to read, but also for readers who like to garden.

A subscription to *Horticulture, The Magazine of American Gardening,* costs $18 for 12 monthly issues, $30 for 24 issues.

Horticulture
The Magazine of American Gardening
3300 Walnut St., Boulder, CO 80323

Start my subscription

☐ 1 year—$18 (12 issues) ☐ 2 years—$30 (24 issues)

Foreign postage: $6 per year

Name
Address
City State Zip

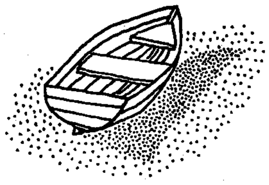
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me
Charge my:
☐ MC ☐ VISA
☐ AmEx

Account # Exp. Date

Signature 5N6S4

TV series "The A-Team," and it made me laugh a lot. It's about mankind learning to pass unharmed through solid matter—a nifty trick that requires the use of an Oscillation Overthruster. The half-American, half-Japanese hero, Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), refuses to divulge the secret of its operation even after he has been captured by the mad genius Dr. Lizardo (John Lithgow), whose matted henna hair flies skyward off his high forehead. Dr. Lizardo commands his underlings to "take him to the Shock Tower," and when Buckaroo has been hooked up to a diabolic torture machine, its wires as tangled as the colored paper streamers at the end of a New Year's Eve party, Lizardo shrieks, "I want that missing circuit—now!" To his assistants, he cries, "More power to him." Weller has a tall frame, but as Buckaroo he has petite, angelic features, wide blue eyes that seem to be off on a secret faraway trip, and a quirky, private smile; he's like a male version of Mia Farrow—a jewel. The huge Lithgow, white-faced, with bloodshot eyes, dark, greenish teeth, and a wild foreign accent (Italian-Icelandic?), is a comic-strip mixture of Caligari, Eisenstein, Klaus Kinski, and a Wagnerian tenor.

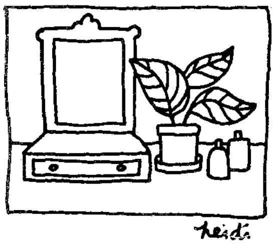
The script, by Earl Mac Rauch, that W. D. (Rick) Richter, the highly successful young screenwriter ("Slither," "Invasion of the Body Snatchers," "Dracula," "All Night Long," "Brubaker"), has chosen for his directing début is a post-Altman jamboree, and he's a long way from being up to it. He has picked some terrific performers (Jeff Goldblum, Ellen Barkin, and Christopher Lloyd are among them), but he doesn't characterize them, and he doesn't bring out the baroque lunacy of the material. Richter's directing is almost nonexistent: the plot (which includes an inspired twist on Orson Welles' "War of the Worlds" broadcast) is laid down piece by piece, with nothing related to anything. Richter doesn't seem to know what to do with the hip dialogue—he has no follow-through. But though the characters don't develop and the laughs don't build or come together, the film's flat-footedness is somehow likable. I didn't find it hard to accept the uninflected, deadpan tone, and to enjoy "Buckaroo Banzai" for its inventiveness and the gags that bounce off other adventure movies, other comedies. The picture's sense of fun carried me along.



There's more than enough going on. Buckaroo is a laser-wielding neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of a team of seven dapper, whiz-bang Renaissance men called the Team Banzai. He is also, for relaxation, the top man in a rock group formed by some of the members of the Team Banzai and called the Hong Kong Cavaliers. And there are so many different kinds of villains and humanoids and friendly and hostile aliens—some of them in the guise of Earthlings—that I'm not sure if we're meant to keep them straight or if part of the comedy is that we can't sort them out quickly enough to be sure what's going on. Some of the humor is in little doodles of plot that appear to be deliberately left dangling—the way Richter directs, you can't be sure. At times, the blandly presented inexplicable events are definitely satirical. In the middle of the Cavaliers' high-decibel performance at a New Jersey night spot, the hypersensitive Buckaroo catches the disturbed vibes of someone in the audience. It's a girl sobbing drunkenly, and he sings a song to comfort her. That's how the heroine, Penny Priddy (Barkin), is introduced. This is followed by a lovely detail, of the kind the movie features: alone at her table, Penny (not sufficiently comforted) takes out a gun to kill herself, but at the crucial moment her arm is accidentally jostled; at the sound of the (harmless) shot, everyone on the stage pulls out a gun.

The Team Banzai includes a platinum-haired fellow called Perfect Tommy (played by Lewis Smith); he never gets to demonstrate his perfection. And maybe it's enough of a joke that Jeff Goldblum, who's done up in full cowboy regalia (including the thickest chaps ever), is called New Jersey. From what we see, the seven knights belong to a peculiarly random interplanetary fantasy world. Mac Rauch and Rick Richter are Dartmouth men, who met some years after graduation—after Rauch, who was living in Texas, had published the novels "Dirty Pictures from the Prom" and "Arkansas Adios." Richter persuaded him to move to L.A. and become a screenwriter (he wrote the script for "New York, New York," which was only partly used, and that film's novelization), and they hatched the idea for "Buckaroo Banzai" almost a decade ago. (By the time they got to film it, the tall, cool men of the Hong Kong Cavaliers acquired New Wave hairstyles.)

The fantasy's origins are in a boy hipster's dreams of glory that are almost pre-sexual. (Buckaroo is the only one on the team who even has a girlfriend.) This may help to explain why the movie's cleverness isn't at all campy: it has no sexual innuendo, and when Penny is in a sleeping-beauty trance she is awakened not by a kiss but by an electrical buzz from Buckaroo's nose as he leans over her. The teammates aren't really integrated into the action, though. They're posed like a bunch of male models, and at the end, when Penny walks with them—chest held high, short, fringed shocking-pink dress swinging—we seem to be looking at a trailer for the team's next movie before we've figured out what's going on in this one. (Rauch's novelization is intellectualized pulp—sub-Thomas Pynchon.) Some of the other actors have a little more to do. Carl Lumbly is instantly likable as a friendly alien from Planet 10, who when he comes to Earth on a mission disguises himself as a Rastafarian with truly luxuriant dreadlocks; he's like a black Louis XIV. Matt Clark has some bright slapstick moments as everybody's straight man—the square Secretary of Defense, who keeps trying to persuade the President (Ronald Lacey, with a suggestion of Charles Foster Kane) that authority should not be invested in the Team Banzai. A tiptop sixties-style gag follows: there's a nuclear emergency, and the President is handed the papers to sign for a Declaration of War: The Short Form.



The picture went through a change of cinematographers (it was completed by Fred J. Koenekamp), but it has a consistent visual style, and that helps to compensate for the absence of directorial style. The young production designer J. Michael Riva (he's Marlene Dietrich's grandson) probably deserves some of the credit for the radiance that keeps you attentive to the images on the screen. Every once in a while, there's something awesomely whimsical up there, like shots of peaceable bug-eyed aliens hovering above Earth in a spacecraft; they sit on extremely high stools (the pedestals must be a full eight feet) at what might be tall bridge tables, and idle away the time while they wait to hear the results of Buckaroo's daring efforts to save the world. (Visually, they're magically right.) And if most of the action isn't clearly located in time or place, this, too, becomes a joke when Jeff Goldblum turns to Buckaroo and asks, "Where are we?" It's the perfect Jeff Goldblum line; he finally got to deliver it—and in the right movie, because unrootedness is the picture's chief characteristic. If we can't quite figure out what Rauch and Richter's angle of vision is, that may be because they don't really have one. What they've got is an unmoored hipsterism—a wise-guy love of the ridiculous.

Mostly, I laughed at John Lithgow, who brings the movie the anchor it needs. It's a great relief to see him being a scurvy nut case after his god-awful sincerity in "Footloose." He's amazing here. Having been locked away in a hospital for the criminally insane ever since his failed attempt to go through solid matter drove him into the eighth dimension, the homicidal Dr. Lizardo sits in his cruddy room—piled high with espionage novels and the debris of his calculations—and thinks over what he did wrong. Alone with his rage, he gives himself shocks on his tongue; that's how he reënergizes himself. (The shocks stir his memory, and there's a flashback to his crackpot effort to go through a wall and getting stuck midway.) Dr. Lizardo's gargantuan warped mind appears to have frazzled his hair, which is like a comic-strip artist's representation of electricity coming out of someone's head, and he looks as if he has been gnashing his teeth and gnawing on wormwood. When, having broken out, he delivers a speech to a batch of aliens, he's the Il Duce of the space age. He brushes aside Earthlings who don't believe in his genius with phrases like "Laugh while you can, monkey boy!" His scenes can make you crazy with happiness.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Page (Ariz.) Tribune*]

On the 14th of August, behind the Page Tavern, a transient started a fire. He was told to put it out. It was.

Our Alternative To $28. Button Down Shirts

$18.

COTTON OXFORD BUTTON DOWN

Finest single needle tailoring. Seven button front, placket sleeve, breast pocket, double reinforced side seams and sleeves. Long sleeves or short sleeves. 100% cotton oxford cloth or 60/40 "Easy Care". Blue, white, yellow or pink.

$19.

OXFORD CLOTH TAPE STRIPE

Classic oxford university tape stripe. Blue stripe or burgundy stripe. 100% cotton oxford cloth or 60/40 "Easy Care". Long sleeves.

$19.50

BROADCLOTH END-ON-END

End-on-end chambray broadcloth weave--smooth, light weight, pure cotton or 65 poly/35 cotton "Easy Care". Blue or pink. Long sleeves.

$19.50

BROADCLOTH STRAIGHT COLLAR

Fine single needle design. 3 inch classic straight collar, button cuffs, seven button front, double rear pleat, and removable collar stays. In pure pima cotton or 60/40 "Easy Care". White or blue. Long sleeves.

14½ *(32-33)*
15, 15½ *(32-35)*
16, 16½ *(32-36)*
17 *(33-36)*
17½ *(34-36)*

BKS
Monogram Available

Huntington Clothiers A12

1285 ALUM CREEK DR. • COLUMBUS, OHIO 43209
Order Toll Free: 800-848-6203/Ohio 614-252-4422

Please send me the following shirts. Add $2.50 for ship. & ins. regardless of quantity. Add $3.00 ea. for monogram. Ohio res. add 5½% sales tax.

I prefer: ☐ 100% Cotton ☐ "Easy Care"
Oxf Lg Sl ___/___ Neck/Sleeve ___ Qty White ___ Qty Blue
___ Qty Yellow ___ Qty Pink
Oxf Sh Slv ___ Neck ___ Qty White ___ Qty Blue ___ Qty Yellow
Oxf Stripe ___/___ Neck/Sleeve ___ Qty Blue ___ Qty Burg.
End-On-End ___/___ Neck/Sleeve ___ Qty Pink ___ Qty Blue
Brcl Straight ___/___ Neck/Sleeve ___ Qty White ___ Qty Blue
Monogram (Left Cuff) @ $3.00 ea. ___ ___ ___
☐ Pers. Ck. ☐ Mstr. Chg. ☐ Visa ☐ Am. Exp.
Card No. ___ Exp. Date ___
Name ___
Address ___
City ___ State ___
Zip ___ ☐ **Send free catalogue please**

BOOKS

The Last Letters of Henry James

IN the final volume of Leon Edel's exemplary selection of "Henry James Letters"—"Volume IV: 1895-1916" (Harvard; $30)—we find two contrasting views of letter writing. If letters have real charm, James said, they are the most delightful of written things. He is the majestic bumblebee of that art, pollinating his friendships with his speculations and his intimacies. But, thanking that voluminous novelist Mrs. Humphry Ward for "ploughing" through "The Golden Bowl" and praising it, he groans on her behalf. Looking at the pile of unanswered letters on his own desk, always late with his replies, and knowing that he will have to sit up long past midnight to deal with them, the toiling novelist says:

> The letters of life, in general, become more and more its *poison*, moreover, surely—and are a matter against which, for myself, my heart is rapidly casing itself in impenetrable steel. One must at last go in, absolutely, for life-saving (the "life" being our own); and they are verily life-wrecking.

They are at odds with his principle that "art"—the art of his fictions—"makes life." If, as it seems to Mr. Edel, the letters of this volume may be the best James wrote—less formal, less distant, more candid, affectionate, and even passionate—this is because in middle life his character has altered. The sleepy erotic and physical impulses of his nature have been awakened late, but not "too late," as Strether felt in "The Ambassadors."

There is indeed more openness in James's personality. Edmund Wilson noted it. In the early volumes, the brisk, even pushing American Puritan has come to Europe to discover and conquer. He is the eager annalist of his adventure in a ripe civilization and, above all, of its manners and social history. The classic American obligation "to keep in touch"—to leave no social stone unturned, and to report back to his gifted family—excites him and makes him cogent and amusing. He is won over imaginatively to the extent of hating what he called "American simplicity" and, of course, by the "sense of the past;" but he retains, especially in offhand London, his love of what he called (in one of his novels) the beautiful American "fuss." We have seen him, in the earlier letters, giving up magical Rome and his nostalgias for Paris in favor of "odious" London and the comforts of the English language; because the city was livable, you became accepted as a character in a society of characters, to whom being what they were (or pretended to be) was a kind of mundane religion. London, especially after the Oscar Wilde trial, was no longer Victorian and was knowing about family secrets: Edwardian manners had contrived discreet, ironic formulas for "speaking out," though not in front of the children.

For Mr. Edel, the change in James's character starts first of all after the personal shock of his humiliating failure in the theatre. He had been jeered by the unsparing Cockney gallery. Sick of dining out, the engaging bachelor who knew everyone went briefly to Italy, where (heaven knows) life is lived out on every yard of pavement, and then returned to "chuck" London for Lamb House, in Rye, where there was no wear and tear, to write his last novels. And to brood on a startling Italian experience. In Italy, in his fifties, he had fallen in love—a "first love," too—with the handsome young Norwegian-American sculptor Hendrik Andersen. Innocent of physical love (it is supposed), James had discovered what many had suspected: his nature was homosexual. As a novelist and a man, he had been a neutral observer of love, seeing it through a veil of interests and manners: he had not known the body's craving for physical touch, the prompting of the blood. Now to Andersen he will write, in this volume, of "a caress of your hand;" he will admit, as Mr. Edel says, "the body's insistence on an active tenderness." The passionate letters to Andersen leave no question of James's helpless physical attraction—if nothing more—to a young man whom he thought godlike but who was not a great sculptor (as James soon saw) and who had shrewdly sought out the famous novelist largely to push his own career. James invited him to live and work in the studio of his house at Rye. The young man came for a matter of days and then went his way, and after that was evasive and negligent. James now had the wretched experience of the "too late." A fitful correspondence goes on. In 1902 (when he is fifty-eight), he writes to comfort the young man, who has lost a brother:

Judith Shahn

> Now, at least, my weak arms still can feel you close. . . . I've gone through Death, and Death, enough in my long life, to know how all that we *are*, all that we *have*, all that is best of us within, our genius, our imagination, our passion, our whole personal being, become then but aides and channels and open gates to suffering, to being flooded. But, it is better so. Let yourself go and *live*, even as a lacerated, mutilated lover . . . Beautiful and unspeakable your account of relation to Andreas. Sacred and beyond tears. How I wish I had known him, admirable, loveable boy—but you make me: I *do*. Well, he is *all* yours now: he lives in you and out of all pain.

This is the letter of an awakened and tender man, no longer withdrawn. James returned to Rome only once after this; correspondence flags. Replying to a "missive," he writes with affection for the man but with candor about his work:

> Your production *is* prodigious and heroic and very beautiful and interesting to me—so much so that, dearest Hendrik, I affectionately and heartily declare, even while seeing less than ever where this colossal multiplication of divinely naked and intimately associated gentlemen and ladies, flaunting their bellies and bottoms and their other private affairs, in the face of day, is going, on any *American* possibility, to land you. I won't attempt to go into this last question now—you know already how it perplexes and even not a little distresses me.

In another letter, he complains that Hendrik appears not to differentiate sufficiently between the gentlemen and the ladies, notably in the case of his last ballerina, who is insufficient in hip "or to speak plainly, Bottom. She hasn't *much* more of that than her husband." He would wish the faces of the sculptures were not so "blank and

BANK
LOANS UP TO $100,000 BUT PROBABLY NOT

stony" and without individuality. He hopes against hope that he and Hendrik may meet again, and says he will be "cast down" if they don't.

It is surprising that the avid reader of Flaubert, of the Balzac of the "Contes Drôlatiques," even of Turgenev's "First Love," should have known the sexual impulse (so far as we can tell) only through the printed page—not that this has ever been a guiltless indulgence, as everyone knows. What impresses us is the effect of the Andersen affair on the novelist. He has had—as, indeed, his father had had—a "vastation," if of a different order.

The spell of the letters really lies in their idiosyncrasy. They are communings with himself as much as with his friends. They are also talking letters. They are written in his dictating period, and he writes as one listening to his own voice as it leads him on, watching his words float on the air, and delighting in the studied mischief of his hesitations and parentheses. He always evokes the friend to whom he is writing. His enormous privacy flowers. His lonely room fills up with voices; he carries his friends down the happily rambling stream of consciousness. He is full of affection and news. With almost socialite cunning, he has placed himself not far from Folkestone, the cross-Channel port: in turn the spider and the fly—catching or caught by his American friends as they come chattering in from the Continent or depart to it. "Life-wrecking," of course—life being "art." He amuses his friends with literary prattling. About Kipling—who is not far off—James reports once feeling that he had the seeds of an English Balzac in him. But "I have quite given that up in proportion as he has come steadily from the less simple in subject to the more simple,—from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws."

As Mr. Edel says, James himself had his own mania for minutiae. From other mysterious rumblings sudden moral definitions shoot out. Remembering that "dear man" George Meredith: "Still, it abides with us, I think, that [he] was an admirable spirit even if not an *entire* mind. . . . The fantastic and the mannered in him were as nothing, I think, to the intimately sane and straight." In his remarks about George Sand he stages a prolonged alarm. "Dear old George" is "more prodigious the nearer one gets to her." He remembers Nohant:

> What a crew, what *mœurs*, what habits, what conditions and relations every way—and what an altogether mighty and marvellous George!—not diminished by all the greasiness and smelliness in which she made herself (and *so* many other persons!) at home. Poor gentlemanly, crucified Chop[in]!—not naturally at home in grease.

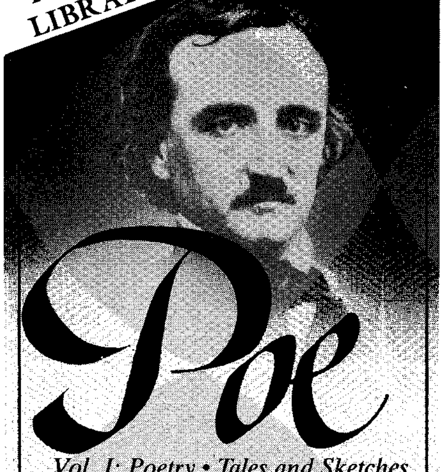
And then he goes off at a tangent into something we have all noticed about the French and their precisions and formulations on the subject of *amour*—and, indeed, of everything else. One feels, he writes,

> that Providence laid up for the French such a store of remark, in advance and, as it were, should the worst befall, that their conduct and *mœurs*, coming *after* had positively to justify and do honor to the whole collection of formulae, phrases and, as I say, glibnesses—so that as there were at any rate such things there for them to inevitably *say*, why not simply *do* all the things that would give them a *rapport* and a sense?

These words about George Sand come from a letter to Edith Wharton, the great friend of his last years—they met in 1903. Before his own visit to America in 1904, he urged her not to miss "the *American Subject*"—"Profit, be warned, by my awful example of exile and ignorance. . . . *Do New York!*"

All James's friendships were caring and generous. Edith Wharton is notoriously in trouble with her marriage and her defiance of society. Like James, she has been through the mill of injured innocence. He advises her, wisely, "Only sit tight yourself *and go through the movements of life*. . . . Live it all through, every inch of it." He is admiring and concerned about her work. But she is enormously rich, and he will frankly write to other friends that she is "pampered" and "facilitated." (Just as he had mockingly described Isabella Stewart Gardner years before, arriving from Brussels "charged with the spoils of the Flemish school"—"I must rush off, help her to disembark, see all her Van Eycks and Rubenses through the Customs.") What are letters without malice and the grotesque? Edith Wharton,

NEW IN THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA



Poe

Vol. I: Poetry • Tales and Sketches Eureka: A Prose Poem • Vol. II: Theory of Poetry • Reviews of British, Continental, and American Authors • The Literary and Social Scene • Articles and Marginalia

"The dream of publishing a series of American classics is at last becoming a reality."—*New York Times*. 20 volumes now available. Poe volumes, $27.50 each.

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
Now at your bookstore. Distributed by The Viking Press.

WE'VE GOT IT!

Trivial Pursuit®

and its 3 super new supplements!
As much fun to play as it is to win!
6,000 questions in Master Game ($37.50 + $2.50 heavyweight shipping & handling) and each supplement: Movies, Sports, & Baby Boomer™ ($27.50 each + $2.50 shipping & handling).
Check, m.o., Visa, MC to:
GAMES Magazine,
Dept. TP-NY, Box 5357, FDR Station,
NYC, NY 10150

ORKNEY
One of the 32 places where travel with Questers becomes a learning experience.
For Tour Directory write or call:
QUESTERS WORLDWIDE NATURE TOURS
Dept. NYK, 257 Park Ave. S; NY, NY 10010 (212) 673-3120

GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.
EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

dear as she is, has to pay the price when she turns up with her "crew" and her splendacious car at fatally near Folkestone. He loves to glide around in that car—but the price! Writing to Howard Sturgis, he starts by calling her "the Firebird" and is soon calling her the "Angel of Devastation." She becomes

> like an extravagant dandy who sends thirty shirts to the wash where you and I (forgive, dear Howard, the collocation!) send one; or indeed even worse—since our Firebird dirties her days (pardon again the image!) at a rate that no laundry will stand; and in fact doesn't seem to believe in the washing, and still less in the ironing—though she does, rather inconsistently in the "mangling"!—of any of her material of life. Well, let us hope that the Divine Chemisier will always keep her supplied straight and to sufficiency with the intimate article in which he deals!

This passage, I suppose, must be put to the debit account of "The Golden Bowl." James had the Edwardian habit of irony at the expense of the heroic, beautiful, and sublime. He loved rolling his eyes as the preposterous came into his mind.

In serious matters, in sorrows, in the sad concerns of his family, especially, he is deeply tender, wise, and concerned. He is a great praiser and healer, the care showing as much in his sentences as in his feelings. When the 1914 war comes and he has to see the collapse of the civilization he has been celebrating, he sees it in terms of the human agonies of his friends; also, he feels an obligation to his adopted country. The illnesses that are crippling him turn him into a figure almost spectral and alone. He is dying. We come to the strange record of his powerful ramblings from his deathbed. They were recorded and are, in their way, grandiose. In his disarray, he appears to think of himself and his family as Napoleonic. He evokes his brother William and sister-in-law Alice as imperial figures. He issues commands for the decoration of the palaces of the Tuileries and the Louvre. In a letter to his brother and sister-in-law he signs himself Napoléone—the Corsican spelling. Delusions of grandeur in a broken mind? I think not. The old man is remembering vivid *données* from childhood: perhaps fragments left in the memory when the family was taken to Paris by his father and had that first, blinding sight of the Napoleonic spoils in the Louvre, when James first saw "the imperial eagle." He murmurs clearly:

> The Bonapartes have a kind of bronze distinction that extends to their finger-tips and is a great source of charm in the women. Therefore they don't have to swagger after the fact; fortune has placed them too high.... There have been great families of tricksters and conjurors; so why not this one, and so pleasant withal? Our admirable father keeps up the pitch.

The dying man has pride in the distinction of the family from which his own imaginative genius sprang. He dies protesting his own triumphant "sense of the past" halfway through a war that is destroying it. His words are an artist's last fling. One says, "Yes, he is entitled to this madness": his novels, even these letters, are what so fascinated him—the spoils.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BELT OF GOLD, by Cecelia Holland (Knopf; $15.95). "We don't have anything like this in Frankland," says the warrior-pilgrim Hagen the White as he gawks at Constantinople's Hippodrome, fountains, gardens, walkways, and torchlit palace halls. Hagen, however, is no Dorothy, and ninth-century Constantinople is no Oz. The shrinking Byzantine Empire is hostage to shaky international finances, to restless City Guilds, and to an upstart army outside the city gates. Major players, besides Hagen, in the resulting plots and counterplots are the poker-faced Empress and her honey-tongued right-hand woman; a worried Treasurer of the Empire and a petty imperial eunuch, rivals for the Empress's esteem; a ragged, addled prophet, whose visions play into the hands of the have-nots; and Constantinople's two champion charioteers, who know too well that more than mere wagers is at stake when they race for the Belt of Gold. Mob scenes by D. W. Griffith, battles by Sir Thomas Malory, duels from the makers of Robin Hood, and costumes straight out of Byzantine art.

TANTALUS, by Amanda Hemingway (Arbor House; $14.95). "Perhaps her mother," Caroline Horvath, the heroine of this English melodrama, muses, "knew nothing of homosexuality, incest, passion, bitterness, revenge." Caroline, however, does: her father, a prosperous upper-class physician, is a secret homosexual; she and her brother often sleep together; and, in a state of bitter passion and vengefulness, she arranges for a handsome young Greek to seduce her father. She also becomes acquainted with suicide, and even with murder. Caroline has a cold, aloof exterior, but she seethes inside, she cries, and she muses day and night. The more she muses the less interesting or believable she becomes, and "Tantalus," for all its sex and passionate action, expires in sluggishness.

GENERAL

THE NEW POLITICS OF INEQUALITY, by Thomas Byrne Edsall (Norton; $15.95). This astute analysis by a reporter for the Washington *Post* points out that big business, which shunned the ideological right as recently as the Johnson-Goldwater election of 1964, came to terms with conservatism in the period of economic stress that preceded the election of 1980. The Republicans now in power have cut benefits for the poor and raised them for the rich, while throwing the weight of government against organized labor wherever possible. Mr. Edsall's statistics indicate that the theoretical justification for the Reagan Administration's easing of taxes on wealth—namely, that tax relief for the rich offers an incentive to invest—has not worked in practice here or abroad. He believes that the Democrats have had difficulty in countering the Republicans' assault on the poor in part because of the diversity of the Democratic Party. Union membership is predominantly Democratic, but it is shrinking, and union members are not certain of their common interests with the dependent poor and with blacks, environmentalists, and women. Those groups, in turn, are no wholehearted allies of labor. Unifying these constituencies has been the task of the Party leadership, but Mr. Edsall thinks that rifts have been deepened by the Party's "suburban/procedural reform wing." The new Democrats, who scorn brokering and bargaining, changed the Party rules in the hope of making the Party more representative; in fact, Mr. Edsall says, the new rules have made it less representative of Democratic voters. He thinks that the political influence of the economically imperilled majority will continue to decline, in part because the Republicans have set the economic agenda—e.g., the deficit—and in part because the Democratic reformers do not understand what Democrats need.

TALES FROM THE HOLLYWOOD RAJ: THE BRITISH, THE MOVIES, AND TINSELTOWN, by Sheridan Morley (Viking; $17.95). The Raj of the title turns out to be, unlike the Victorian original, amorphous; its dates are debatable (fl. 1935), and its potentates, from Chaplin to Hitchcock, rose and fell on transatlantic tides of nostalgia, patriotism, provincialism, and scandal. Sheridan Morley, who is Robert Morley's son, keeps resetting the tone with his twenty-six chapter headings: "Up Stars, Down Stars," for instance, and "The British Empire Strikes Back." A few tales from his family distinguish an otherwise standard Hollywood history. A newcomer in 1939, his grandmother Gladys Cooper reported home that "the roads all go very straight and unless you turn off them at just the right moment, you end up in the hills miles away from anywhere within a few minutes." Two years earlier, Louis B. Mayer confided to Robert Morley, cast, at the time, in "Marie Antoinette," "Not your fault, but God how I hate epics."

EXILE: THE UNQUIET OBLIVION OF RICHARD M. NIXON, by Robert Sam Anson (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). An account of Mr. Nixon's life in the decade since he left the White House. The author, a good workaday journalist, does not attempt any psychologizing of his elusive subject. He gives us, through anecdotes that range from the revealing to the pointless, and through interviews with people who know Mr. Nixon (but not with Mr. Nixon himself), a mosaiclike portrait of a self-professed "tough guy" who would "never look back;" who feels essentially blameless about his role in the series of events that brought down his Presidency; and whose contempt has not lessened for liberalism or for those who do not realize that—as he wrote in "The Real War"—our achieving world leadership means "placing limits on idealism, compromising with reality, at times matching duplicity with duplicity and even brutality with brutality." Photographs.

THE LAST SUMMER: MAY TO SEPTEMBER 1914, by Kirsty McLeod (St. Martin's; $12.95). "Beyond the postponement of the Court Ball and the week of Court mourning," *Vanity Fair* trilled in early July, "the

LIGHTNING STRIKES!

ED McBAIN

"Talented McBain is a master."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"I prefer him to Raymond Chandler and place him far ahead of Dashiell Hammett."
—*Roald Dahl*

No one grips you with fast-paced, spine-chilling police action like Ed McBain. Now at his best in . . .

LIGHTNING
BY ED McBAIN

ARBOR HOUSE
A division of the Hearst Corporation

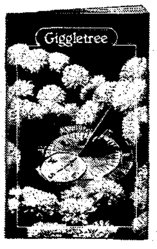
More course time, no travel time.

Along Lake Champlain, our 18-hole course is steps from your Main Lodge or country cottage accommodations, not miles away by car.

So spend more time on the course, not on the road. And enjoy complete resort facilities with friendly New England hospitality, a tradition here since 1882.

Call your travel agent or 802-475-2311 for special package information.

BASIN HARBOR
Box A Vergennes, VT 05491



Giggletree™
A CATALOG OF DELIGHTS

Our 96 page full color catalog is brimming with over 350 products—items that will make your life a little easier and better organized, your home more attractive, your leisure hours more fun than ever.

The pages are stocked with clever and affordable products—full of function, value, whimsy and charm.

Reserve your free copy now!

FALL 1984 96 PG. CATALOG
Giggletree
169 Winterbrook Way
Meredith, N.H. 03253

lamented deaths of the Archduke Ferdinand and his charming wife affected but little the ordinary social round." In May, anyone who was anyone was vying for admission to Ascot's Royal Enclosure. In August, thirty thousand men of every stripe were queuing up each day at recruiting offices, and their wives and sisters were knitting too many socks. This is a selective chronicle of the sunny last days of what Osbert Sitwell, with hindsight, dubbed Europe's hundred-year "trough of peace." Drawing on writers' memoirs and non-writers' memories, Kirsty McLeod goes beyond the usual elegies and eulogies to gauge the English revolution that the war would trigger—beyond Siegfried Sassoon's metamorphosis, for instance, to that of the Irish housemaid who scrubbed a Kentish kitchen in 1914 and was one of his nurses in 1916. Some young socialites enlisted by the Red Cross to help convert a mansion into a hospital found themselves "left to dig potatoes, sift cinders, clean our own boots and do half a hundred horrid little jobs we never knew existed." Meanwhile, one who did know, the servant of "some jumped-up, toffee-nosed types," doffed her mobcap and marched off to a munitions factory. A valuable little book, marred by some smudgy photographs, a patchy bibliography, and the absence of an index.

NOTE: "Partners," a collection of humor pieces by Veronica Geng, has been published by Harper & Row ($13.95). Many of the pieces originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

MESSAGE FROM THE ADMINISTRATIVE
COMPUTER CENTER

Effective June 11, 1984 WYLBUR will not recognize files with names that do not conform to MVS dataset conventions.

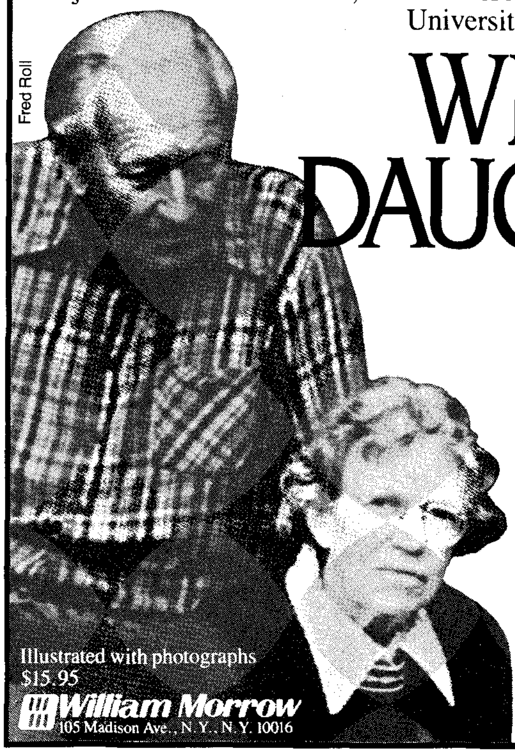
File name must start with an alphabetic character or a national character (@, #,$) and may contain NO MORE THAN EIGHT CHARACTERS. Please note that a period may no longer be used in member name.

Between June 11 and August 31, 1984, you may use the following command sequence to rename members with bad names:

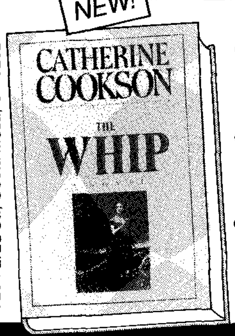
USE #bad.name
SAVE #goodname
SCRATCH #bad.name

After August 31, you will have NO ACCESS TO MEMBERS WITH BAD NAMES. —*CSI Bulletin of the College of Staten Island.*

So long.



"A bountiful and giving book."*
"Candid, and moving. . . .I can almost hear the cadences of Gregory's speech and sense the way Margaret's hands moved when she spoke—it enriches my understanding of them profoundly. It is a book worthy of its subjects."—ROY RAPPAPORT, Professor of Anthropology, University of Michigan
WITH A DAUGHTER'S EYE
a memoir of Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson
Mary Catherine Bateson
Fred Roll
Illustrated with photographs
$15.95
William Morrow
105 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016
*Kirkus Reviews



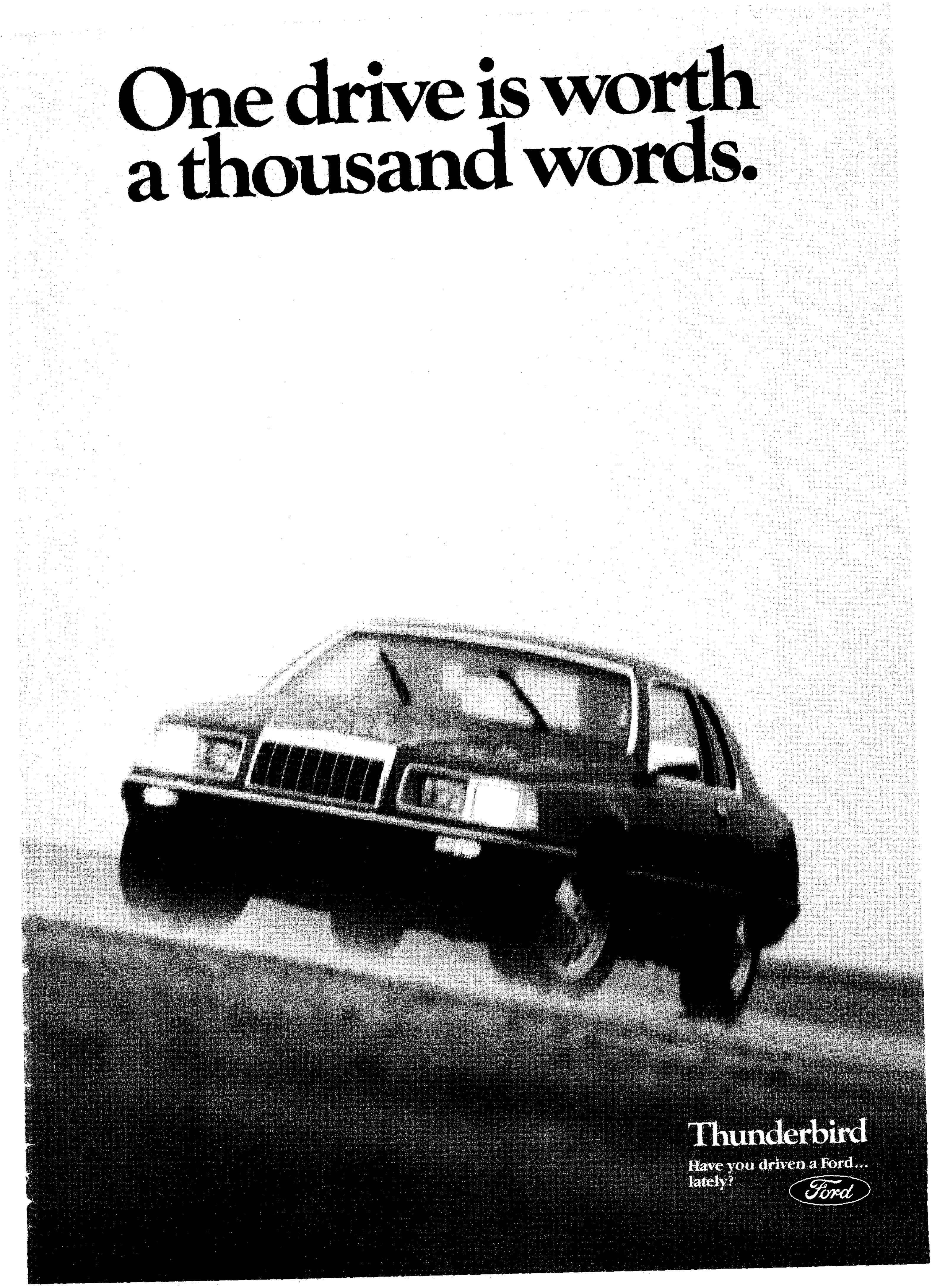
BOOKS ON TAPE
NEW!
CATHERINE COOKSON
THE WHIP
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Call for Free Brochure
• 1-800-626-3333
729 Farad St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627
Or write Books on Tape, Inc. Dept. N.
P.O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, CA 92660

What's NEW for PETS?
Rainwear, snow coats, sweaters, toys, jeweled collars, hundreds of exciting items for pup and kitty. 32-page, full-color catalog is 25¢ or FREE with T-Shirt special!
NEW DOGGIE T-SHIRT SPECIAL!
"I'm Mama's Dog", "Daddy's Dog", or "Granny's Dog". Measure pet from collar to tail. Reg. $7.95. Special get acquainted offer–$4.00 Ppd.
DEPT. 801, BOX 1036, PICAYUNE, MS. 39466
DU-SAY'S
FREE CATALOG

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.
The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.
Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. *And in winter, quite the other way,* ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.
We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.
1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

White Tennis Balls
The classic white ball, almost impossible to find anywhere. Not yellow, not orange, but pure, crisp white, the way tennis balls *ought* to be. Wilson Championship Balls.
4 cans (12 balls) - $15 + $1.75 shppg.
Putnam Antiques
9 Pond Rd., Middlefield, Mass. 01243

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOKS-ON-FILE Box 195-NY-84. Since 1958
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087-0195
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.



One drive is worth a thousand words.

Thunderbird

Have you driven a Ford...
lately?

Ford

Not many people have seen a bottle of Cruzan Rum.
Most of it disappears in the Virgin Islands.®

CRUZAN RUM DISTILLERY CO., ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS, EIGHTY PROOF © 1983

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas